



George. A. Denton. jr





THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS

(From a painting by Manuel Picolo, a Spanish artist of the nineteenth century)
Columbus in his poverty dreams of sailing to a new world

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VOLUME III.



CHICAGO
THE MIDLAND PRESS

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OUR COUNTRY IN ROMANCE

This volume tells us the romantic story of the discovery, settlement, independence, and development of our own country. It is just the opposite of a dry chronicle of events—a living, enchanting narrative, giving in simple language the heroic deeds of the discoverers and colonizers of the New World; stories of the thrilling events leading up to the Declaration of Independence; together with interesting accounts of the dramatic episodes and personages and periods indissolubly connected with our country's rise to influence and power among the nations of the world.

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DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—A. D. 1492

MOST people in the days of Columbus thought that the earth was flat. But a few great scholars had declared that the earth is round like a ball. The books in which the scholars had written their reasons for saying this were copied by monks with pens and paints, and were kept carefully hidden away in the convents where no harm could come to them.

The common people had never seen these books, and knew nothing of what was in them. But there was a man, Christopher Columbus, who had read some of the books, and was wise enough to understand them. So, when the merchants began to search for a short route to the Indies, Columbus told them what he had read in the books and what he himself believed about the shape of the earth.

"Nonsense!" the merchants said. "What do monks and scholars know of the world beyond the convent walls? What do they know of the shape of the earth, when they have never traveled even across Asia? And if the earth were round, what difference would it make to our ships? It is a short route to India that we want."

"The shape of the earth has a great deal to do with your ships," Columbus answered. "Can you not see that if the earth is round like a ball, we can sail due west and come up on the other side of India?"

"What!" they cried. "Sail out into the unknown west? There are dragons and winds and boiling seas in the west!"

"We are told there were dragons and winds and boiling seas on the coast of Africa," said Columbus, "but we

have learned how foolish we were. Why say it again of the western sea?"

Then Columbus went to other merchants with his story. He talked about the true shape of the earth until by and by people began to say, "Don't listen to him! He is crazy!"

Sometimes they would hoot at Columbus as he walked along the streets.

"There goes the man who thinks he can sail up hill!" they would cry. "There goes the man who thinks a ship could stand on its masts. There goes the man who thinks he could hold up a ship with his feet!"

But Columbus was wiser than these people. While they laughed, he worked trying to prove that the earth is round. He went first to the great men of Genoa, and when he had told them his plans, he asked them to fit out a ship for him.



Columbus' flagship, the *Santa Maria*

"Who are you?" the great men said.

"My father was a wool-comber in this town," said Columbus.

"A wool-comber! Do you think that we will fit out a ship for the son of a wool-comber?"

Then Columbus went to the king of Portugal. The Portuguese king listened very closely. He believed that Columbus was right.

"But," thought the king, "I will send out a ship myself. Then, if it be true that the earth is round, I shall gain all the glory."

So he said to Columbus, "I will think about what you have said. Some day, perhaps, I may be able to help you."

Then the king secretly fitted out a ship. He told Columbus's story to the captain, and bade him sail westward.

The captain started out. But he had little faith, and his crew were afraid. By and by a terrible storm came up, and the little ship was nearly wrecked.

"Turn back! Turn back!" the sailors cried. "Turn back, or we will throw you overboard!"

The captain turned back; and when his crew stood again before the king, they were the sorriest-looking sailors that the king had ever seen.

Then Columbus went to the king of Spain.

"I will call the wisest men of my court together," this king said, "and we will listen to your story."

So Columbus brought his maps to the court of Spain. There he told his story, traced out the route, and begged the king to give him just one trial.

"The man is crazy!" said the wise men.

"How does he suppose that his ship would hold on, when once it had reached the under side of the round earth?" said one.

"The trees on the under side must grow with their roots up!" said another.

"And when it rains, it rains up!"

"Certainly, certainly," said the king! "it is as you say. Such things could not be. The man is crazy."

So Columbus was again turned away. He was now an old man. For years and years he had been trying in vain to find somebody that would believe his story.

But at last, a good, wise monk in Spain, who heard the story that Columbus told, said, "The man is right. I am sure the man is right."

The monk went to Queen Isabella and told her all that he could about Columbus, urging her to give him a hearing.

Isabella loved this good old monk, and had faith in his wisdom. "He shall come again into court," said she.

So Columbus was sent for. "I have little heart to tell my story again," said he, as he left the monk's house.

"Courage, courage, good friend," said the monk. "Keep up thy courage!"

And helped by these kind words, Columbus again entered the court, spread out his maps, and told his story.

Isabella believed it; others believed it too.

"A fleet shall be fitted out for this man," said the queen. Now when a queen commands, she is to be obeyed, and in time the fleet was ready. There were three little ships,—The *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*.

Columbus knew full well that his sailors had little faith in him. Some of them had come, hoping to find gold; others had come because of royal threats.

For a few days the wind was favorable, and the vessel bounded swiftly along. Then the wind changed; the clouds grew thick, and the ships tossed and pitched.

"The rudder is lost!" cried the captain of the *Pinta*.

"Let us go back!" growled the sailors, and they would not even try to make another rudder.

"So it was you who broke the rudder," thought the captain. "You were trying to make it an excuse to turn back."

He said nothing, however, but kept the men at work all day making a new rudder. The next morning the rudder was lost again; and the next morning, the ship had sprung a leak.

"This is the work of the two brothers who own this ship," the captain decided. So, when the fleet reached the Canaries, one of the brothers was put into another ship, and there was no more trouble. Indeed, the *Pinta* proved to be the best sailing ship of the three.

One day the sailors, terror-stricken, suddenly stopped their work; they fell upon their knees and wailed, and moaned, and begged to be sent back to Spain.

And all because they saw fire and smoke in the distance!

"Silence, foolish men!" thundered the captain. "It is but a volcano! Had you ever been out to sea, you would have known this."

But not until the ship had passed the volcano in safety, could the sailors be made to believe that it was not some angry dragon ready to devour them.

A few days later a dead calm fell upon the sea. The water was like glass and the sails flapped idly. Again the sailors fell upon their knees and begged to be sent back to Spain.

"We have reached the sea of calm!" they wailed. "There is no wind and there will be no more wind!"

"We are in the shallow water near the edge of the earth."

"Woe, woe to us! God is angry with us!"

But while they were whining, a stiff

breeze came up, and away the three vessels sailed again.

That night a meteor shot across the sky and fell, with a hiss, into the water. "This is an omen, a sign of the anger of heaven!" the sailors wailed again. Still nothing happened; and in time they grew calm once more.

By and by the vessels came into the trade winds, and were driven on furiously.

"Now," cried the sailors, "we are in the very home of the winds! This is the place where the winds are made! Surely, they are angry that we have dared to come into their home!"

From the day that they started out from the Canaries, Columbus had ordered his pilots to sail due west. But the pilots were afraid of the sea on the southern side; and so, whenever Columbus was not watching, they would turn the vessels a little northward.

"Why will you do this?" Columbus asked. "Do you not know that we must sail in a straight line if we would reach the Indies? You only lengthen the voyage by thus sailing north."

But those unknown southern seas! Better a long voyage, the pilots thought, than that the dragons of the southern seas should destroy the ships.

Every day the men grew more discontented. They were sullen and angry. They grumbled and growled and disobeyed orders.

The heart of Columbus was heavy. To go back now would be to lose all. Would his men hold out? He was sure that land was near. A tree had floated by; land birds were in the air; and only last night he surely had seen a fog bank to the northwest.

"All these things prove that land is near," said Columbus to his men. "Watch! watch! Who will be the man to receive the reward for sighting land?"

On the next morning, just at day-break, a shout was heard from the *Pinta*.

"Land! land! land!" shouted the captain.

"Where? where?" cried the sailors; and they scrambled up into the rigging like cats.

"Land! land! land!" they cried. For there before them lay a long line of coast.

"God be praised!" said Columbus; and tears of joy ran down his cheeks.

But, alas! it was only a mirage; and when the sun rose not a sign of land was to be seen, and no one on all the ships was as sad as Columbus.

The sailors grew sullen again. "What would happen if Columbus should fall overboard tonight?" said one sailor between his teeth.

"We should turn about for Spain," answered another.

"Let us see to it, then, that he does fall overboard tonight," growled a third.

"No, no," said a fourth; "let us go to him, and demand that he turn back. Then if he will not——"

So the sailors went to Columbus and made their request. With it they made their threat also.

Columbus was grieved. "My men," he said, "I am sure land is very near."

"We care nothing for that. We want to turn back," was the sullen reply.

Then said Columbus, "Give me just three days more. If land does not then appear, I will turn back."

To this the men agreed, and there was peace for a little time. But the next three days were anxious days for Columbus. Land was so near that little birds were flying over the vessels on their journey south. A bush with its leaves still green floated by. More than that, a plank shaped with tools was drawn up from the water. Certainly they were nearing land, and land that had people on it.

Night came. Columbus watched even through the darkness. Suddenly he saw a light. Three times it flashed. It moved along. Then it stopped and moved along again. Was it a light from some shore?

Then came a cannon boom from the *Pinta*; for this was the signal agreed upon, should land be seen.

"Land! land! land!" the sailors cried. And now the moon came out bright and full.

It was true. There lay the land before them.

Morning came at last, and the land was still to be seen. On the shore there were men running to and fro.

The ships were anchored; the boats were lowered; and Columbus, in a rich crimson robe and Spanish plumes, stepped out upon the shore. He had come to one of the islands of the Bahamas.

Such trees! such ferns! such flowers! In the midst of all this beauty Columbus knelt and thanked God.

Then a cross was raised, and Columbus took possession of the new-found land in the name of God and of Spain, and gave it the name of San Salvador, which means Holy Savior.

For a time Columbus cruised about in search of gold, visiting the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola. But when he was sure that no gold was to be found, he set sail again for Spain.

And now honors were poured upon him. He was met with music and processions, and in the evening the city was ablaze with lights. Cannons roared, bells rang, and "Long live Columbus! long live Columbus!" was heard on every side.

"Do not forget that Columbus is a Genoese!" said the men of Genoa. They had forgotten now that Columbus was only a "wool-comber's son, and that only a short time before he was unknown to fame."



THE MUTINY

(From a drawing by the artist, G. Amato)
Columbus refuses to turn back, and defies his sailors

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS IN THE WESTERN WORLD



The ships were anchored; the boats were lowered; and Columbus stepped out upon the shore. Then a cross was raised and he gave the name of San Salvador to the new found land

"We understood this great man and fitted out a fleet for him," said Spain, proudly.

When Columbus prepared to return to the land that he had discovered, he did not need to beg for sailors or for ships. Many a man was willing to offer a ship, and many a sailor was eager to go with him; for now men felt sure that the earth was round, and that there was no danger of sailing off the edge. In the midst of all this glory, Columbus sailed away again.

He made, in all, four voyages. Each time he explored farther than before. But he never knew how great a discovery he had made. He thought that the islands were a part of the East Indies, or perhaps a part of Asia.

P O N C E D E L E O N — 1 5 1 2

In the hearts of these people of so long ago there was much love of adventure. The more wonderful a story was, the more they enjoyed it.

Once, long before Columbus discovered America, a man named Marco Polo made a long journey into the far east. When he came back he told stories so marvelous that all Europe was filled with wonder. Then he wrote a book, and the stories in the book were even more wonderful than the stories that he told.

All the scholars in Europe read this book. In it they found descriptions of giants, of dwarfs, of great deserts, of palaces of gold, and of trees and animals such as Europeans had never seen. As they read the book people knew not which things were true and which were "make believe." But it was very wonderful, and everybody enjoyed the book, and talked of it and dreamed about it.

Then there was another traveler, who wrote a book not unlike that of Marco Polo. In his book he said, "At the head of the forest there is a city.

The rest of the life of Columbus should have been one of honor and peace. But there were men in the colonies who hated him. They told untruths to the king of Spain. And sad as it may seem, Columbus returned from his third voyage a prisoner in chains.

In chains he was carried before the king. He was tried and condemned. He was afterwards set free, and made another voyage, but the king never forgot the false stories.

After the death of Columbus the king learned how unjust he had been. Then a monument was raised to his memory and riches were bestowed upon the family of the great explorer. That was all the king could do to show his regret.

And beside the city there is a mountain whereof the city takes its name, . . . and at the foot of this mountain there is a well, noble and fair. And the water has a sweet savor as it were, of diverse spicery. And each hour of the day the water changes; and whoso drinks . . . of that well shall be healed of what manner of disease he has; and nevermore shall he have sickness, but shall evermore seem young. I, John Mandeville, saw this well and thereof drank twice, . . . and evermore since that time I felt haler and better. . . . Some men call this well the fountain of youth."

When a person tells of a wonderful well like this, and says that he himself drank from it, who could fail to believe it? Certainly, not the people of those early times; for the world was so new and strange to them that they doubted no story, however wonderful.

There was one Spaniard, Ponce de Leon (*ponss de lee on*) who cared more for health and youth than for gold. He had crossed the ocean with Columbus, and so knew something of the

land so far away. Moreover, when he was in those islands with Columbus, he heard the savages speak of a wonderful fountain like this one in Mandeville's book.

"If I could only find it!" Ponce de Leon said.

So with three little vessels he set out from Spain. First of all, he was to search for the fabled islands of Bimini. There was something wonderful about these islands. Once some sailors, far out upon the ocean, had seen fair islands still farther to the west. When they returned to their country they told what they had seen. Three years later some priests sailed away upon the ocean and were gone a long time. When they came back they, too, told of the wonderful islands of Bimini, out upon the western waters.

There were cities upon these islands, the priests said; and there were great treasures of gold and of silver. The people were kind and gentle, and always friendly.

So it was to seek the islands of Bimini, rather than the Fountain of Youth, that the Spanish king fitted out a fleet for Ponce de Leon. But in Ponce de Leon's heart was hidden the hope of finding the famous fountain.

One Easter morning the little vessels reached the bay near where St. Aug-

ustine now stands. It was a beautiful day, and the shores were richly covered with flowers and ferns. As Ponce de Leon looked out upon them, he thought of his home in Spain, where the churches were decked with flowers at Easter, and he said "Pascua florida," which means, "the flowers of Easter-tide." Then the men said also, "Pascua 'florida,'" and they, too, thought of home, and it may be that some of them wished they were back in Spain again.

After spending a little time in this beautiful land, Ponce de Leon went back to Spain. The king made him governor of the new lands which he had found, and to which he had given the name of Florida. But he did not return to take possession of them for eight years, because his native country was at war with some of her neighbors, and the king needed his help.

When at length he did go, he took a number of his countrymen out with him, and founded a little colony. He still continued to search for the wonderful fountain. But it was not very long before he was fatally wounded in a battle with the Indians, and went to Cuba only to die. Poor Ponce de Leon! For not in Florida, nor in the whole wide world, was that wonderful fountain to be found.

FERDINAND DE SOTO — 1 5 3 8 - 1 5 3 9

Among Spain's many brave men who longed to seek adventure in the new world was Ferdinand de Soto. He had already won great honor for his bravery, and when he asked for a ship and an army, the king was very willing to grant them to him. A fine fleet was soon made ready, and with a choice army of Spain's most daring youths, De Soto set out.

Already Ponce de Leon—the man of dreams—had landed on the shores

of sunny Florida, and Spain was ringing with stories of this wonderful land.

De Soto, however, believed that there might be gold and silver in Florida as well as flowers and ferns. So toward Florida the fleet made its way.

"We shall have trouble here," said De Soto, as he neared the coast, "for Spaniards have been here before, and they have made the natives angry and revengeful."

De Soto's words proved true; for hardly had they landed when the Indians, with a great war-cry, pounced down upon them.

For a moment the Spaniards were panic-stricken. Then some of the men on their steel-clad horses plunged into the midst of the Indians. Flashing their swords in the sunlight, they so terrified the savages that they fled to the woods.

"We hate you!" cried the Indians, who had been taken prisoners. "We hate you! And we will fight till not a Spaniard is left alive. We do not forget the Spaniards of long ago. They burned our towns and killed our people. They tracked us with their cruel bloodhounds. They killed our children. These things we do not forget. We will fight to the end!"

"We must teach these red men," said De Soto, "that no harm shall come to them through us." Had the men listened to their leader, it would have been better for both Spaniards and Indians.

Inland there dwelt a great chief, and to him De Soto first sent messages.

"We shall have no dealings with Spaniards," was the chief's curt answer. "We know enough of them."

But in spite of this the army moved on, for it was believed that there was gold not far away.

Soon they came upon another village and to this chief, also, De Soto sent kindly messages.

"Away!" was this chief's answer. "We know why you have come. We have seen your people before. You come to rob us, to steal from us, to murder our women and children. Away! We will not listen to your words."

Twice a plot was made to destroy De Soto and his men, and twice a terrible battle took place between the Spaniards and the Indians. By this

time the Spaniards were losing all patience with the red men, and nothing that De Soto could say would keep them from killing the natives who fell into their hands. De Soto himself was wounded severely—so severely that for days he could not be moved, though the army was in the midst of hostile Indians.

But when at last De Soto was well again, the army pressed on over rough roads, through swamps, toward the gold region.

It was wonderful what these men would endure for the sake of gold. Home, comfort, food, rest—all were given up. Life or death, they cared little which, if only gold might be found. Gold, gold, gold!

For days De Soto and his men forced their way through the dense forests of this unknown land. For all they knew, the next step might sink them out of sight forever. But in spite of all danger, the men struggled bravely on. They were starved and wearied and fever-stricken; every day some of them were left by the way.

At last there was heard in the distance a roaring, rumbling sound. Could it be the falling of great waters? The men stopped to listen. Certainly it was like the sound of rushing water.

The men hurried on, for any change was a joy to them. As they neared the rolling, roaring sound, the trees grew less dense. In through the hanging mosses came the sunlight. Blessed sunlight it was to them. For days they had not seen it, so dense and dark were these forests.

And see! There were gleams of water! Could it be the ocean? For an instant the soldiers believed that they had reached the ocean. The water was broad and deep, and it reached far to the north and to the south. But it was not an ocean; for far away they could see another bank.

De Soto and his men had discovered a great river.

On the bank stood a little Indian village, and at the door of his wigwam sat the chief. The chief's back was bent, and his face was wrinkled and thin, for he was an old man. But he was a warrior. When he saw the Spaniards, he sprang to his feet, and forgetting his old age, seized his tomahawk.

In vain did De Soto try to make terms of peace with this old chief. Only four hundred of his brave men were left, and these were far too weak and sick to fight.

"We mean no harm to you," De Soto pleaded.

But the only answer was, "Ugh. ugh! We know you. Ugh! ugh! We have seen you before."

In less than three hours, four thousand savage warriors were gathered in the Indian village. Four thousand savages! Four hundred half-sick, half-starved white men! "In an hour we can bring to this village four thousand more," said the old chief, proudly.

But fortunately there was no battle. The Spaniards promised to go away in six days, if only they might be allowed to rest.

"You may do this," said the chief, "if you will promise to do no harm to

my people, or to our grain-fields."

At the end of the six days the white men crossed the river, and marched along the western bank. They were a discouraged band, for De Soto had been growing ill and weak. Even the six days' rest seemed to have given him no strength. His face was haggard and worn, and he could barely drag himself along.

One day he called his brave men to him and said, "You have been faithful and true. We have had a terrible march; we have failed to find gold; and now your leader has fought his last battle. Receive, then, his gratitude for your courage and your faithfulness."

Big, strong, sturdy men as they were, the tears rolled down their bronzed faces as De Soto bade them farewell.

Then De Soto turned away his face and died.

"Let us protect his body from the savages," said the men, for they knew how the red men would rejoice to hear of De Soto's death.

At midnight, when all was dark and still, they carried him out into the river. And there, with tender reverence and care, they sank the dead body of De Soto in the waters of the Mississippi—the great river which he had discovered.

THE SPANISH MONKS — 1 5 3 9 - 1 5 6 5

You will begin to think, we are afraid, that the Spaniards were a wicked, cruel race. But that is never wholly true of any nation. Some one has said: "No man and no nation is all black or all white. But all of us are of various shades of gray."

It was so with the Spaniards. Many were wicked and cruel; yet there were some Spaniards who would have been fair in their treatment of the Indians, had the Indians given them a chance.

But the poor savages had been treated so cruelly by most of the explorers that they dared not trust even the Spaniard who would have been kind to them; and we cannot blame them. Yet they were so kind that they would not fight even when the poor Indians did attack them.

These kindly Spaniards were certain monks who came to the New World to teach these savages the explorers had found, and to try to make them better and happier.

DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI





CORONADO ON THE TRAIL

Showing the expedition of Coronado over the deserts of the Southwest

One of the first monks who came and lived among the Indians was Las Casas, whose father had been one of the soldiers of Columbus. When the elder Las Casas came back from the New World, he brought with him one of the Indians to serve him as a slave; and very soon it came about that whole shiploads of Indians were brought to Spain to be sold as slaves.

One day Queen Isabella of Spain saw a group of these slaves standing in the market-place. "Who are these?" she asked.

"These, may it please your Majesty, are Indians. They are prisoners of war from your Majesty's colonies in the New World."

"And who are those standing farther away?"

"Those, your Majesty, are Indians who were captured, and who have been brought to Spain to be sold as slaves."

"Are they, too, prisoners of war?"

"No, your Majesty, they were captured because they are so straight and tall and strong. They will make most valuable slaves."

Then Isabella's anger burst upon the slave seller.

"Do you mean that these Indians are innocent, and that they have been stolen from their people?"

The slave seller had nothing to say. He could only bow very low.

"It is disgraceful! disgraceful!" Isabella declared.

"But if the Indians did not fear being captured, they would be far more dangerous to the Spanish colonies, your Majesty," said the men of the court.

"That may be true," said Isabella; "and our colonies must be protected. But let this difference be made. Let these Indians taken as prisoners of war be sold as slaves, since you say our colonies need that protection.

But never let it happen again, that an innocent Indian is captured and brought to this country as a slave."

This was a great blow to the slave dealers. But Isabella had spoken; and Isabella's word was law.

"It was the slave my own father brought back to Spain," Las Casas used to say, "who stirred my heart with pity for the poor savages of the New World."

And thus it came about that one day Las Casas went to Hispaniola and became a missionary to the Indians.

For many years he worked among the savages, trying to save them from the cruelties of the Spanish adventurers and traders. The Indians learned to love him and to trust him. But it was little he could do for them as a race, for the Spanish would seldom listen to his pleas. He could never make the Spanish government understand how cruelly the Indians were treated. If the government had made laws protecting the Indians, the adventurers and traders would have had to obey the laws.

But, whenever Las Casas went to Spain to tell his story, the adventurers and traders were there to tell their story. The Spanish government was too busy to listen to both, and the adventurers and traders were left to do whatever they liked.

"We must have gold!" the men of the court would say. Then the adventurers and traders would say, "But if you were to make the laws that Las Casas asks for, the Indians would be our masters. How, then, could we get gold from the savages?"

This argument was too strong for the court to put down, and the cruel treatment of the Indians went on.

Las Casas did not give up his work. He loved the poor savages and pitied them. So he gave his life to them, and taught them what he could and

protected them whenever he had a chance.

But there came a time when the Spanish government wished that it had listened to the words of Las Casas. For misfortunes began to come upon the colonies. Spain did not get so much wealth from them as she had done before; for there were not enough Indians upon the islands to do the work that was necessary. There were not enough to take care of the plantations, or to prepare the fruit for the markets. The mines, too, were suffering for lack of slaves to work them.

And all this had come about because of the cruelty of the owners of the plantations and the mines. They had worked the savages to death. Little had they cared when a slave dropped dead, if only another one was at hand to take his place.

But there were other Spanish monks in other parts of the New World. In these days, every explorer took with him a good monk to teach the natives, if there should be an opportunity. Often the monk would stay among the Indians and devote his life to them.

When Coronado went up into the land of the Seven Cities, there were four monks who went with him. But the army halted in each place only long enough to burn the city or to steal the gold; and the monks found little opportunity to help the people. But when the soldiers started back to Mexico, the monks said, "Leave us here. We will try to help these poor people. Perhaps we can make them happier and better."

"You are only risking your lives for nothing," said the soldiers.

"It may be as you say," answered the monks; "the Indians are quite as likely to hate us as to love us. Still, we believe that it is worth the risk."

The monks were very sorry for the poor natives who had suffered from

the coming of Coronado's army. But the Indians could not forget. They could not understand that these good monks wished to help them. They could only remember what they had suffered from other white men: so they hated the monks because they, too, were white men.

One day, when one of these monks lay asleep beneath a tree, an Indian came and killed him. Another was kneeling at his prayers and an Indian shot an arrow at him as he knelt. Another—an old man with a heart full of love for the poor Indians—was seized and carried out into the river and drowned. As for the fourth, we do not know. He never came back to Mexico, and his story was never told.

Although the danger was so great, there were other monks who still dared to live among the savages. And after a long time, the Indians began to forget the cruel treatment their people had received from the white men. Then the missionaries were able to go among them and teach them without danger. These Indians would allow their children to be taught; and by and by there was hardly a tribe within the limits of the Spanish possessions which did not have its little mission church and its monks.

"Let us go to the Indians on the Pacific coast," said some of the Spanish monks. "They also need to know the lessons that we can teach them."

The first monk who went to the Pacific coast was Junipero Serro. It was a long, hard journey that lay before him, for he must cross the desert as Coronado had done nearly two hundred years before. But Junipero Serro was brave of heart, and he and his companions set out with good cheer. On, across the weary desert and over the mountains, they journeyed, walking all the way. Often they were very

weary, and sometimes they were faint from the intense heat. But Junipero Serro sang his hymns and read his prayers, and marched on bravely day by day.

It was just noon when he reached the ridge of hills above San Diego Bay.

"It was here that Cabrillo came!" he said to his companions. "Perhaps he stood just here and looked down upon this beautiful bay, even as we are standing now."

"Truly it is a beautiful bay," said his companions. "It is as beautiful as Cabrillo said it was."

It was the time of year when the hills of California are covered with the rich, golden poppies which grow upon the coast. Junipero stooped and gathered one of these golden cups; and as he raised it to his lips he cried, "Behold, friends, we have found the golden cup of our Saviour,—the Holy Grail!"

Then Junipero raised the cross; and, with his companions kneeling around him, said mass.

The natives had come to look at the white men, and when they saw the cross and heard the prayers, their hearts were filled with awe. Truly, these were a wonderful people, they thought.

But who were they? Why had they come? What did the great cross mean? The savages went away to their village, and the old men of the tribe told what they had heard of some white men who long ago had come like this to San Diego Bay.

But the stories they had heard were not pleasant stories. The old warriors did not look with favor upon the white strangers; and soon there was trouble between the white men and the Indians.

Hardly had Junipero built a little mission church when the Indians attacked it, and one of the monks was killed. Then the mission was moved

and for a time there was peace. But in a few weeks the Indians again fell upon the mission, and more of the good fathers were killed.

In spite of the discouraging behavior of these red men for whom the missionaries had come across the desert, brave Junipero Serro went on to Monterey and there founded another mission church. Under a great live oak he raised a simple altar and hung the mission bells. Then a cross was built, mass was said, and the Spanish flag floated out over the waters.

Here at Monterey Junipero Serro began at last to win the love of the Indians. They watched him closely and they found in his actions nothing but good-will toward them.

"He is our friend," they said at last, and from that time they were willing to come and trade with him. They learned to like the mission church and the music and the prayers. They did not know what it all meant, but the sound was pleasing to them, and they liked to watch the fathers.

Then Junipero Serro went still further up the coast. In many of the beautiful bays he planted missions, and taught the Indians what the cross and the mass meant.

Now, these missions were named in honor of the saints of the church. "But is St. Francis to have no mission?" asked one of the monks.

"St. Francis will himself lead us to another bay. And there his mission shall be planted," said Junipero.

Then the monks journeyed on, and at last they came to the largest bay on the coast of California.

"This is St. Francis' Bay!" cried the monks, when their eyes fell upon its sparkling waters. "Here shall be founded the mission that shall bear the name of St. Francis!"

The good monks fell upon their knees and thanked St. Francis, and

implored his blessing upon the mission that should be planted.

It must be that St. Francis listened, for the mission flourished long after Junipero was dead, and the little settlement has long since grown to be a great city. We call the city San Francisco, in honor of the mission that Junipero founded.

For twenty long years Junipero labored among the Indians of the Pacific coast. When he lay dying in one of the little missions he said: "It has been a hard life. It has been a life of danger. But it has been a

happy life, and I am content. Our missions have prospered. And five thousand Indians have been taught the better and happier way to live."

Then Junipero turned his face toward the mission wall and fell asleep.

The monks tolled the mission bells. The funeral mass was read, and the Indians thronged in at the mission gates, begging to be allowed to look once more upon the face of the good monk whom they had learned to love and trust. For so did the Spanish win the hearts of the Indians up and down the coast of California.



MISSION AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, FOUNDED BY SPANISH MONKS

THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

LONG a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, later the occupant of a dungeon in the Tower of London, and finally suffering death at the hands of the executioner—this was the lot of Sir Walter Raleigh, poet, courtier, soldier, colonizer, one of the explorers of America. Born in Devonshire in 1552 of an old family, young Raleigh for a time studied at Oxford, and later lived in the Temple, one of the great law schools of London. He then took part in several expeditions of discovery in which he lost money. He went to court in the train of the Earl of Leicester, and it was at this time that he is said to have thrown his cloak on the ground to let Queen Elizabeth walk upon it over a puddle. He rose into great favor with the queen, and received many gifts and privileges from her, being knighted in 1584. It is said that he first introduced the growing of tobacco and the potato into Ireland.

Raleigh made many attempts at colonization in America. In 1584 he sent his captain to Florida and as far north as North Carolina. Raleigh named all the land thereabout Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen. In 1585 his colonists under Sir Richard Grenville made a settlement on Roanoke Island; but they deserted when Sir Francis Drake appeared there the following year. Other

fruitless attempts were made in 1586 and 1587. The second colony was found massacred by the Indians. When the place was again visited in 1590, the third had disappeared absolutely without leaving a trace. The only message was the word: "Croatan" cut in the bark of a birch tree. In this colony were William and Eleanor Dare, whose daughter, Virginia Dare, was the first English child to be born on American soil.

Discouraged, Sir Walter Raleigh gave up his attempts at colonization. In 1603 he was accused of conspiracy and was thrown into prison by James I., who had succeeded Queen Elizabeth. After many years he was released on his promise to James I. that he would find a gold mine in America without intruding on Spanish possessions. He was allowed to make the attempt; but was warned that should he arouse the anger of Spain he would be put to death.

He sailed into the Orinoco the last day of 1617, ill with fever. He sent his son and the captain up the river, where they found a Spanish settlement and attacked it. Raleigh's son was killed, and no gold could be found.

True to his threat, King James promptly seized Raleigh on his return, and he was executed in 1618.



BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE EARLY COLONIES

VIRGINIA—1607

FOR a long time after the discovery of America it seemed likely that Spain would rule the whole continent. More than that, she was gaining such wealth from her new lands that she was fast becoming the most powerful country in all Europe.

She was now able to keep a strong navy, for she had the money to build a large fleet of war vessels and was able to keep a large and powerful army. With her mighty army and navy it was easy for her to take possession of the new country and to control the seas that lay between.

Already she was beginning to say, "Spain rules the sea." And if any other nation objected to her claim, she would answer, "Come and take the control from us if you can," for she well knew that no country had ships enough to fight against her, and she thought the other nations were afraid of proud Spain.

England's navy at this time was neither strong nor large, and for that reason English ships had kept away from those parts of the new world that Spain claimed. It was true that the English Cabots had explored as far south as Carolina—possibly as far south as Florida; but it was of little use for England to push a claim against Spain unless she could meet Spain with a navy equal to her own.

By and by there came a change. Holland—as proud as she was small—began to wage war with Spain. Now Holland could not meet Spain in pitched battle either on land or sea; but she could pick off a Spanish vessel here and there. In this way she kept worrying Spain for forty long years; at last Spain, large as her navy was, began to feel the loss of so many ships.

At last the men of the court of Spain looked into the matter. They counted up the ships that Holland had destroyed in these forty years and the money it had cost to keep a watch on that rebel country.

"It is surprising how much harm Holland has done! But it is because England is helping her. England is the real foe!" they said.

So at last Spain went to work determined to bring this trouble to an end and to punish England.

"Let us have no delay," said the men of the court; for they were angry that little Holland had been allowed to worry the great kingdom of Spain. Spain had at this time other reasons for war with England, and she meant now to destroy both countries together.

The finest fleet that ever sailed the seas was at once fitted out. There were one hundred and thirty-four war-ships, carrying twenty-five hundred cannon and thirty thousand men.

"This is our Invincible Armada," said Spain. And no one could blame her if she did boast a little: for so fine a fleet as this was a glory to any nation.

Straight up into the English Channel, then, the Invincible Armada sailed. "We will show England that Spain's rights are to be respected," the Spanish commanders said.

There was great excitement in England when the news of the Spanish Armada reached there. Queen Elizabeth called together the wisest men of the court, and they began at once to fit out a fleet to attack the Invincible Armada when it should enter the English Channel.

Now if the Spanish commander had known the channel, it may be that the



CAPTAIN SMITH SAVED BY POCAHONTAS, DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEF, POWHATAN

battle would have gone better for his ships. But before he dreamed what was happening, the English had caught his ships in a narrow part of the channel and penned them in so that their numbers were of little help to them.

Then followed a great naval battle. The English won a notable victory, and the Spanish ships that were not destroyed were driven into the unknown seas of the north. Many of them were wrecked by a tempest on the shores of Iceland. The others drifted about, sometimes frozen in, sometimes driven before the fierce gales. At last, after months of suffering, fifty-three only of this splendid fleet came back to Spain to tell the sad story of defeat.

This was a terrible blow to Spain; and afterward her power on the sea was never so great. The power of England, however, grew greater.

She now dared to send her ships even into Spanish waters, and soon she claimed a share in the wealth of the new world.

Already, even before the defeat of the Invincible Armada, England had begun to talk of colonizing.

There was sad need for her to do so, for many of her people were idle. Great poverty had fallen upon the working people because Europe had discovered the art of weaving wool. The news of the discovery and of the great demand for wool spread over England, and every farmer wished to raise sheep that he might have wool to sell to these weavers across the channel. The result was that the land owners of England stopped tilling their farms and turned them into pasture lands.

"Why bother with planting and harvesting," they said, "when we can sell wool at so high a price?"

This was a sad thing for the laborers, for where hundreds of workmen had

been employed to plant and weed, to harvest and thresh and store away, now only a few were needed to tend the sheep upon the hillsides. And so it was, that at this time England was overrun with hopeless, helpless, starving men who could get no work to do.

Then the question was asked, "What can be done with these poor people?" And the answer came, "Colonize. Send them away."

"But where can we colonize?" said the court of England. "Spain claims the entire coast of the New World."

"Very likely she does," answered Queen Elizabeth, "but England heeds no claim that is not based upon possession!"

This was a fine bold speech to make; but Queen Elizabeth often made fine bold speeches.

"Our queen speaks wisely," said the gallant men of the court. And at once plans for colonization were begun.

One of the men who was foremost in pushing forward these plans was Sir Walter Raleigh.

"We must make these people wish to go to the new world," he said. "And the only way to make them wish to go, will be to give them a generous charter."

"You are right," said Queen Elizabeth. And the charter was made giving the colonists all the rights that they had as free men and natives in England. They were to be governed by their own laws, and to make any laws they wished if only these did not conflict with those of England.

Surely, no charter could have been more generous than this, and plenty of men were willing to sail to America. With high hopes Sir Walter Raleigh sent his first ships to the New World.

Raleigh's intention had been to found a colony in Florida, but it chanced that the captains of the vessels—Amidas and Barlow—anchored off

Roanoke Island. This island they found to be very beautiful. The red cedars were tall and straight, and there were forests of large trees. Fruit and grain were everywhere; and best of all, the natives seemed eager to welcome and willing to help the white men.

"Win-gan-da-coa! Win-gan-da-coa!" they cried. "What beautiful clothes you wear! What beautiful clothes you wear!"

"Why not found a colony here?" the captain asked.

The captains determined to return to England and report their decision. The queen was delighted when they told her about the beautiful island.

"And what shall we name the colony?" she asked.

"We had thought it might be well to name it Win-gan-da-coa," said Amidas and Barlow.

"Indeed," said the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, "but it would be far better to name this colony Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, our Virgin queen."

Soon Raleigh sent his ships across the water again; and this time they carried a hundred English people who meant to stay and found a colony.

The Indians who had been so kind and helpful, seemed less pleased when they found that the white men had come to stay. It was very pleasant to have them come for a visit and bring gay beads and bright-colored blankets; but when they came to build homes for themselves it was very different.

Before long, the Indians began to plot to drive these white men away. It may be that they were wise enough to see that it would be a sad thing for them when the country was taken by the white men, and that it would mean ruin to their corn-fields, their forests, and their homes. It may be that they had heard of how the Spaniards farther south had treated the Indians.

Whatever they thought, they tried to get rid of the Englishmen by telling them of great gold-fields in the west. "At the head waters of the Roanoke River," they said, "there are great rocks of gold. The waters fall over a wall of gold, and near the source of the river there is a city with walls of gold."

In those days Europeans seemed willing to believe any story, however wonderful, about the New World. And so, instead of going wisely to work to make homes for themselves, the colonists began to look for this wonderful city of gold. Meantime their provisions gave out. They had planted no corn, so there was no harvest. The Indians had grown unfriendly and would no longer share their corn with them. There seemed to be nothing but starvation before them. Many died, and even the strongest grew weak and ill.

But one morning an English ship hove in sight. "We are near the island of Roanoke," said the captain. "Let us make a morning call upon the colonists there."

This vessel was a war-ship and had captured twenty Spanish ships and two hundred and fifty cannon. She had attacked two Spanish islands, and had even dared to put in at the Spanish town of St. Augustine. Because of their good luck the captain—who was no other than Sir Francis Drake—and his men were in fine spirits this morning, when they called upon the English colonists at Roanoke.

Never were callers more welcome. The poor colonists dragged themselves down to the water to meet them and tell their sad story. "There is but one thing to do," said Drake. "You must leave this island and go back to England with us."

Although this attempt to colonize had been such a failure, Raleigh sent

out another company of people to America. "This time," said he, "let us send families. The men will be more likely to make homes and plant corn fields when there are women and children who must be cared for."

The second colony, then, was a colony of families, sent out under the care of a wise leader, John White.

"It is useless to go back to Roanoke," said Raleigh, "now that the Indians are unfriendly. Land, rather, on the shores of the Chesapeake." The vessel, however, was to stop at Roanoke on its way to Chesapeake and take on board a guard that had been left there. In due time the ship sailed into the harbor, and its people were glad to set foot on shore again; but hardly had they landed when the vessel hoisted sail and left the colonists on the island. In vain they shouted and signaled to the ship. The pilot would not look. He said afterward that he did not see. It was certainly very strange.

"What can we do?" asked the colonists. "We have only this little convoy left."

"There is but one thing we can do; and that is to stay just where we are. There is no choice," said John White.

"We may as well go to work, then, build our fort, and make ourselves comfortable and safe." So the colonists set bravely to work, and in a few days the fort was built and the people were housed.

"And now," said the bold White, "I will go to England for help. Keep peace with the Indians, if possible, till I come back. If it should happen that you are driven from this place leave some sign. Carve in the trees the name of the place to which you mean to go. Keep the colony alive if you can."

When White landed in England, he found the country stirred up with the

news of the coming of the Invincible Armada. "The Armada is coming! The Armada is coming!" was all the people could talk about.

The queen was busy fitting out ships to attack the Spanish fleet, and could not take time to listen to the story that White had to tell. Besides, every vessel, great and small, was needed to meet the Armada. Even White's little convoy was seized upon and fitted up for the fight.

"But the colonists will be killed by the Indians," White pleaded. "They will starve."

Twice Raleigh tried to have a ship sent out; but even he could not succeed in sending them any help. Once a vessel was made ready, and was about to sail when the naval captain seized upon it, saying: "We need every boat that can sail the waters. England must be defended." Of course this was true; but it was hard for John White to wait when his people needed help so much.

At last came the battle with the Invincible Armada. We know the result and the glorious victory for England. Hardly had the smoke of battle cleared away, when John White was given a vessel to go to the relief of his colony. Four long years had passed. John White dared not think of the things that might have happened to his people in that time.

It was a long voyage across the ocean. It seemed to White that never had a vessel sailed so slowly. But at last the American coast was in sight, and there lay the island. Would the colonists come down to the shore? Had they held out against the Indians? Alas for John White's hopes! Something was wrong. He knew it as the vessel neared the shore. When the salute was fired, no one answered. There was no sign of life. The fort was in ruins; the houses were gone.

White and his men hurried to land. "They were to carve the name on the trees," White said. "Surely they would not forget to do that. And if there was distress, they were to carve a cross below the words." The men hurried from tree to tree. "Here it is! Here it is!" one man cried. "*C-R-O-A-T-O-A-N-S*."

"Yes, there is the word, and there is no cross below it," said White. "Let us take courage. It may be they have gone to the village of the Croatoans."

"But they may have been driven away. Perhaps they had no time to carve a cross," said the men. White looked at the word. It had been carved in great haste—there could be no doubt of that. "It may be," said White. "Still, let us hope for the best."

So the men went up and down the island, searching for the lost colonists. First, they went to the village of the Croatoans. "Where are our people?" White asked. And he gave the Indians presents to show them that he was friendly.

But the Croatoans would not tell. They said that they did not know.

"But you must know!" White insisted. "Tell us and we will give you beads and blankets." But the Croatoans only shook their heads and said, "We do not know."

Then White went to the other tribes. But these, too, declared that they knew nothing about the colonists. Again White offered presents if they would tell. But they still shook their heads and said: "We do not know. We do not know."

And so at last John White went back to England. Raleigh's second attempt to colonize America was a sad failure; but even now he was not discouraged. "The day of colonizing in America is but just begun," he used to say. "I shall yet live to see the

English nation rule the ocean and possess America."

Although Raleigh still believed in colonization, he now saw that no one man could plant a colony with success. "This will have to be done by the English government," he said. And he planned to make Queen Elizabeth see how grand a thing it could be.

There was a man in England, named Richard Hakluyt, who knew more about the New World than any one else in Europe; for he had read all that had ever been written about it. He had followed all the explorations and discoveries with great care, and had made maps of this new world.

"I will go to Richard Hakluyt," said Raleigh. "He is the man to write a letter that will influence the queen."

He persuaded Hakluyt to help him, and got him to write a letter to Queen Elizabeth in which he gave all the reasons that he could think of for colonizing. These were his reasons:—

1. When there are colonies of our own in America, it will be easier to drive away the Spaniards from the fishing-grounds.

2. It will be easier to capture Spanish ships as they come out from the Gulf of Mexico.

3. The colonies will serve as stations from which to search for the short route to India.

4. The colonies will make a market for England's goods.

5. The colonies will pay duties upon the goods we send them. This will bring money into England.

6. America will be a place to which we may send our poor people.

Queen Elizabeth was pleased with this letter. The wise men of the court, also were pleased. Anybody could see that the reasons were good. And so in a little time all England was talking of the colonies that were to be founded in America.

Ministers preached about them, the statesmen made speeches about them; and many of the poor people clamored to be allowed to go. Such wonderful stories were told of the new country that the poet of the day wrote a poem about it. Here is one stanza:—

“Britons, you stay too long!
Quickly aboard bestow you!
And with a merry gale
Success you will entice!
To get the pearl and gold!
And ours to hold—Virginia!
Earth’s only paradise!”

Perhaps you think that is strange poetry, and you are right, but it was in keeping with the times, and it suited the people so well that they sang it everywhere. The newspapers quoted it, and the ladies of the court recited it; and it made the people all the more eager to go to this wonderful land across the sea.

It was twenty years after the loss of the Roanoke colony that a vessel was again fitted out and another company of English people set sail for America. After a long and tedious voyage, they reached the mouth of a river.

“Why not settle here? It seems a good place. We will name this the James, in honor of our king!” said the people, for Queen Elizabeth had died, and King James was now on the throne.

Here they landed and built their fort, which also they named the James. When the colony became a town, it was named Jamestown.

“We must have a church,” said these good people. So the men fastened a board across from one tree to another and stretched a sail above it, and here in his simple pulpit Robert Hunt, the minister, preached his first sermon to the people.

As soon as the fort was built and the people had a safe protection, some of the men went out to explore. Up the river they found an Indian

village. The chief of this village was Powhatan, and the tribe was called the Powhatans.

The white men were wise enough to take with them beads and bright-colored cloths, and when they came to this village they made presents to the Indians, who were very glad to receive the strangers as their guests.

But although the Powhatans were friendly, there were tribes who meant to make the explorers as uncomfortable as they could. Before they returned to the fort one man was killed and others were wounded.

“Why did you not shoot these Indians?” said the men of the fort when the explorers came back.

“Wait till you meet these savages yourselves,” said the men. “They lurk in the tall grass; they hide behind trees. You cannot see them, and before you know it, they are close at hand and their arrows are flying.”

“Are you sure these Powhatans have not deceived us?” asked the captain of the fort; for already he had caught sight of savages around the fort. “Are you sure that these are not the Powhatans that are even now attacking us?”

However, in a few days the chief of the Powhatans himself came to the fort and said: “These Indians that are lurking about in the tall grass and woods are foes of ours. They hate us. They burn our villages. If you will join with us we will kill them.”

The captain, however, was unwilling to engage in a war. There was only food enough in the fort to last fifteen weeks, and he wished to go back to England. Even though he should start at once, he could not get to England and back in less than twenty weeks. So the men were put on short rations, and he hurried away.

“I will make all the haste possible,” he said, as he sailed away.

This was one of the hardest times in all the history of the Virginia colony. Sometimes the colonists were able to spear a crab or a fish from the river; but food was so scarce that in a few weeks fifty of the men had died. And of those that were alive not one was able to work—all were so weak and ill.

During all this time the Powhatans were friendly to the white men; but one day, when John Smith went up the river to explore, he was captured by the brother of the Powhatan chief and carried away a prisoner.

"You have kidnapped our warriors!" the Indians grumbled. "You have carried them across the big water. Therefore we will slay you."

In vain did Smith try to explain. "It was not I," he said. "You will not slay me for what another has done."

But Oppecancannough, the chief, would not listen. He did not wish to hear. He did not care whether John Smith was the robber or not. Revenge upon the white people was what his heart was set upon.

"You must prove that this is the man before you slay him," said Powhatan; for he was more just and honorable than his brother. So Oppecancannough was forced to take Smith before the warriors of his tribe, and to each he said, "Is this the man that kidnapped our warriors?" The warriors all said: "No, this is not the man. This man is short. The kidnapper was tall."

But Oppecancannough would not give his prisoner up so easily. He carried him back to Powhatan; and for a long time the two Indian chiefs talked together. The more they talked the more angry Oppecancannough became. He shouted and yelled; he made wild gestures and leaped high in the air. John Smith wondered what all this meant; but he could only listen and wonder.

However, it was soon plain that Oppecancannough had persuaded his brother to agree to Smith's death, for Powhatan ordered a block to be brought and the prisoner to be laid upon it. When the block was brought, Powhatan himself sat by the great fireplace and watched it all. He was dressed in a suit of raccoon skin, with tassels of raccoon tails hanging from his shoulders. The painted squaws gathered around the chief, waiting for the prisoner to be brought in.

Then Oppecancannough gave Smith a form of trial, but it was only a mock trial. At every word Oppecancannough said, the warriors nodded their heads and grunted. This meant, "We agree with all you say." At last Oppecancannough finished his speech. Then the great block was dragged out into the middle of the space, and Smith was bound and laid upon it.

The warriors whooped and yelled. The squaws danced and shrieked. "Truly," wrote Smith in his book, "I thought my last time had come."

Then the slayers came, armed with their clubs. They took their places on either side of the doomed man, and all was still. The Indians waited for Oppecancannough to give the signal. But suddenly—just as Oppecancannough was about to raise his hand—Pocahontas, the child of Powhatan, sprang up and rushed toward the prisoner. She threw herself across him and cried to her father to save him.

Now Pocahontas was the pet child of Powhatan. Moreover, he had been persuaded against his will to have the white man killed. So he said,—and he was glad to say it,—"It shall be as you will, Pocahontas."

Oppecancannough's face was black with anger. His eyes flashed. "I will have my revenge! I will have my

revenge!" he muttered to himself. And years later he did have his revenge. But for a time there was peace, and the Indians gave the white men corn.

"You shall henceforth be as my own son," Powhatan said to John Smith.

But after a while even Powhatan began to grow sullen.

"You white people have come here to stay?" he asked one day.

"Yes," said the governor of the colony.

"Smith told me that you were only waiting here for the white bird to come and carry you back to your home. He told me that you were driven on this shore by the cruel Spaniards, and that you would go away very soon."

The colonists had nothing to say to this. They had, indeed, told this story to keep the Indians quiet until the fort could be built in which they should be able to protect themselves.

Powhatan was angry. Oppecannough, too, lost no chance to stir his brother's wrath against the white men. The winter was coming on, and the corn was low. "Something must be done," the people said. So Smith set out again to the village of the Powhatans.

"We will not sell corn to you," said the Powhatans; and nothing that Smith could say would make them change their minds.

"Trouble is brewing for us," thought Smith as he went back to the fort, and he was not mistaken.

Trouble was indeed brewing, and so fast did it come that Smith was sent to England for help. There were now five hundred people in the colony; and there was corn enough for only half that number. Already there had been frosts and snows. The colonists were compelled to keep close to their cabins and even to burn their palisades to keep from freezing. So terrible was the

suffering from hunger that every death was counted a gain; for then there were less people to share the food.

All this suffering Oppecannough watched with a glad heart. "Our revenge is coming. Our revenge is coming," he muttered to himself.

By and by the last basket of corn was gone, and roots and herbs were all the food the colonists had. Of the five hundred, only sixty were alive; and these were so sick and weak that they could hardly drag themselves about.

One day an English vessel with food for the colonists hove in sight. Help had come at last! But when the captain saw the poor, sick, starving colonists he said: "It is useless to leave these men here. We must give up the colony and go back to England." Then the few that were alive were carried on board, and the ship started down the river.

"And they call this 'Earth's Paradise!'" thought the captain, as he looked upon the half-dead men.

Was Virginia never to be colonized? Surely, it seemed so; but just as the ship was nearing the mouth of the river, another ship was seen in the distance. What could she be? Was she a Spanish ship? And had she come to attack the colony? Or—yes, it was an English ship. As she came nearer her flag could be seen. The English colors were flying from the masts.

Soon the two ships were lying side by side. "We have come with a shipload of provisions for the colony," said the captain.

"What shall we do? Shall we go back to England? Shall we tell the king that again the colony is a failure?" said the colonists. "Never!" said they at last. The two vessels turned and went up the river and dropped anchor at the same old Jamestown landing. The people landed, and the fort was regarrisoned. "Praise God," said the

good chaplain, "the Jamestown colony is saved."

"The white men have come back, and they have many new brothers," said the angry Indians.

By and by Powhatan died, and Oppecannough became the chief. "Now," said he, "we will rid ourselves of these white men. But let us first pretend friendship for them; for we are not ready to attack them yet."

So Oppecannough tried to win the friendship of the colonists. This was not an easy task, for they well knew how he had plotted against them. But Oppecannough was patient. He often carried corn to the fort, and more than once he defended the colonists from other Indian tribes. But this was only to deceive them, for what he really wanted was to get permission to go in and out from the fort. "When I can do that," he thought, "I can learn where the fort is strong and where it is weak; I can learn the habits of the colonists; and when it will be best to fall upon them."

Then Oppecannough began to stir up the tribes in the country round about. He traveled from village to village and called the Indians together for midnight councils. Often, while the colonists lay sleeping in their fort, Oppecannough was working for their destruction. Night after night in the depths of the forests he crouched near some council fire and urged the Indians on to war against the white men.

"Do you not see," he would say, "that these white men are stealing our corn-fields and are taking our best and most fertile lands? Do you not see that by and by we shall have no hunting grounds for our own people? Do you not see that they are pushing farther and farther up the river? Soon there will be no land and no fishing ground left for us and our children."

At last the time came when Oppecannough was ready to attack the white men. Runners were sent in all directions, and in a few hours the forests were filled with warriors. The plot worked just as Oppecannough had planned. None of the white men suspected danger. They were at work in their fields, some of them at quite a distance from their homes. Even the gates of the fort were left unlocked.

When all was ready, Oppecannough gave the signal. Out from the forests the warriors rushed, their tomahawks in hand; the air was filled with whoops and yells. At the head of the band Oppecannough himself danced and shouted:

"Kill the white men! Kill the white men!"

First these bloodthirsty savages fell upon the men in the fields; then they attacked the houses and butchered the women and children. Then they waved the scalp locks over their heads, shouting: "Kill the English! Kill the English!" And wherever the fight was thickest, there Oppecannough was sure to be, urging his warriors on.

It was a terrible massacre, cunningly planned and boldly carried out. Soon half the colony was slain. The little homes were smoking ruins, and only those were left alive who had escaped into the fort.

Oppecannough did not dare to attack the fort. So he gave the signal for the scalp dance, and away the warriors ran with wild yells to celebrate, in their own savage way, the victory over the English settlers.

The few colonists who had escaped gathered in council. "What is to be done with Oppecannough?" asked the leader of the council.

"There is but one thing to be done. He must be killed. The colony will never be safe while he lives."

To this the colonists agreed. Oppecancannough must die.

Then they sent messengers and called the chiefs together for a council. "Let us have a talk," said they to the chiefs, "and see if we cannot make some treaty of friendship."

The chiefs fell into this trap as readily as if they themselves had not just made the same plot. On the day set for the council, they came into the fort. Oppecancannough himself was at their head. In the midst of the council the signal was given, and the white men fell upon the Indian chiefs. A frightful slaughter followed, for the chiefs were unarmed, and there were more white men than Indians.

Oppecancannough, however, with a few of the other chiefs, escaped.

"Does he bear a charmed life?" the colonists wondered.

Oppecancannough was mad with anger. Revenge! revenge! was now the one thought of his life. He talked of revenge by day and dreamed of revenge by night.

The years passed on. The colony was growing stronger every day, and it was not so easy to attack the colonists now. Still Oppecancannough was never discouraged and never ceased to watch. "Our time will come. Our time will come," he would say to his people.

Sometimes his warriors grew impatient, but Oppecancannough always held them back. "Do I hate these white men less than you?" he would say. "Then wait, wait! Our time will surely come!"

Meantime Oppecancannough was growing old. Already he was so feeble that he must be carried from place to place on a litter. Still he never ceased to watch the Englishmen. At last one day he called his people to him and said: "Send out runners. Call the tribes together. Tell them that Op-

pecancannough says the time has come."

Again the colonists were taken by surprise. For two days the savages swept up and down the frontier, killing the people and burning the villages. Not for an hour did they stop to rest. "On! On! On!" yelled Oppecancannough from his litter, for he was not able to lead his warriors in the fight.

"On! On! On! Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!" And his warriors, still faithful to their leader, answered with yells and whoops.

Not until the morning of the third day did the governor of the colony, with a company of armed men, come to the rescue of the frontier.

When Oppecancannough saw the soldiers he knew that the massacre was at an end. But to the last minute he cried: "Revenge! Revenge! Revenge! The white men have burned our villages. They have killed our chiefs. They are stealing away our hunting grounds." And not until Oppecancannough himself was taken prisoner did the savage warfare cease.

"Guard him well," said the governor. "Let no harm come to him. Bear him—just as he is, on his litter—to Jamestown." But one white man could not restrain his hate when he saw the old Indian chief. "We have suffered enough from this savage," he said; and pushing his way through the crowd, he shot the old man as he lay upon his litter.

"Lift me up! Lift me up!" the chief gasped. Then for a moment his strength came back to him. "So you have captured me at last," he sneered; "but, O paleface governor of the Englishmen, had I captured you as you have captured me, I would not have made a show of you—as you—have made—of me."

Then the old chief fell back upon his litter—dead.



THE BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS

THE FIRST ROMANCE OF AMERICA

THERE is no romance in American literature more beautiful than that of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, her womanly courage and fortitude, her fidelity to the white race and the dawn of the light of civilization which lifted her from savagery to the Court of King James and the admiration and love of the English-speaking world.

Whether or not the tradition of the rescue of the gallant John Smith, as he was about to be slain by her father's tribe, is true does not in the least diminish the nobility and the beauty of this Indian maid. That she was the power behind the throne is beyond all doubt and to her must be given the credit for the influence that several times saved the absolute extermination of the English-speaking settlement which today claims the attention of the world as the cradle of the Republic.

The first Anglo-American alliance, the first union of continents—in truth the blending of the American-born strain with the strong blood of Europe, a strain that has ever since and is today making the American race the strongest on the face of the earth—was that of this daughter of the American Indians and a son of Old England. From this union has descended many of the illustrious Virginians who have full claim to blood more noble than monarchal royalty—a blood that has forced civilization along.

On that notable wedding day, in April of 1614, the American aborigines and the white men concluded a peace which was stamped in brass and proclaimed to whomsoever it might concern. The little church with pews and pulpit of cedar was trimmed with sweetest April flowers. Pocahontas, the bride, the daughter of the old war-chief, Powhatan, was led to the altar by her aged uncle, Apachisco, with the consent of her father and friends. Two of her brothers were present, the ritual of the Church of England was read by Reverend Richard Buck, and the first citizens of the new America witnessed the union of the continents.

Three years before Pocahontas had been baptized into Christianity and christened "Rebecca." Her true name, "Matoaka," given by her father at birth, had long been lost in the affectionate pet name of Pocahontas, meaning "little Wanton."

The bridegroom, John Rolfe, was a widower, a member of an ancient family of Heacham, County Norfolk, England, a strong man who had been secretary of state in the English colony and was highly respected. He took his Indian bride to England, where her lovable disposition won the hearts of the English people. She was introduced at court by Lord and Lady Delaware and her name was on the lips of the English aristocracy. Some of the old state records bear these entries: 1616, June. Sir Thomas Dale returned from Virginia and brought divers men and women of that country to be educated in England. One Rolfe also brought his wife Pocahontas the daughter of Powhatan—"the Barbarous Prince."

While in the full light of Old World civilization the darkness of the long night fell upon her, and these last few lines from the old state records close the story:

1617, 18 Jan., London. The Virginia woman Pocahontas has been with the King. She is returning home sore against her will.

1617, 29 Mar., London. The Virginia woman died at Gravesend on her return. The register of the Church at Gravesend relates:

1616, May 2. Rebecca Rolfe, wife of Thomas Rolfe, gent. A Virginia Lady borne, was buried in the Chauncell.

One year later, in 1618, the old war-chief, Powhatan, scarred by many a conflict between savagery and civilization, went to his sleep and while the English-speaking people of the world pay homage to the memory of this dear daughter of the forests, who would dare say that she who died in the golden light of civilization, is not resting in the arms of her barbarian father upon whom the light of understanding never dawned?

THE BRITISH FLAG PLANTED IN CANADA



It was in 1492 that Columbus set sail and found America where he sought India. Five years later Englishmen, under Cabot, discovered Newfoundland, and French fishermen went there to catch cod. From there they reached Canada, and in 1534 Jacques Cartier arrived at what is now Newfoundland. He made two other journeys to Canada, claiming it for France. Then Frenchmen tried to settle there. But it was not until Samuel de Champlain was sent out by Henry IV. of France, in 1608, that the French colonists succeeded. Champlain explored and founded settlements, and did his best for the natives. But he was not supported by his sovereign, and in 1629 an English force took him prisoner and sent him to England. Here we see him surrendering to the English. He was afterwards released, and died in Canada in 1635, after it was restored to the French.

S A M U E L C H A M P L A I N — 1 6 0 8

WHILE Englishmen were seeking the North-West Passage, Frenchmen were working to found New France, for after Cartier, other men tried to found colonies in the lands beyond the seas. Each failed as Cartier had failed. But at last there came a man who was so determined and so brave that he succeeded in doing what others had not been able to do. This man was Samuel de Champlain, often called the Father of New France.

After the discovery of Newfoundland, sailors had been quick to find out what a splendid place it was for fishing. So men from all countries came to fish in the waters there. Others came to trade with the Indians for furs. But they all came and went again. None thought of making their home in that far-off land.

At length a Frenchman, seeing what a lot of money might be made out of furs, asked the King of France to allow him alone to have the fur trade. This is called a monopoly. Monopoly comes from two Greek words, *monos* alone, and *polein* to sell. So if you get a monopoly of anything it means that you are the only person who is allowed to sell that thing to others.

The King of France said this Frenchman might have a monopoly of furs if he would found a colony in New France. To this he agreed, and set sail with some friends. All the other fur merchants of France were, however, very angry, because they knew that if only one man was allowed to buy furs from the Indians and sell them to the French, he would become very rich and they poor.

But the colony, which was now founded, did not succeed any better than those before it had done. It was not until Champlain and some other adventurers came to help that things

went better. Champlain was a soldier-sailor. He was brave, and wise, and kind too—just the very best sort of man to treat with savages and found a colony.

Champlain did not at first go as a leader, but only to help two gentlemen called Poutrincourt and De Monts. Soon, however, it became plain that he was the real leader, and later he was made governor of New France.

Champlain and his friends landed first in Acadie. That is that part of the Dominion of Canada which we now call Nova Scotia. On an island at the mouth of the river St. Croix they built their fort, and prepared to spend the winter. But they soon found that they had chosen a very bad place. It was cold and barren. There was neither wood for fires nor fresh water to drink. So after passing a winter of pain and trouble, during which many died, they went over to the mainland, and there built their fort anew. There the city of Annapolis now stands. Then the colonists called it Port Royal.

The new colony had a hard struggle. The second winter was almost as bad as the first. The settlers had eaten all the food which they had brought with them from France, and as the ships which they expected with more did not arrive, they began to starve. Then Champlain made up his mind to take all his people home to France. For he knew that it would be impossible to live through another winter without help. Two brave men offered to remain behind to take care of the fort until the others returned, and a friendly old Indian chief promised to stay near.

So good-byes were said; the little ship sailed out of the bay, and the two brave men prepared to spend the long autumn and winter alone between the

forest and the sea, far from any white man, and with only savages near.

But about nine days after Champlain had sailed, the old chief saw a white sail far out to sea. The two Frenchmen were at dinner and did not notice it. The old chief stood for a little time watching the white sail as it came nearer and nearer. Then, in great excitement, he ran shouting to the fort, "Why do you sit here?" he cried, bursting in upon the two men. "Why do you sit here and amuse yourselves eating, when a great ship with white wings is coming up the river?"

In much astonishment and some dread the two men sprang up. One seized his gun and ran to the shore. The other ran to the cannon of the fort. Both were ready to fight as best they might should the strangers prove to be enemies. Eagerly they watched as the ship came on. Was it friend or was it foe, they asked themselves. At last it was quite near. At last they could see the white flag of France, with its golden *fleur-de-lis* floating from the mast. With fingers which trembled with joy, the man at the cannon put a match to the muzzle, and a roar of welcome awoke the echoes of the bay.

Right glad were the newcomers to hear it, for they had been anxiously watching the fort which seemed so silent and deserted, and with thunder of guns and blare of trumpets they joyously replied.

Soon the little fort was full of busy life again, and Champlain, who had not gone far on his journey, hearing that help had come, turned back to join his friends again.

Among the colonists who came in this ship was a lawyer from Paris, called Marc Lescarbot. He was very merry and gay. Always in good spirits himself, he kept others in good

spirits, too. After the newcomers had settled down, Champlain and some of the men sailed away to explore the country, leaving the others to take care of the fort. They worked hard, felling trees and digging the ground, cutting paths through the forest, and planting barley, wheat and rye. But when work was done there was plenty of fun, for Lescarbot kept them merry. Among other things he prepared a play with which to greet the travelers when they came back.

Champlain returned somewhat weary and disheartened. He had not succeeded in exploring much farther than before. The Indians had proved unfriendly, and several of his men had been killed by them. So with the coming of winter he turned back to Port Royal. They arrived there one gloomy November afternoon. But those who had been left behind were watching for them. As Champlain and his men drew near they saw that the whole fort was a blaze of lights.

Over the gateway hung the arms and motto of the King of France, wreathed with laurels. On either side hung those of De Monts and Poutrincourt, two of the leaders. The gate, as the travelers came near to it, opened, and out came no less a person than old Neptune, sitting upon a chariot drawn by Tritons. His hair and beard were long, a blue veil floated about him, and in his hand he held his trident, and so with music and poetry he welcomed the travelers from the sea.

After Neptune came a canoe, in which were four savages, each with a gift in his hand. These they presented, each in turn making a speech in poetry. Poutrincourt, who entered into the game at once, listened to lord Neptune, his Tritons and savages with drawn sword in hand. Then

after he had made a speech of thanks, the Tritons and savages burst into song, and the returned travelers passed beneath the wreathed gateway to the sound of trumpets and the roar of cannon.

Lescarbot wrote a history of New France in which he tells about all this. He gives there the poetry which was said and sung, not because it is good poetry, he says, but because it shows that in that unknown country, far from friends and home, they were not sad.

Thus the long, cold winter began, but Lescarbot had many devices for making the dark, dreary days pass merrily. He formed all the chief men of the colony into an order which he called the Order of Good Times. Each member was Grand Master of the order for one day. It was his duty to see to the meals during that day. Each Grand Master tried to manage better than the one before. He would hunt and fish and invent all sorts of dainties, so it came about that there was always enough to eat, and plenty of change, and as a result there was not so much sickness nor so many deaths as there had been during the winters before.

The officers of the Order of Good Times did everything with great ceremony. When dinner-time came the Grand Master marched into the hall

wearing his fine chain of office round his neck, a napkin over his shoulder, and a staff in his hand. He was followed by the Brethren, each carrying a dish which he placed upon the table. Then they all sat down to dine. At supper there was much the same ceremony. Then when it was over and the great wood fire burned and roared up the chimney, its flames dancing and flickering and making strange shadows upon the wall, songs were sung and stories were told. And in the circle which gathered round the glowing hearth, many a time a dark-skinned chieftain, gay in paint and feathers, might be seen sitting side by side with the French gentlemen-adventurers, who listened with delight to the quaint tales he told. Then the wine cup and the pipe went round, and when the last pipe was smoked, the last bowl empty, the Grand Master of the day, his duties done, would give up his chain of office to the Brother who should succeed him. And so with laughter and with song the dark days passed and spring came once more.

With spring came bad news. The monopoly had been withdrawn. The colony must be given up. Sad at heart the colonists left their new home, which they had worked so hard to found, and went back to France.

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

THE little colony at Port Royal had to be given up, but in less than a year Champlain was back again. This time he did not go to Acadie but to the St. Lawrence. Up the great river he sailed, until he reached a place called, in the Indian language, Kebec, which means the narrows. There, on July 3rd, 1608, he landed. The first tree was felled upon that wild and unknown river bank, and on the rocky heights above.

the foundations of the first house of the town of Quebec were dug. Once again a few brave white men built their home, and settled down to live far from their friends, among the wild Indians.

The American Indians were divided roughly into two great tribes—the Iroquois and the Algonquins. These two tribes hated each other bitterly and were nearly always at war. Both the Iroquois and the Algonquins were

divided into clans or families, each clan having its own name. But in war they all took sides, either with the Iroquois or with the Algonquins. The Iroquois are sometimes called the Five Nations, from the five chief clans of which they were made up. They are also sometimes called the Long House, from the shape of their huts.

The American Indians were among the most fierce and cruel of all savages. After a battle they held wild orgies, at which the prisoners were tortured with dreadful cruelty, and which often ended with a sickening feast upon the dead bodies of the enemy. One of the horrible things they did was to scalp their enemies, that is, with their stone hatchets, called tomahawks, they would cut off part of the skin of the head with the hair upon it. The more scalps a warrior could gather the greater and braver was he thought. Often a chief's cloak would be decorated with a fringe of the scalps which he had taken.

Before the Indians went to battle, they would paint their faces and bodies and often shave their heads, but the "scalp lock" was always left as a kind of challenge and defiance to the enemy.

Champlain was filled with two great ideas; to found a colony, by means of which the fur trade might be carried on, and to explore and claim for France the vast unknown regions of Canada. He saw that to do this he must be friendly with one or the other of the tribes of Indians. The Algonquins had their homes along the St. Lawrence and around Quebec, so Champlain made friends with them, and promised to help them in their battles against the Iroquois.

About a year after the founding of Quebec, Champlain set out with the Algonquins to help them against their enemies, as he had promised. They traveled together, Champlain and two

or three Frenchmen in a flat-bottomed boat and the Indians in their canoes, far up the River Richelieu and along the lake since called Lake Champlain. All went well for some time. Then one day the Red Men had a quarrel among themselves, and in hot anger more than half of them went home, leaving only about sixty braves to fight the enemy. These, however, went on, nothing daunted, every day coming nearer and nearer the country of the Iroquois. Then they traveled with great caution, paddling up the river during the night, and hiding in the forests the most of the day. At last one evening they saw a great crowd of canoes filled with savages coming towards them. These were Iroquois. Each side greeted the other with yells of hatred. They did not, however, begin to fight at once, but spent the night dancing, singing, and shouting insults at each other.

When day came Champlain and his few white men lay down in the bottom of the canoes to watch the savages land and begin the fight. Both sides advanced slowly, uttering their horrible war shout or scalp cry, "aw-oh-aw-oh-aw-o-o-o-o-h." But suddenly the ranks of the Algonquins opened, and Champlain with his loaded gun marched down the center. The Iroquois, who had never before seen a white man, paused in fear and astonishment. Champlain took aim, fired, and two chiefs fell dead. Then the fear which took hold upon the savages was great indeed. What was this awful thunder and lightning which struck men dead in a moment? They knew not. Never before had they seen such magic. Champlain paused to reload, and one of his men fired. Again a savage fell dead. Then fear was turned into wild terror. The Red Men took to their heels and ran madly to the shelter of the forest, pursued by their shrieking, victorious enemies.

So ended the first battle between the French and the Indians. It was fought at a place called Ticonderoga, which means the meeting of the waters, and which afterwards became famous for another great battle.

The Algonquins took many prisoners whom they treated with abominable cruelty. Champlain at last cried out in horror against it, and himself shot one prisoner dead, rather than see him tortured more.

To the French this battle was but the firing of a few shots. To the Iroquois it meant the beginning of a bitter hatred, a hatred which was never to be allowed to sleep. Ever after this day they were the enemies of the French and the friends of their old foes, the English.

Quebec was founded, and for many years the little colony struggled on in the face of difficulties. There were many comings and goings between France and New France. Again and again Champlain crossed the sea to plead his cause with king and councilors, with merchant and with prince. But in spite of all his pains and trouble, New France grew but slowly, and after twenty years Quebec was still hardly more than a village.

Besides founding a colony, Champlain wished to make the wild Indians Christian. "To save a soul," he said, "is of more importance than to conquer a kingdom." So he brought priests and ministers from France, and tried to teach the heathen about Christ. But already Christian people had begun to quarrel among themselves about religion. They were divided into two parties. Those who kept to the old religion were called Roman Catholics, those who followed the new were called Protestants. In France the Protestants were called Huguenots.

At first both Roman Catholics and Huguenots came to New France. But

they hated each other. Even on board ship while they were sailing over the sea to teach the heathen to love each other, they would quarrel, and the quarrel often ended in a fight. Then the sailors would gather round to watch, some crying, "Down with the Huguenots," others, "Down with the Papists." The sailors thought that it was good fun, but it made Champlain sad. "I know not which was the bravest or which hit hardest," he says, "but I leave you to think if it was very pleasant to behold."

On land things were not much better, and once, when a minister and a priest died at the same time, the sailors buried them in one grave, "to see," they said, "whether being dead they would remain in peace, since they could so little agree while living."

At last the King of France forbade any Huguenots to go to New France. This was a pity, for the Huguenots were good merchants, many of them were rich, and they would have been a great help to the new colony. Besides, the Huguenots were ready to go through much toil and to suffer many hardships for the sake of their religion. Had they been allowed to worship God in their own way in the new land, many would have gone there gladly, and the colony would have grown quickly. On the other hand the French Catholics had to be persuaded to go, as they were quite comfortable at home. So the colony grew slowly.

At this time the Stuart kings were ruling in Great Britain. They too, like the French king, tried to force all their people to be of one religion. But the people would not be forced, so many of them sailed away over the sea to the New World in the hope of finding freedom. They found it, too, for although the Stuart kings were despots at home, they allowed much freedom to the colonies; indeed they

paid little attention to them. So it came about that the British colonies grew much faster than the French. And soon the British wanted all the land in North America, even Canada, which the French claimed.

In the year 1628 France and Britain were at war. For the people in Quebec, the winter had been long and hard. Nearly all the food which the colonists had had was eaten, and Champlain was anxiously looking for more from home, when bad news reached him. He heard that British ships were sailing up the river seizing all the French ships they met. A farm upon which Quebec depended for food had been attacked and burned, and all the cattle carried off. This was bad news indeed. As soon as Champlain heard it he prepared for battle. Each man in the fort was given a post. Guns were loaded and the walls strengthened as well as might be. When evening fell every man was ready for the foe.

That night all was quiet, but next day a little boat flying a white flag was seen sailing up the river. It brought a letter from Captain Kirke, the leader of the British ships. Calling all his chief men together, Champlain read the letter aloud to them.

It was very polite. It told how Captain Kirke had been sent by the King of Great Britain to take possession of all the country of Canada. It told how he had already taken many ships, and how, knowing that there was but little food within the walls of Quebec, he had also destroyed the farm. "And in order that no vessel may reach you, I have made up my mind to stay here till the end of the season so that you may get no more food. Therefore see what you wish to do, if you intend to give up the settlement or not. For, God aiding, sooner or later I must have it. I would desire for your sake that it would be by

courtesy rather than by force, to avoid the bloodshed on both sides.

Send me word what you desire to do.

Waiting your reply, I remain, gentlemen,

Your affectionate servant,
David Kirke."

What was to be done? Yield? There was but fifty pounds of powder in all the fort, and hardly any food. Seven ounces of peas was all that was served out to each man daily. Weak, pale and thin, the French could not hope to hold out against the British for more than a few hours. But their hearts were stout and strong. Not a man was willing to yield without a struggle.

"If Captain Kirke wants to see us near at hand," they said, "he had better come, and not threaten us from so far off."

Then Champlain sat down and wrote as bold and polite a letter as that he had received. "My fort is well furnished with food," he said. "It and we are in good condition to resist you. My soldiers and I would deserve severe punishment from God and man did we yield without a fight. We will await you from hour to hour, and when you come will try to show you that you have no claim to our fort. Upon which I remain, sir,

Your affectionate servant,
Champlain."

The letter was sealed and sent, and each man stood at his post, ready to sell his life as dearly as might be. But boldness won the day. When Captain Kirke read the letter he sat gravely thinking. No man, it seemed to him, who was in great straits would have answered as Champlain had answered. He must have been deceived. He was not strong enough to risk a siege and perhaps a defeat. So up sails, and away sped handsome, swaggering Captain Kirke, down stream.

The brave hearts at Quebec waited hour by hour for death which did not come. And at last the good news, that the British had sailed away, was brought to them. They were saved.

By his boldness, Champlain had saved Quebec. But almost at once another misfortune fell upon the brave little garrison. As Kirke sailed down the river he met a fleet of ships bringing food, powder, shot, fresh soldiers and colonists to Quebec. These he attacked and after a desperate fight he captured every one of them. Some of the ships Kirke burned and sank, two he sent back to France with the new colonists who had just come from there, and the rest he carried in triumph to England.

Months went on. In those days news traveled but slowly. The little garrison at Quebec knew nothing of what had happened to their ships, and they waited in vain for the promised food from home. The men haunted the woods for roots and berries. They trapped wild animals and fished the river. But soon they had few hooks or lines left and their powder they dared hardly use for killing game. It was a terrible time. The little children in the fort cried with hunger, and their mothers had nothing to give them. At last the famine became so dreadful that some of the settlers left the fort and went to live among the Indians until help should come.

Then one July morning a ship came sailing up the river. A white flag, in sign of peace, floated from the mast. Champlain, as soon as he saw it, hoisted a white flag upon the fort, too. The ship came to anchor. A little boat put off and made for the shore. A young British officer sprang to land and asked to be led to Governor Champlain. He was the bearer of a letter from Kirke's two brothers, Louis and Thomas.

"Sir," said this letter, "our brother told you last year that sooner or later he would have Quebec. He has charged us to assure you of his friendship as we do of ours. Knowing very well the extreme need in which you are, he desires that you shall surrender the fort to us. We assure you that you will receive every courtesy from us, and honorable terms."

The state of the garrison was desperate. Yet Champlain would not give in without a struggle. So he sent a priest to talk to Louis and Thomas Kirke. But nothing he could say would move the reckless British sailors.

"If Champlain gives up the keys of the fortress," said Louis, "we will treat you well and send you all home to France. If he will not give them up peaceably we will take them by force."

"Give us fifteen days' grace, then," begged the priest.

"No."

"Eight days."

"No sir, not a day. I know well your miserable condition. You are all starving. Your people have gone to gather roots in the forest lest you die of hunger."

"Still give us a few days," begged the priest.

"No, no," said Thomas, "yield the fort or I shall ruin it with my cannon."

"I want to sleep within it tonight," said Louis, "and if I do not I shall waste the whole country round."

"Have a care," said the priest proudly. "You deceive yourselves if you think that you can win the fort so easily. There are a hundred men within it well armed and ready to sell their lives as dearly as may be. You may not conquer so easily. You may find defeat and death instead of victory. Once more I warn you. Be careful."

Once again, as a year before, bold words had an effect. Thomas and

Louis Kirke hesitated. Could it really be as the priest said? Was the garrison still so strong? They were doubtful what to do, so they asked the priest to go aside a little while they talked to their officers. These all agreed that Champlain must be made to give in at once. "Let him have three hours in which to make up his mind," they said.

So the priest returned to the fort with this sad news. Champlain now saw that it was useless to hold out any longer. Indeed it was worse than useless, for if he yielded without firing a shot the Kirkes had promised that every man should be spared, but if they resisted they need hope for no mercy. Champlain had only fifty men and they were weak and ill. There was not ten pounds of flour left in the fort and hardly any gunpowder. To fight would only mean the throwing away of life. So he decided to yield.

But the people were angry. They still believed that they could fight the British. "Even if we lose the fort," they said, "let us show them that we have courage."

"How can you be so foolish?" replied Champlain. "Are you tired of living? We cannot hope to win. We have no food, no powder or shot, and no hope of getting any. Would you throw your lives away?"

Truly, how could the strongest fort hold out when within its walls there were neither soldiers, shot, nor food?

When at last the bitter talk, this way and that was over it was evening so no more could be done that night. The worn-out garrison spent a last sad night within the fort. The British lay in their ship opposite. Next morning Champlain stepped on board the waiting vessel. There he gave up the keys and signed away his right to the town which he had founded, and cherished, and loved. So without the

firing of a shot Quebec became a British possession. The *fleur-de-lis* of France was hauled down from the Fort St. Louis, as the house which Champlain had built for himself was called, and in its place floated the Union Jack.

This is called the first siege of Quebec, although it was really no siege, for not a shot was fired.

In their own rough way the conquerors treated Champlain with courtesy. They made a list of all that was found in the fort and gave Champlain a receipt for it. "As for a list of provisions," said Kirke, with grim humor, "we will not need to waste paper and ink upon it. I am not sorry, for it is a great pleasure to us to give you all that you need."

"I thank you," said Champlain bitterly, "but you make us pay dearly for it."

Some of the Frenchmen went back to France, others chose to remain with their new masters. Louis Kirke took possession of Quebec and Thomas sailed triumphantly homeward with the spoils of war. But his triumph was short-lived, for as he landed he was greeted with the news that in April peace between France and Great Britain had been signed. Quebec had been taken in July.

If Champlain was glad to return, his people were no less glad to receive him. Frenchmen and Indian alike joined to welcome him home. As the gray-haired governor stepped on shore the air was rent with cheers. Then with drums beating and colors flying they led him up the steep and winding pathway to his old fort of St. Louis.

Three years later, after nearly thirty years of labor and hardship, Champlain died. He died as he would have wished, in the service of his country, still Governor of New France.

Painted by de Forest Brush

BEFORE THE BATTLE



BEFORE THE BATTLE



PAINTED BY DE FOREST BRUSH



Alas! for them—their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds;
The plough is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
 Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children—look! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
 Their children go—to die.

—*Charles Sprague.*

HENRY HUDSON—1609

Not until many voyages had been made, and until the white-winged ships had been turned back again and again from the rocky shores of America were men convinced at last that these were no islands, but a vast continent which barred the way. Then the vision of a new way to India took another shape. Then began the quest for a narrow inlet or passage around or through the great continent. By sailing north-westward it was hoped to find a way which, leading through snow and ice, should at last bring men beneath the glowing sun of India. And thus began the famous quest for the North-West Passage.

Among the many brave men who sailed the seas in search of this passage we remember Henry Hudson, because he gave his name to a great inland sea in the north of America, and to the strait leading to it.

Hudson sailed four times to the land of snow. He too, like others, met with Red Indians. On one voyage he gave them presents of hatchets, spades, and stockings. When he returned next time he was very much amused to find that the Indians had hung the spades and hatchets round their necks as ornaments, and had made tobacco-pouches of the stockings. Amid much laughter the Englishmen put handles on the spades and shafts to the hatchets, and showed the simple savages their proper use by digging the ground and cutting down trees.

One story told about Hudson is interesting, because it is very like a story found in English history. Perhaps Hudson had read that story when he was a little boy.

It is said that once Hudson and his men landed. As usual, the Indians came about them, wondering at the great winged canoes and the pale faces

of the men who had come in them. Hudson managed to make himself understood by the savages, and after a time he told them that he wanted some land as he would like to live there. The red men did not wish to give him any land. "Then give me as much as this bullock skin will enclose," said Hudson, throwing it down.

"Yes, you may have that," said the Redskins, grinning and laughing at the white man's jest.

Then Hudson and his men began to cut the skin round and round into a long rope no thicker than a child's finger, being careful always not to break the rope. When it was finished they spread it out in a great circle enclosing a large piece of land.

The Indians were very much astonished when they saw how clever the white men were.

On the 17th of April 1610 A. D., Hudson, in the good ship *Discovery*, sailed out from the Thames. He had started upon his last voyage from which he was never to return. Up to the north of Scotland steered the brave adventurers, then away to Greenland and the land of ice. When June came, and the birds were singing in the sunshine at home, these daring men were sailing a wintry sea where great ice-mountains floated.

These ice-mountains were a terrible danger, for suddenly one would overturn and plunge into the sea. Had the little ship been near, it would have been crushed beneath the falling mass and sunk in the icy waters. So the sailors tried to steer away from them. But ever thicker and faster they gathered around the ship.

With despair in his heart but keeping a brave face Hudson sailed on. But still thicker and thicker the cruel, white ice-mountains gathered. They

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON



One of the brave men who helped to explore America was Henry Hudson, an English captain of the Dutch East India Company. He discovered the Hudson River, and the great Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. In this picture by the Hon. John Collier, we see him with the story of suffering in his face, telling of his travels to his little son. They were cruelly deserted, and left in the frozen wilds to starve and die.

were like a pack of hungry wolves eager to crush the frail little vessel between their angry jaws. At last the ship was so shut in that it could move no more.

Then there were murmurs loud and angry among the crew. Hudson came to them. In his heart he never expected to see home again. Still he kept a brave face and tried to encourage his men. He brought his map and showed them that they had sailed further into the land of ice and snow than any Englishman had done before. Was that not something of which to be proud?

"Now will ye go on or will ye turn back?" he asked.

"Would that we were at home, ay, anywhere if only out of this ice," they replied.

"Why has the master brought us to die like dogs in this Far North?"

"Had I a hundred pounds I would give ninety of them to be at home."

"But nay," said the carpenter, "had I a hundred pounds I would not give ten in such a cause. Rather would I keep my money, and by God's grace would bring myself and it safe home."

And so there was much useless talk and many angry words. But at length leaving their grumbling, the men set to work to save the ship from the ice, and after much labor and time they cleared the ice-blocks and steered again into the open sea.

Then once more they sailed onward, escaping many dangers, enduring many hardships. Sometimes they saw land, sometimes there was only the sea around them. They suffered from cold and hunger too. In the ship at starting there was only food enough for six months. Now eight months had passed it was November, and they were far from home. Their hands and feet were frost-bitten. Many of them fell ill and could work no more.

Hudson did all he could. He took great care of the food which was left, and he offered rewards to any of the men who should kill beast, bird, or fish. For they could not hope to live to see home again unless they found much wild game to help out their scanty store of food. At one time they caught many sea-fowl. At another they could only find moss and such poor plants as grew upon the snowy land. So the winter passed and spring came and their store of food grew less and less.

They were fierce, unruly men, those daring sailors, and now they greeted their master with dark and sullen looks. They were starving, and they believed that he had stores of food which he kept hidden from them. So to quiet them Hudson served out a fortnight's bread at one time. But this made matters no better. They were so hungry that they could not make it last. The terrible gnawing pain was such that one man ate his whole fortnight's allowance in a day.

Louder grew the murmurs, darker the looks with which the master was greeted. Men met and whispered together in dim corners. They would no longer wait, they would no longer suffer, and at last their wicked plans were made. As Hudson stepped on deck early one June morning, two men seized him, while a third pinned his arms behind. In a few minutes he was bound and helpless.

"Men," he cried, "what is this? What do you mean?"

"You will soon see," they replied, "when you get into the boat."

Then looking over the side Hudson saw the ship's boat ready launched. He understood. These cruel men meant to turn him adrift on the icy waters.

But all were not against the master. One man who had a sword fought

fiercely. But several of the mutineers threw themselves upon him and soon he, too, was bound. Another, the carpenter, had been kept prisoner below. Now he broke free and rushed on deck.

"Men," he cried, taking his stand beside the captain, "what are you doing? Do you all want to be hanged when you get home?"

"I care not," answered one; "of the two I would rather hang at home than starve abroad."

"Come, let be, you shall stay in the ship," said another.

"I will not stay unless you force me," boldly replied the carpenter as he faced the sullen, angry men. "I will rather take my fortune with my master."

"Go, then," they said, "we will not hinder you."

Then the sick and the lame were dragged out of their cabins and thrust into the boat along with Hudson and his son who was but a boy of about sixteen. Only one of the sick they did not send away. He crawled to the cabin door, and there, on his knees, he prayed the mutineers to repent of what they were doing. "For the love of God," he cried, "do it not."

"Keep quiet," they answered, "get into your cabin. No one is harming you."

At last, nine wretched men were packed into the little boat. Then the ship moved out of the ice dragging it behind. As they sailed slowly along, Hudson and the other poor fellows were not without hope that the mutineers would relent and take them aboard again. But there was no chance of that. Even while Hudson was still upon the ship, some of the sailors had begun to break open the chests and rifle the stores. Now all law and order was at an end. They seized upon the food like hungry wolves. They sacked the ship as if it

had been the fortress of an enemy. There was no thought of taking aboard again the master who had held them in check.

As they steered clear of the ice, a sailor leaned over the ship's side. He cut the rope which bound the little boat to the stern. Then they shook out their sails and fled as if from an enemy. Soon they vanished from sight, and the little boat was but a speck upon the cold, gray waters.

That little boat was never seen again. What became of brave Hudson and his son, of the gallant carpenter who stood by him, and of all the poor, sick men thus cast adrift upon the icy waters, will never be known. Let us hope that death came to them quickly, that the blue waves upon which Hudson had loved to sail were kind to him, and that soon he found a grave beneath them. Where he lies we cannot tell, but the great bay and strait which bear his name are a fitting monument for so gallant a sailor.

Of the mutineers few reached home. Some were killed in a fight with savages. Others died from hunger and cold. The sufferings of those who remained were terrible. They had at length little to eat but candles. One of them, who lived to come home and who told the tale afterwards, said that the bones of a fowl fried in candle-grease and eaten with vinegar made a very good dish.

At length the wretched men became so weak that they could no longer work the sails. Only one had strength to steer. They were but gaunt skeletons, haggard and pale, when their ship drifted to the coast of Ireland, and they at last reached home.

As soon as they arrived in England they were all put in prison. But they were soon set free again. Perhaps their sufferings had been punishment enough even for their ill deeds.

NEW YORK — 1613

When the good ship *Half Moon* went back to Holland, you may be sure that Henry Hudson had wonderful stories to tell.

"The land is very pleasant and high, and very bold to fall," wrote Hudson's pilot in his journal. "And in the water we saw rays, and salmon, and mullets very large. We went on land with our nets to fish, and we caught ten great mullets a foot and a half long; and a ray as great as four men could haul.

"The people came on board of our ship and were glad of our coming. There was great stores of oaks and currants. The lands were pleasant with grass, and flowers, and trees."

The Hollanders, excited by the tales of the beauty and wealth of the new country, were eager to set out for the Hudson River and found a colony upon its banks.

"Let us lose no time," said they. "Already the French and English are bringing great wealth into their countries through the fur trade. Let us, too, have a share in the riches of this new world."

So a ship was sent out to build a fort on the river. When this was done another company set out in a bulky little vessel, the *Good Frau*, to found a colony. It was an odd little vessel, but it was made by the best shipbuilders in Holland.

Moreover, the builder was a jolly, good-natured Dutchman, and he had carved an image of good St. Nicholas upon the prow of the vessel. "For," said the jolly Dutch shipbuilder, "good luck is sure to follow St. Nicholas." And in truth the voyage was a happy one. There were no storms and no high winds, and the Dutch colonists were sure that they owed their happy fortune to good St. Nicholas.

As the vessel sailed into the mouth of the Hudson River, a group of Indians came down to the shore. "See the strange white canoe-bird! It moves along on the waters without oars," they cried.

The Indians stayed and watched the white bird while it was at a safe distance. But when the ship cast anchor and the men began to climb down into the boats, the Indians took to their heels and disappeared into the woods.

"This is a fine place for a colony," said the Dutch people when they had explored the shore. "The soil is soft and rich, and there is plenty of game. Let us settle here near the mouth of the river. Why sail farther up the stream?" So they began to build their houses.

"What shall we name our colony?" asked the leader of the little band, when at last the houses were built.

"Why not keep the Indian name—Communipaw?" some of the colonists said.

Then the captain of the colony looked out over the waters and up over the hills. "There seems to be no reason," he said at last; for it was a habit with the Dutch people to think a long time before they spoke.

It was not long before other ships came from Holland, bringing other colonists; and in a few months Communipaw seemed likely to become a very flourishing town. The Indians were friendly, the fur trade was good, and the people were healthy and happy.

One day an Englishman sailed into the harbor of Communipaw. "What right have you to settle here?" he said. "This land is within the Virginia grant, and these shores have been explored by the English."

What the Dutch people answered, we do not know; but the Englishman

soon went back to his own colony in Virginia and was never again seen by the Dutch settlers of Communipaw. Now and then the Virginia governor would say, "We ought to go and drive those Dutch people away from the mouth of the Hudson." But he was busy with his own colony; and so it came about that the Dutch lived on at Communipaw until they themselves were ready to move away.

Now there were some reasons why the people were not satisfied with Communipaw, and one day the chief men went forth to find a place that would suit them better.

There is a wonderful story told of the voyage these men made. I am afraid it is not all true; but this much we do know—that they sailed to Manhattan and brought back so good a report that the people moved from Communipaw to that place.

The island was bought from the Indians, and the Dutch people went busily to work building their houses. They made also a fort and a trading house.

In a short time a whole town of quaint little houses was built along the shore. The houses were not like those of other colonies; for it was the Dutch fashion to build their houses with gable roofs. The Dutch people liked to know what the winds were about, and what the weather was likely to be; and so their houses were often built with a weather-cock on every corner.

For a time the colonists kept the Indian name, Manhattan. But by and by they thought that they would like a good old Dutch name for their colony.

"What shall we call our town?" the people began to ask each other. There were so many Dutch names to choose from that it was hard to decide. At last some one said, "We came from good old Dutch Amsterdam;

why not call this town *New Amsterdam*?"

"Good!" said the people. "Why did we not think of that in the first place?"

From that day the colony always prospered. St. Nicholas, who watched over Old Amsterdam, now kept watch over *New Amsterdam*, and saw to it that the people were happy and contented;—so said the Dutch, and surely they ought to have known.

There were a great many Indians on the island of Manhattan, but there was the best of good-will between them and the colonists. Instead of being a danger then the Indians were really a help to the colony. They were always bringing furs and game, and the Dutchmen always sent the Indians away happy, with red blankets and strings of colored beads in exchange. They were such good friends that it was a common thing to see the Indians walking about the streets of New Amsterdam, or even sitting upon the doorsteps of the little Dutch houses.

By and by a governor was sent over from Holland to take care of this little colony. The colony was getting along very well without any governor, but it was the custom in those days for the mother country to send over governors as soon as the colonies became important. And so no doubt the Manhattan colony was flattered and pleased to know that the mother country counted it worthy of such an honor.

And now New Amsterdam had become a real town. It had streets and a *stadthuys* or state house, and there were schools and churches.

Perhaps you will like to read what a famous writer of history wrote about these Dutch people at this time.

"The rich people's houses were built of wood, except the gable ends;

and these were of yellow Dutch bricks. The houses had many large doors and many small windows; and the year in which the house was built was always put upon the front of it in large iron figures.

"In these simple days house-cleaning was the test of a good housewife. The front door was ornamented with a huge brass knocker—sometimes in the shape of a dog, or a tiger, or a lion, and this was scrubbed every day till often it was fairly worn out with the scrubbing.

"The whole house was always being mopped and cleaned; for the Dutch housewife delighted in water.

"The grand parlor was the sacred place of all. In this room no one but the housewife and her maid were allowed to enter. These two visited it once a week, but only to clean it. They scrubbed the floor and then sprinkled it with fine white sand. Then they placed new branches of evergreen in the fireplace. Then when they had polished the windows and the furniture, they closed the room, locked the door, and left it till the next week. Then they came and cleaned it again.

"The fireplace in the Dutch living-room was large and generous. The whole family could sit around it. Even the cats and dogs had their corners in the fireplace; and there was room for all.

"Here the old burgher would sit and smoke and look into the fireplace, and wink and blink and sleep. Here the *goode vrow* would spin and knit. And here the young people would crowd about to listen to the stories the good old negro slaves would croak forth the whole long winter afternoon.

"In this colony all well-trained people rose with the sun and went to bed with the sun. They dined at eleven and had tea parties at three.

These parties were given only by the higher classes of people. That is, by such as could afford to keep cows, or who perhaps drove their own carts.

"The people came to these parties at three and went away at six. The tea-table was crowned with a great earthen dish in which were pieces of fat pork, fried brown, and swimming in rich gravy. Sometimes the table was ornamented with apple pies or with saucers of preserved peaches and pears. One thing was always sure to be on the table—and that was the little balls of sweetened dough which the Dutch called doughnuts.

"The tea was served from a beautiful Delft teapot which had pictures of shepherds or windmills upon it. The young men kept the tea-cups filled from a great copper kettle that hung over the fireplace, and saw that every saucer had a lump of sugar upon it. Then the ladies sipped their tea and nibbled their sugar until it was time to go back to their homes.

"The hair of the ladies of the Dutch colonies was carefully plastered back from their foreheads, and covered over with a little cap.

"The Dutch women had pockets which they wore outside their dresses, and these were large enough to hold all that a Dutch lady could need. And in them there was usually to be found scissors and pincushions, and needles, and threads, and yarns. These pockets hung from the waist by a ribbon, and sometimes they were pinned to the dress by a silver pin.

"As to the men of the Dutch colony, they wore a great many coats and small clothes, and had buckles upon their shoes. Brass buttons, too, they wore upon their coats; and on their heads low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats. Their hair they wore in queues down their backs, and these were carefully tied into bags of sealskin."

Here is what another writer of history wrote about these Dutch people. Perhaps you will like this better, for it tells of the good times the Dutch colonists had in these early days.

"First, when the cold weather comes on, there is the skating upon the ponds and upon the river. Then comes the snow and the sleighrides. Four horses they would bring and away the young men and the young maidens would go.

"Often they would go as far as Harlem, where at Mynheer Borson's they would have a supper and then dance.

"Again, though the Dutch be a sober folk, they do keep many festivals,—Christmas, New Year's, Easter and St. Nicholas day. Christmas comes first, and we observe it as the day of our landing here. After the stockings are explored for whatever Santa Claus may have brought, the young people spend the morning in skating or turkey shooting. At one o'clock the great oven yields up its Christmas feast, which we meet to enjoy.

"But the New Year's is the greatest day among the Dutch. On that day no one does anything but call and receive calls. For days before the housewives have been brewing and mixing and baking. And when the day cometh and thou goest forth to meet thy friend, thou findest the great logs crackling in the twelve-foot fireplace. And in the middle of the table is the punch bowl. There are also turkeys and haunches of cold venison roasted whole. And there are silver tankards and beakers filled with rare wine and foaming ale. The good frau and her daughters clad in their best are there to receive the callers, and to dispense good wishes for the New Year.

"On Easter day a favorite game is played for eggs. The shops on this day are gay with boiled eggs, tied with ribbons of red and blue. And the eggs,

too, are colored with bright colors. On Easter day no true son of St. Nicholas eats any other food than eggs," so writes the historian.

But in all this time other colonies had been founded. East of the Dutch the English had settled. South of them were the Swedes; and both these colonies made them more or less trouble. For example, when the Dutch built a fort on the Delaware River, the Swedish governor said, "You have no right to this river. No—the Swedes have explored it, and we have built our colony upon it."

To this the Dutch replied, "This territory is ours. We have bought it of the Indians."

Then the Swedes answered, "We have bought this territory of the Indians ourselves."

But neither the Dutch nor the Swedes paid any attention to the claims that the others made. The Dutch held their fort and the Swedes held theirs on the opposite banks of the same river.

At first the Dutch only scowled at the Swedish fort. By and by, however, they saw that the Swedes had the better of them, for the Swedish fort was nearer the mouth of the river; when, therefore, a Dutch vessel wanted to come into the river, it had to pass the fort which the Swedes had built.

One day the Swedes pointed their cannon at the Dutch vessels. Then there was trouble.

"We will not have Swedish guns pointed at our vessels," cried the Dutch.

"We will do more than point them if you don't go away," answered the Swedes.

Then came a battle and the Dutch captured the Swedish fort.

"We shall see now who controls this river," they said. And the Swedes could do nothing but allow the Dutch to take possession.

But there were other foes for the Dutch people. These were the English who lived east of the Dutch colony, the Yanokees, as the Indians had named them. The Dutch country was rich and fertile; the river was navigable, and the Yanokees looked with envy upon it. They made up their minds, therefore, to give the Dutch no peace.

"The country belongs to us," the Yanokees said, "for these shores were first explored by Englishmen."

Now the Dutch had heard these words before, you remember, but this time the English were in earnest, and the Yanokees kept going over into the Dutch country to trade, and hunt, and fish. By and by they took some of the very best land and made farms for themselves.

"You have no right to do this," the Dutch declared. "This valley of the Connecticut River is ours."

"It is not yours," the Yanokees answered. "You have no right either east or west of the Connecticut."

"But we have forts on the Connecticut River and we have trading posts."

"We explored the coast," the Yanokees kept saying, and they went on building trading posts wherever they pleased. They even built a fort not far from the fort that the Dutch had built on the river. More than that, when they had it well built, they marched down and attacked the Dutch fort, and drove the garrison in wild flight across the country to New Amsterdam.

Nor was this all. All the English east of the Connecticut combined to keep the Dutch out of the valley.

First a council was called at Hartford and the Dutch and the English

tried to settle boundaries. At this council the Dutch agreed to allow the English to keep all the settlements they had already made, even those within the Dutch territory. The Yanokees, in return, agreed to give up certain lands they had been fighting for.

For a time thereafter there was peace; but it did not last long. Messengers had been sent to England to tell what trouble the English colonists were having with the Dutch. When the English king heard of this he said to his brother, the Duke of York: "You shall have the Dutch territory for your own. Go over and take it."

So the Duke of York sent out across the ocean two vessels manned with well-trained English soldiers.

"With these we shall take the territory of the Dutch," he said.

Straight up into the harbor of New Amsterdam the ships sailed, and there they dropped anchor, as much as to say, "We have come to stay."

Then the Dutch governor wrote a letter to the captain of the fleet and said, "Do you come in peace, or do you come in war?"

"We come to take what is our own," was the answer the English captain made. "Surrender your town and your fort; lay down your arms."

This was hard for the thrifty little Dutch settlement. But what could it do? In those days might was right, and Holland could not hold out against England. So it came about that New Amsterdam became an English colony, ruled over by a governor sent out by the Duke of York.

Even its name was changed, and from that time to this the country up and down the Hudson has been called New York, in honor of the brother of the English king.

NEW JERSEY — 1618

Now, in all this time the Dutch colony was so prosperous, and Dutch people in Europe were becoming so rich from their fur trade up and down the Hudson River, that already they talked grandly of "our colony" in the New World.

At last some one said, "Why not found more colonies in this territory which belongs to us?"

It was never hard to found a second colony after one success had been made. Therefore it was not long before Fort Nassau was built on the shores of New Jersey, and a snug little village grew up around it. For some time all went well, until one day the Indians attacked the village and nearly all the people were slain.

Nevertheless, twelve years later another band of colonists came to the same place on the Jersey shore. "Let us go on to the site of the old fort," said De Vries, the leader.

The Indians were sullen. "What right have these Dutch people to come and take our corn-fields and our hunting grounds?" they muttered.

Then they held a council. "They do not ask if they may come. They do not pay us for our lands," said the chief.

"We will go down to the fort and tell the white people what we think of their coming," said the warriors.

The Indians were very polite about it, however. They dressed themselves in their best feathers and furs when they made their call. Some of them even put on their English boots, for of these they were very proud.

Now the Indians had laid a plot to draw the Dutch people into a trap. So they said to De Vries: "Do not settle so far down the river. There is a much better trading post farther up; and to that place we can easily bring you all the furs you want."

De Vries was delighted with the seemingly kind behavior of the Indians. It meant good trade, and that was all he cared for just then. But when the Indians were gone away, a squaw came creeping out from the forest. "Listen not to the words of the Indians," she said. "They are false. They mean to get you up the river to kill you."

"But how can they kill us there any better than here?" De Vries asked.

"The river is narrow farther up. The canoes are small. They can catch you in the narrow river," said the squaw.

Could this story be true? It was indeed hard to tell when the Indians were honest and when they were not.

The squaw saw that De Vries did not quite believe that she had told the truth. So she said: "Did you not see the English boots the chiefs wore? Those were taken only a moon ago from Englishmen who sailed up into the narrow river."

De Vries now thought that the story might indeed be true.

"We must be very careful," he said to his people.

On the next day the Indians came once more. "Bring your ships up the river, bring your ships up the river," they said over and over again.

"They are altogether too eager," thought De Vries. So he said to the chiefs: "No, no, you wicked ones, we will not sail up the river with you. The Great Spirit came to us last night and told the white men not to trust you. The Great Spirit told us that you mean to kill us, as you did the Englishmen. That is why you want us to go up the river with you."

The Indians were dumb with surprise. Surely, the Great Spirit must have told, else how did the white men find out their plans.

"Let us make peace with these children of the Great Spirit at once," they whispered among themselves. So the chief laid down his arms and offered the peace pipe to the white men. Peace was made, and the Dutch went on with their trading.

But by and by other foes appeared. The Swedes, one day, came sailing up the bay, and they, too, founded a colony and built a fort. What happened to this fort we learned in the story of the Dutch who settled at New York.

The Dutch, however, did not go on enjoying their fur trade and their colony very long; for the power of the English in America was growing stronger and stronger every year. We know already how English colonies on the Atlantic coast were spreading. We know how they came at last to take New Amsterdam away from the Dutch. And if the Dutch could not hold New Amsterdam, they surely could not hold this little settlement on the Delaware.

This they knew very well; and rather than lose it by war, they sold the territory of New Jersey to two English noblemen. After that there was nothing for the Dutch to do but to give up their claim and let the English take possession.

New Jersey now became an English colony. The English came and settled there, and many villages grew up.

"You may have the land," said the two noblemen to the colonists, "but you must pay the Indians for it. It belongs first of all to them."

This was the first time in the colonization of America that the Indians had been dealt with so fairly. To be sure, the prices paid for their land, even now, were small. Often a whole town was bought for a barrel of cider or a few coats or pairs of boots; but since these were the things the Indians wanted, they were quite contented.

One day some Indians came to the English in a great rage. "You people sold us coats," they said; "but they sold us the epidemic with the coats. We do not like the epidemic. We ask you to take back the coats and the epidemic."

The governor of the English colony was puzzled. How could he make these simple people understand? A council was called. The English tried to explain, and the Indians tried to understand.

But at last one old chief who was wiser than his people rose and said: "We are willing to give the English a broad path. We will not harm an Englishman when we find him asleep. We have made peace with the Englishmen, and we will keep it. As to the epidemic, I do not believe we got it with the coats. It came to our tribe once in my grandfather's time. There were no English then, and it could not have come then from them. And now it has come in my time. And I do not believe we got it from the coats. It is the Great Spirit that has sent it to us."

Now this old chief was one of the greatest of his tribe. Whatever he said, his people believed. And so, when he spoke now, the warriors nodded their heads and grunted at one another, as much as to say, "It must be as the chief says," and so peace was again made between the Indians and the Englishmen.

For many years good-will lasted. But there came a time when the New Jersey Indians joined with the other tribes against the white men. At this time a great council was held. The Indians brought forward their complaints, and the English listened carefully.

"We will try to right all wrongs," said the Englishmen when they had heard the stories the Indians had to

tell. "We will try to right all wrongs, and we will give you a large tract of land for your own to keep forever."

This was what the Indians wanted, and so again peace was made. Many fine speeches were made, both by the Indian chiefs and by the English.

One chief said: "Brothers, we now take the hatchet from out your heads. It was the Delaware Indians who put it there. It was the French who told them to do it. But we will bury it in the ground. And it shall never be taken up. The Delawares have promised that they will never make war upon the English again. But, instead, they and we will think always of peace and friendship."

Now this was a beautiful speech, and no doubt the Indians were very proud that their chief could make a speech so beautiful. Then another chief rose. This chief said: "Brothers, I speak for the younger nations. A road has been made from this council fire to our country. We have come to make a treaty of peace with the Englishmen. As we came down the road, we saw that blood had been spilt upon it. That meant war. So now we will make the road wider and clearer. We will take away the blood, and there shall be no more war. We wash away the blood, and we take the hatchet from out your heads."

For a long time after this the Indians lived happily upon the land that had been given them. But one day a messenger came from another tribe.

"Come and live with us," the messenger said. "We have a fertile country, and the corn-fields are broad. Pack up your mats, and come and eat from our dish. It is large enough for all."

To this generous invitation the Indians listened. They packed up their mats, and folded their wigwams, and went away to their friends.

But ill luck came to them. Every year they grew poorer and poorer and fewer and fewer, until by and by there were only forty of the New Jersey Indians alive.

"Let us go back to New Jersey," these forty said. "We were happy there. There was food enough for us, and there was no sickness. Surely the Great Spirit is angry that we came to this strange land."

"But we sold our land when we left New Jersey," said some of the Indians.

"We did not sell our game and fish," said others. It was always hard for the Indians to understand that when they sold a piece of land they sold all that belonged to it. They thought that when they sold a piece of land, the fruit that grew upon it was still theirs. If they sold a river, they felt that they still had a right to the fish.

And so when the Indians spoke of going back to New Jersey, they thought of course that they still had a right to the game and fish.

"We will ask the English to buy our game and fruit and fish," they said. "Then we shall have money to make new homes for ourselves."

This seemed a good idea; so back these Indians came to the governor of the English colony.

"Nonsense!" said some of the English, when they heard what the Indians had asked the governor to do for them. "They may as well learn at once that when they sell land, they sell everything that is upon it."

"But a very little money will buy their fish and game and fruit," said the governor. "Then they will be content. There are only forty of them. Surely, we can afford to grant them this last favor."

And so it came about that the forty Indians settled down again in New Jersey and lived out their days in peace.



JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

A PICTURE OF THE TWO LOVERS WHO ARE SO CLOSELY
ASSOCIATED WITH THE NAME OF THE BRAVE
CAPTAIN, MYLES STANDISH

*"So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true,
Myles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"*

HOW the gruff, bluff captain of Plymouth, who was not afraid of bullets, but could not face the "no" from a woman, forgot his own adage, "If you wish a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others"; how he sent his good young friend, John Alden, to ask Priscilla the all important question; how Priscilla blushing replied to Alden with another question, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"—these are the familiar things associated with the name of Myles Standish, even though historians say that there is no foundation for the truth of this incident in the life of Standish.

However this may be, the bluff captain has attained wider fame through Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Myles Standish," than through anything he did in the way of exploration, and he will doubtless continue to be known in this way.

Myles Standish was born in Lancashire in 1584, had some experience in the wars in Holland, and when 36 years old, with his wife Rose, sailed in the Mayflower for America. Soon after landing at Plymouth, Standish became the military captain of the col-

ony. He had command of the little army, and kept a sharp watch on the Indians. On one occasion when the Indians had conspired to massacre the English their plan was discovered, and Standish and his men, falling upon the savages, killed them with the very weapons they had brought to use against the colonists. In 1625 he went to London to endeavor to secure the intervention of the council for New England in the affairs of the colony. This mission failed.

He fought the Indians on several occasions, and by his expeditions to keep them friendly or to punish them became familiar with the surrounding country. In 1628 he pledged himself in common with seven other members of the colony to pay \$10,000 to buy out the merchant adventurers who controlled the colony. Eleven years after landing Standish removed with William Brewster and settled at Duxbury, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1656.

On Captain's Hill, near the old home at Duxbury, is a tall shaft, rising 110 feet, in memory of the old leader, while a bronze statue of him stands nearby.

M A S S A C H U S E T T S — 1 6 2 0

Religious troubles were still common in all parts of Europe. If we had visited England then, we should have found four classes of church people.

There were the Catholics, who thought that the Pope should be at the head of the church. There were the English Church people, who wished to have the king at the head of the church. There were the Puritans, who wished to have the English church service, but very much simplified. There were the Separatists, who would have none of the English Church service.

Indeed, as time went on, some of these Separatists even went so far as to say that they would have no service of any kind. They would just go into the meeting-house and sit quietly and think and pray.

Now, of course, these different people did not like one another very well. When one party was the stronger, the others were treated unjustly, and sometimes even suffered serious persecution.

So at last some of the Separatists said: "Let us go away and build a colony for ourselves. Let us have a home where we can worship as we please."

First, a colony went to Holland and made a new home for themselves. For a time they were very happy in Holland. The people were kind to them, and the colony prospered. But the children were forgetting the good old English language and were growing up like little Hollanders.

"We do not want our children to forget dear old England and the good old English language," said these Separatists. "Let us go across the water to America and found an English colony. Then our children will grow up as

English people and will still speak the English language."

And thus it came about that a band of these England-loving Separatists went back to England, visited their homes, and then started out across the ocean in a little ship called the *Mayflower*.

These people had heard much of the Virginia colony, and they meant to make their settlement near it. "There the soil will be rich, and the climate warm and pleasant," they said.

But a storm came up. The little vessel tossed and pitched, and the pilot could not hold his course. And so, one cold December morning, the little band of Pilgrims found themselves in the Bay of Massachusetts.

It was a barren and wintry-looking shore. The ice and snow were piled up against the water line, and it looked very little like the sunny shore the people had hoped to find.

"Shall we land here?" the pilot asked.

"Perhaps it is God's will," answered the people. Then the little vessel was guided into Plymouth Bay, and one by one the Pilgrims landed.

"Let us thank God," said good Elder Brewster, "for our safe voyage." So the Pilgrims knelt around the rock we now call Plymouth Rock, and the elder made a long prayer.

"We will begin to build our homes at once," said Myles Standish, the brave soldier of the company. And in a few hours axes were ringing, trees were falling, and the fort was begun. When the fort was finished, the men went to work to build houses for their families, and in a short time a row of small cabins stood along the side of the hill.

There was a long, hard winter before these Pilgrims. The winds from the ocean were cold and cutting. The

THE LITTLE GROUP OF FREEDOM-LOVING PEOPLE WHO FOUNDED NEW ENGLAND



DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM ENGLAND ON THE MAYFLOWER

snow was deep, the ice on the bay was thick. Hunting and fishing were almost impossible, and food was very scarce.

By and by the colonists began to sicken and die; and when at last the spring came, there were only fifty of the brave band left to welcome its warmth and sunshine.

The Pilgrims had not been very long in their new home when visitors came. Indeed, even while they were landing, these visitors had watched them from the hilltops. But when they saw the Pilgrims looking up at them they fled, and the Pilgrims were glad that the strangers were gone.

One morning, however, without any warning, an Indian marched into the colony. The Pilgrims were in the midst of a "town-meeting." The speaker stopped, and every man seized his gun. The visitor stared at the white men, and looked them over from head to foot. Their strange clothing interested him; their hats, particularly, seemed very strange to him.

At last the Indian spoke. "Welcome, welcome, Englishmen," he said in broken English.

How pleasant these words were to the Pilgrims! "Welcome, welcome, Indian," they replied. Then they led the Indian to their fort and gave him food and presents. And so pleased was he with what he saw, that he spent the night with his new friends.

In the morning a warm breakfast was given to him, after which he went away. On the next day he came back, bringing with him five more Indians. These also enjoyed their visit, if one may judge from the time they stayed; for in the end the Pilgrims were forced to send them home.

"Go and bring your chief to us," the Pilgrims said; and in this way they were rid at last of their too friendly visitors.

By and by Massasoit, the chief, came. The Pilgrims welcomed him kindly, and a treaty was made. Massasoit promised never to allow his people to harm the colonists as long as he should live, and the Pilgrims promised never to harm the Indians. This treaty was faithfully kept; and as long as Massasoit lived the Pilgrims were never harmed by their Indian neighbors.

In was in 1623 that the Pilgrims held their first Thanksgiving Day. Their colony had prospered; and as the Pilgrims looked out from their little homes, they could see the great fields of corn.

"Let us appoint a day of Thanksgiving," said Governor Bradford. "Truly the Lord has granted us home and peace and plenty." And so a feast was held. The men hunted and fished; the children made ready the pumpkin rings and apples; the women cooked and brewed.

Early in the morning everybody was up and ready for the day. First there was the breakfast. And never was there a better New England breakfast than this first Thanksgiving breakfast. Then the people went to church,—every one of them,—men, women, children and babies. No one in this colony was ever excused from "going to meeting."

Good Elder Brewster preached the Thanksgiving sermon. It was very long, but it was earnest, and the elder's heart was true. Early in the morning Massasoit and a hundred chosen braves came into the village and were entertained in the homes of the Pilgrims this first Thanksgiving Day. The Indians stayed to dinner and to tea. Some of them even to breakfast the next morning, for they were honest guests, and they liked the white men.

When Thanksgiving was over, and the Indians were going away, it is said

that Massasoit looked back into the little village and said solemnly, "The Great Spirit loves his white children best."

The little colony of Pilgrims flourished. From time to time more ships came from England, bringing more people. These made other villages, till by and by there were hundreds of English people in villages up and down the coast.

The news of the success of the colony soon aroused great interest in England; and in 1630 a large colony called the Massachusetts Bay Colony was planted at Salem. These people were the Puritans, who, you remember, wished to have the church service simpler. They were not Separatists. Try to remember this difference between the colonies.

These people who came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony were for the most part comfortable, well-to-do people, who wanted a place to build up a state according to their own ideas.

Very rapidly the villages grew up and spread out, and soon Boston came to be the principal town. Here there were churches and schools. The richest people had slaves,—everybody who could afford it owned slaves in those days,—and the rich ladies dressed very elegantly. In the country the people were more simple in their dress and in their living.

From the very beginning the Puritans had schools as well as churches. "How can any state prosper if the people are not educated?" they said. The first schools were very simple, and were held in the big kitchens of the farmhouses. The girls learned to read their catechism, to sew, and to knit. The boys learned grammar and arithmetic and geography. They sang psalms and recited Bible verses together.

The New England Primer was the first reading book; and from this the

children learned their letters and afterward their verses. I am afraid that you would not find the New England Primer very interesting; but these children liked to read such verses as:

The dog will bite
The thief at night.

An idle fool
Is whipt at school.

Xerxes did die
And so must I.

Indeed, they thought nothing could be finer than their New England Primer.

The Puritan children were very strictly trained. They knew that they must be quiet, obey their elders, and learn their lessons. Their teachers were often very severe, and when they punished a child, he was sure to remember it.

"Stand up and say your catechism," the teacher would say. And if the child had been idle and had not learned his catechism, he was sure to feel the little whip about his legs or the pinchers on his ears; and perhaps he would spend the rest of the day on the dunce stool.

The colonial Sabbath in Plymouth was a long, hard day for the children. The Sabbath began at sunset Saturday evening; and it lasted till sunset Sunday evening. The sermon was hours long. There was often a little hour-glass on the preacher's stand, and the tithing-man watched this and turned it as the hours went by.

There were few hymn books. In the country towns, therefore, it was the custom for the preacher to read one line of the hymn, after which the people sang it. Then he would read another line, and then another. It must have been a queer way to sing, but it was their custom, and the people enjoyed it.

In the Puritan churches of Boston, however, the people were using the old English Church service, made simple to suit them.

Down in plainer Plymouth and through the country towns, you would have found "meeting-houses"; but in Puritan Boston there were churches,—Episcopal churches we call them now. These churches had altars and chancels and offertories. The preacher wore the gown and surplice and stole, as English preachers had always done.

In Boston, to this day, stand two of the old churches—the old Christ Church and King's Chapel—which tell the story of these early Puritans and their English form of worship.

In these churches there are still big square box pews in which whole families sat together. There is also the high pulpit with its sounding board overhead. In King's Chapel there are little niches in the walls, in which are busts of the great men of the colony, quaint and now yellowed with age.

In Christ Church, up in the organ loft, are the seats where the slaves used to sit. The slaves were always brought to church, that they might escort the family home after service.

Both the Puritans and the Pilgrims were very strict in their laws. Indeed, their laws were much like those of the Virginia colonists. They had come from the same country, and they lived in the same times. It would have been very strange, therefore, if the colonists had not been alike in many things.

We find then in the Massachusetts colonies, the same laws as in Virginia and the same punishments for absence from church, for quarreling, and for scolding. For swearing, a man was made to stand all day with a cleft stick on his tongue. And if he was very profane, his tongue was burned with a red-hot iron. One man, Philip Rad-

cliffe, had his ears cut off for saying that he thought that the Salem church was not carried on as it ought to be.

The early "meeting-houses" of the Massachusetts colonies were simple wooden buildings. There was one large room inside, and that was neither plastered nor clapboarded. There were no church bells, except in the cities. In the small villages, when it was church time, a man went out into the public square and beat the drum. Then the doors of the houses opened, and out walked the solemn people with their hymn books or their Bibles in their hands.

When the meeting-house was reached, the men set their muskets in the corner, and took their seats on one side of the room, while the women took their seats on the other side.

In the earlier days, the children sat by themselves, but there was a tithing-man whose business it was to watch them. If a child laughed in "meeting," the tithing-man would tap him on the head with his long pole.

Christmas was not a holiday in the Massachusetts colonies. Thanksgiving Day, however, took its place, and the people had their good time then. On that day all the aunts and uncles and cousins came together. There was, a long sermon in the morning. But after that came the Thanksgiving dinner, games and story telling.

Sleighing parties were the fashion among the colonists. The young men would get a large open sleigh, unpainted very likely, and with boards along the sides for seats. But little did the ladies care for that. They could have just as good a time, even if the sleigh was rude and home-made.

Now, since the young people took very long drives, and because the winters were cold, they had learned to dress warmly when they went on these sleighing parties.

The young men wore three-cornered hats tied under their chins with blue cotton handkerchiefs. They wore socks that reached to their knees and heavy yarn mittens that came far up into their coat sleeves. Besides all this, a long woolen scarf was wound round and round their necks till only a part of their faces could be seen above the folds.

The young ladies, too, were dressed warmly. They wore linsey-woolsey cardinal jackets and hoods that were stuffed out with cotton as big as a basket. Their mittens, too, were warm and thick, and they wore scarfs around their throats.

With a cow bell tied to the front horse's neck, these gay people would set off for their sleigh ride. They always went to some good old tavern where there was a fine dance hall. There the driver would string up his fiddle, and the guests would dance to his lively music. And after the dancing there was a good old-fashioned supper to be eaten, for every tavern-keeper in those days prided himself on his good suppers.

Then back to the town the party would hurry, for they must be at home in the early evening. That was the fashion, and to be out after nine o'clock was very bad form indeed.

There soon came to be a great difference between Massachusetts and Virginia in the society and customs. And this came from the difference in soil and climate and industries.

In Virginia the planters needed laborers to take care of the plantations, and for that reason they soon began to bring large numbers of slaves from other countries.

But in Massachusetts there were no large plantations. The soil was barren and rocky. The people soon began to gather into towns and to live by manufactures. So, as you can see,

there was little need for a large number of slaves. To be sure, the rich city people owned slaves; but these were only house servants, and there were very few of them.

There were the same laws about dress in the Massachusetts colony as in Virginia. No man, unless he owned a certain amount of property, could wear gold lace; and the women of the laboring class were not allowed to wear silk dresses.

Most houses in Massachusetts were very simple. Still, as the colony grew, wealthy people here and there built fine mansions like the Virginia homes. But these were not common. The "lean-to" was the house oftenest found in the Massachusetts colonies.

The Massachusetts housewife was much like the Dutch housewife in her love of cleanliness. She had her "best room," into which one was rarely allowed to go. She, too, had her fine carpets of white sand, and these she marked with her broom just as the Dutch housewife did.

The Massachusetts housewife was very proud of her solid mahogany furniture, though this was rare in the earliest days. It came from England and cost a great deal of money. But even the poorest of the housewives had her great chest in which she could store away the linen that she spun with her own spinning-wheel.

Then there were the brass candlesticks, which shone like gold in the firelight, and the big clock, which stood on the stairs. A family was proud, indeed, when it could place one of these tall clocks on the first landing of the front stairway where everybody who entered could see it and hear its steady tick, tick, tick.

There was one day on which all the men between sixteen and sixty years of age in the Massachusetts colonies came out upon the village green to

"drill." This was called Training Day. The men had no uniforms, and sometimes they had only broken muskets, but that made little odds.

At Plymouth, Training Day was always opened and ended with prayer. For the Plymouth people never forgot that their religion was a part of their daily life.

After the prayer, at the roll of the drum, the people gathered. At the call every "trainer" sprang into his place;

the pike men shouldered their ten-foot pikes and the musketeers their muskets, and away they marched, up and down the village streets.

And the small boys, how they looked on and wondered! How they longed for the time to come when they, too, might take part in Training Day! And when the leaders mounted their horses and the fife began, then how the people shouted and cheered! Yes, Training Day was a great day.

M A R Y L A N D — 1 6 3 4

While the Cavaliers were building their High Church colony in Virginia, and the Pilgrims were building their Broad Church colony in Massachusetts, there was an earnest Catholic in England who longed to found a colony for his people.

This man was Lord Baltimore; and when he listened to the stories the colonists told of the New World, he said, "The Catholics, too, should have a colony there."

Since the day when King Henry VIII had declared himself the head of the church, the Catholics had not been very happy in England. So Lord Baltimore went to King Charles and asked for a charter for a colony in America for Catholics.

Now Lord Baltimore was a favorite with King Charles, and when he asked for a charter, the king said: "You shall have what you wish. You shall have the whole province of Newfoundland. More than that you shall be palatine over the colony."

This was the greatest possible honor; for to be a palatine was like being a king in his own colony. He could make its laws; he could punish and he could pardon, without asking the king of England. No such honor had been given any founder of a colony before.

Now at that time the province of Newfoundland was believed to be a

rich and beautiful land. One captain who had visited it and had written a book about it said: "The climate is soft and warm. There are strawberries and cherries. The air is sweet with wild roses. And there are birds whose song is sweeter than any I ever heard. The wild beasts are harmless, and in the harbor I saw a mermaid."

Wonderful land, indeed! To Newfoundland then, Lord Baltimore sailed with his little colony. But, alas! the captain who had found the country so beautiful must have visited it only in summer; and after Lord Baltimore had passed one winter there, and had learned how severe the cold was, he wrote a long letter to the king: "We must leave this place and go to some milder climate, for from October till May I have found a sad fare of winter. I myself have been among the sick. Ten of our people have died. Therefore, I leave this place and go to Virginia. If it please your highness to give me a grant of land there, I shall do my best to deserve it."

Then Baltimore sailed away toward Virginia. "I will learn for myself," he said, "if Virginia is as beautiful as people say." He did not mean to make another mistake.

Virginia was all that Lord Baltimore could ask for in climate and soil. It was even more beautiful than he had

been told. He wished to settle here; so the king gave him another charter for a colony and for all land extending from Virginia to the Hudson.

But Lord Baltimore was never to dwell in this colony himself. Before the colonists were ready, he died, and the grant of land passed to his son, the second Lord Baltimore.

"Are we to have a Catholic colony at our very doors?" cried the Virginia people. "And is that colony to have a king over it? Are we to have a kingdom side by side with our free colonies?"

It was in November, 1633, that the little ship set out from England with one hundred and twenty-eight colonists for Maryland.

It was a beautiful morning when the ship sailed into the bay and up the Potomac River. And when the people had landed, first of all they read the Catholic service and prayed for the success of their colony.

There was an Indian village on the shores of the Potomac. "This is a fair site," said the people. "Let us buy this village and make our settlement here."

The Indians were quite willing to sell when they saw the beads and blankets that the colonists would give them for their village; and so, on the very day they landed, the colony found a home for themselves.

From the first the colony prospered. The fields were already cleared for planting, and the Indians were friendly. In less than a year the colony had more corn than it knew what to do with. Indeed there was corn to sell and to give away, so thrifty were the colonists.

But meantime a Virginian had taken possession of an island in the bay. "This land belongs to us," the Virginian said. "Our grant reaches over all this land."

And this was true; for the kings knew so little about this New World, that often one grant overlapped another.

"You are welcome to the island you have taken," the Maryland people said. "But you must live there as our tenants. The land is not yours."

"We will never live as your tenants," said the Virginia people. "The land belongs to us."

Soon trouble began with the Indians also. "What does this mean?" the colonists asked of the Indians. "Did you not promise to keep peace with us?"

"You told us that you were English," the Indians answered. "But the Virginians tell us that you are Spanish. Surely, you raise crosses as the Spanish do. You say masses and sing music as they do."

"But we are not Spanish," said the Maryland people. They tried to explain, but for a long time the Indians were unfriendly. They could not understand these fine differences between the churches of the white people.

The trouble between Virginia and Maryland soon grew worse. By and by battles were fought. The colonies attacked each other's ships, and England had to come in and settle the quarrel.

Then at last there was peace between the colonies, and many new settlers came to Maryland. Puritans and even Quakers came; for Lord Baltimore welcomed all, and these people were never ill-treated by the Catholic founders.

Year after year the colony flourished and grew. By and by there came a time when the thirteen colonies united and stood side by side for independence; and when that time came, not one of them was more loyal than the thrifty little Catholic colony of Maryland.

C O N N E C T I C U T — 1 6 3 5

The Narragansett Indians had heard of the white men of the Massachusetts colonies, and they wanted these Englishmen to come and make a settlement in their country. So one day one of the Narragansett chiefs set out for Boston to visit the chief of the Englishmen, and to ask him to come to Narragansett Bay to live.

"If you will come," the chief said, "my people will give you eighty beaver skins every year."

But Governor Winthrop was quite content with his colony where it was; and so he said to the Narragansett chief: "Your people are kind, and I know your country must be beautiful. The fur trade, too, would make us rich. But our homes are already built, and we cannot go so far away from our wigwams."

The chief was disappointed, but he went on to the Plymouth colony where Winslow was governor. "If you will come and live in my country," he said to the Plymouth governor, "my people will give you eighty beaver skins every year."

Now Governor Winslow had heard of the Narragansetts, and had often thought that sometime he would go and explore the coast for himself. He knew that the fisheries were fine, and that the Dutch valued the fur trade highly.

So he said to the Narragansett chief: "You are very kind. Soon we will build a ship and come to Narragansett Bay to visit you."

Then the Indian chief went back to his village, and told them that some day the Englishmen would come.

While the ship was building, a Dutch trader happened to come into Plymouth harbor. "A new ship!" he said. "Surely, Plymouth must be prospering."

"Yes," said Governor Winslow, "we are prospering. We are building

a ship, and mean to explore the coast along Narragansett Bay. I believe we shall add to our wealth by placing trading posts along the coast and rivers."

"Y-e-es," said the Dutch trader, slowly. "It may be you are right. But it is a long distance for a little vessel to go. Besides, the coast is rocky. It has shoals, and it is a hard coast to navigate unless the pilot knows his way."

"Of course there is some risk," said Winslow. "We know that, but we must have wampum."

"I can let you have wampum," said the Dutch trader. "I have more on board than I want. Pray let me sell it to you at a low price."

Can you think why the Dutch trader was so interested in the safety and comfort of the Plymouth colony? Why he said all this, and offered to sell his own wampum? I am afraid it was not true generosity. There was a little shrewd bargaining in it all, and a good deal of selfish interest.

The Dutch valued the Narragansett country highly because of its fur trade; and so the Dutch trader reasoned: "We do not want these English people coming to our trading places. We want to control the Narragansett ourselves. I must keep them away."

But Winslow was not at all deceived. He bought the wampum and was glad of the chance, since his vessel was not yet built. Then the Dutch trader went back to his own country.

"I have kept them away for a time, at any rate," he said to his people. And this was true, but Governor Winslow well understood the trader. "We are very grateful for the wampum," he said; "but we shall come in due time, my good trader. We shall come in good time. You have not frightened us away."

It was not very long before the ship was ready, and the governor himself set out for the land of the Narragansetts. He found it even more beautiful than he had been told. The forests were filled with fine tall trees, the soil was rich and fertile, and the waters swarmed with fish.

"We will take possession of this goodly land," he said. On his return to Plymouth, a vessel set out at once with colonists for the Connecticut valley.

Meantime the Dutch had built a fort on the Connecticut. "The English will come sooner or later," they said, "and we may as well be ready to receive them." So when Captain Holmes sailed into the Connecticut River, to his surprise Dutch guns from a Dutch fort saluted him.

"Stop!" said the commander of the fort. "This is a Dutch possession. No English ships are allowed in the river."

"Allowed, or not allowed, I am going up this river," said Captain Holmes.

"Haul down your colors."

"Never!"

"Then we shall fire."

"Fire, then!" And Holmes put on full sail and pushed straight on past the fort.

The Dutch commander was amazed. "How did they dare?" he said. "I will report this to the Dutch governor. It is a matter for the governors of these two colonies to settle."

"What?" thundered the Dutch governor, Van Twiller, when he heard what had happened. "An English vessel sailed past *our* fort? And it has gone up *our* river?"

Then a company of Dutch soldiers was sent to drive these English away. With drums beating and banners flying the soldiers marched up to the fort which Holmes had already built.

"Governor Van Twiller orders you to leave this place," said the commander of the soldiers.

"And Governor Winslow orders us to stay," answered Holmes.

"But Governor Van Twiller is to be obeyed. This is his land."

"We obey no one but the Plymouth governor," said Holmes.

The Dutch soldiers, meanwhile, had looked the English fort well over. It was strongly built, and the muskets that pushed through the palisades were threatening. So when the commander of the little force turned to form them in line for attack, they said: "The palisades are too close. There is no chance to shoot from outside; but there is every chance from within. We are not going to throw away our lives for a few beaver skins. Let Van Twiller come and settle this for himself."

So the commander went back to Van Twiller and left the English to do as they pleased.

Now at this time there was a large number of English people who were waiting to come to America whenever the king would give a grant for a new colony. "You shall have," said the king at last, "the belt of land reaching from the Massachusetts colony to the Hudson River."

"But our land lies within this belt," said the Dutch when they heard of this new grant. "We have bought our land and have paid the Indians for it."

This was true. But England in those days was so powerful that she could afford to do as she pleased. If the Dutch did not like what she did, they might meet England in open war; but the Dutch knew full well that it would be worse than useless to fight with England.

The first English to come to the Connecticut valley were people from

Massachusetts. The country was already becoming thickly settled around Boston, and there was need of more pasture land for the cattle.

"Let us send a colony overland to this fertile valley of the Connecticut," they said; and so, in October, 1635, a little band of emigrants set out across the country toward the Connecticut River.

It was a perilous journey. The way had never been explored by white men, and no one knew what route was best. The forests were dense, and there were marshy places. There might be rivers to cross—no one knew.

For a few days all went well. It was Indian summer; the cattle grazed along the way; and game and fruit were plentiful. But this warmth of the Indian summer was only a warning of winter so close at hand; and in those days a New England winter was something to be dreaded.

Soon the ground began to freeze; the snows fell, and there was nothing for the cattle to feed upon. More than this, the cold grew more and more bitter every day; for December came before the emigrants reached the banks of the Connecticut and began their settlement at Hartford.

The ship that was to have met them when they reached Hartford was not there. Day after day the men watched for a sail, but none appeared. "What shall we do?" said the men; for already the provisions were giving out. The cattle were dying, and the men were living upon the bark of the trees and the few acorns they could dig out from the snow.

"It is likely she was driven back by the ice. Let us return to Boston; we may as well starve in one place as in another," said the men. Then the company divided. Some went down the river; some took the overland route by which they had come.

Near the mouth of the river the men found a little vessel, deserted, and frozen in the ice. "If we could cut that out," they said, "we might get back to Boston with it." So the men set to work. For two whole days they cut the ice to make a channel through which to push the vessel. At last it was freed, and the worn-out men turned her prow homeward.

"Truly it was a wonder we had strength," these men said years after; "for we were starving."

But for all the terrible experiences in their first attempt to found this colony, these same men were ready to set forth again. They told glowing stories of the beauty of the Connecticut valley, and of its forests and rivers. "The valley is fertile, the trees are tall and straight, and the river is navigable. It is an excellent place for farming, for lumbering, or for trading," they said.

In June, then, another band of brave emigrants set out for the same place. "If we start early in the summer," they said, "we shall be spared much suffering."

So with their good pastor, Thomas Hooker, one hundred men, women, and children, taking their household goods and their herds of cattle, started forth to found a new colony on the banks of the Connecticut.

These emigrants were an odd sight. They fastened their feather beds and their kettles and baskets and bundles upon the backs of the cattle. The men carried packs upon their shoulders; the women carried the little children; and the older children drove the cattle while their fathers cut the way with their axes. In two weeks these people reached Hartford, and here they built their huts.

Meantime other people had come from England and had made a colony at the mouth of the river—at Say-

brook. "We will settle here," they said, "for our fort will then keep the Dutch from going up the river."

As these two colonies went on prospering, and more and more people came to Connecticut, the Pequot Indians began to rebel.

"These strangers are taking our land," said the Indians. "They are setting up their wigwams everywhere. They are hunting in our forests. They are fishing in our waters. Soon there will be no place for the Pequots. We too, will build forts. And from these forts we will go out against these English people. We will kill them and get back our land."

So one fort was built on the Mystic River and one on the Connecticut. From these forts the Pequots began their war upon the white men. First they fell upon Captain Stone, who had come up from Virginia to trade. Then they captured the vessel of Captain Oldham and killed the crew. Then they crept up to Saybrook and shot down a white man who happened to come out alone from the fort. Every morning the farmers found their cattle slain, and every evening the skies were lighted with the blaze from burning barns and haystacks.

"This must be stopped," the colonists said; and runners were sent to Boston and Plymouth to ask for help.

The Connecticut colonies could raise about two hundred men to go against the Indians. The Boston colony sent one hundred and sixty more, and the Plymouth colony forty. With this little force the colonists set out against the Pequots.

At dusk they reached the forests beside the fort of the Pequots. Here they hid themselves in the underbrush until the scouts could learn how they should make the attack.

"See how closely the palisades are placed!" whispered the scouts. "We

can never get through them; but the arrows of the savages can easily reach us."

Then the scouts crept close up to the palisades and looked into the village. There were rows of wigwams, but the people were just now met together in the middle of the village for a great pow-wow. They were leaping and howling and dancing around a fire, for this was their way of having a good time.

"There are two entrances to this fort," said the scouts. "And there seem to be no gates. The entrances are hidden only by underbrush." Then the scouts went back to the leader and told him what they had learned. A plan was laid out, and the soldiers made ready for the attack.

"The savages will sleep well after their pow-wow," the soldiers thought; "and that will be all the better for us." So they waited till the dance was over and the savages were asleep. Then they crept up to the fort. At the signal a part of the little force was to rush upon one end of the fort, and the rest were to assault the other end. In this way they were to hem the savages in.

Slowly and silently the men crept up the hill to the fort. The sentinels were asleep. "We shall be upon them before they know it," the soldiers were saying to themselves. But just then a dog growled and the Indian sentinels sprang to their feet.

"The English! the English!" they shouted. "The English! the English!" The next minute every warrior in the fort was rushing out from his wigwam, tomahawk in hand.

"The English! the English!" they yelled. And the yell echoed from one end of the fort to the other. Already Captain Mason and sixteen white men were within the gateway at one end of the fort. At the other end, fighting

their way through, were Captain Underhill and his men.

First the savages caught sight of Captain Mason. Then with a howl they turned and ran, but only to run against the muskets of the men at the other end of the fort. Panic-stricken, they rushed back and forth like wild animals.

"Burn the village!" shouted Captain

Mason. "Burn the village!" The soldiers seized the brands from the fire around which the Indians had held their dance, lighted the wigwams, and soon the village was in flames. It was a terrible slaughter of men, women, and children; but it was one of the cruel things that the early pioneers were forced to do to save their own homes.

R H O D E I S L A N D — 1 6 3 6

Of all the people who longed for freedom, Roger Williams was perhaps the most eager. "One hasn't freedom to breathe here," he used to say when he lived in England.

Soon he came to live in the Plymouth colony. "One hasn't freedom even here!" he cried again. So away he went to the land of the Narragansett Indians.

"Surely, there must be freedom here," he said; "freedom to think and to believe what one wishes." And here with the Indians Roger Williams lived for a long time. He grew to love these simple people. He told them about his religion and read them stories from the Bible. He taught the Indian children to read, and he cured them when they were ill.

"Truly, he is the child of the Great Spirit," the Indians said.

By and by Roger Williams went back to Massachusetts to preach. He went to Salem, but here he declared there was even less freedom than he had found at Plymouth. Freedom, freedom, freedom! This was Roger Williams's cry always. Sometimes the Salem people tired of hearing it, and it was not very long before Roger Williams found himself in trouble.

"You are all wrong in your laws," he said. "You have no right to say people must go to church whether they wish to or not. You have no right to punish

people for not believing what you believe."

Now, the colonists did not like this. But when he began to ask: "What right have you to the land you are living upon? Who said you might have it? What right had you to take it from the Indians?" the people were angry.

"Send this man away," said the men who had charge of the colony, "for some of our people will take sides with him, and our colony will be divided against itself."

Of course we know now that Roger Williams was right; but the people could not understand it then, for it was a new thought to them.

Had he been a little less earnest, a little more patient perhaps, there would have been less trouble. But this was his zealous way, and in time the people of Salem drove him out of the colony.

"You shall be sent back to England," they said.

Now above all things, Roger Williams hated the thought of going back to England. "There is little enough freedom in the colonies," he said; "but in England there is none at all."

"However, you shall go back at once," said the governor. Then Roger Williams fled, no one knew where. By and by his friends learned that he had fled into the wilderness. There he

hid for months, sleeping in the hollow trunks of trees, and living upon the acorns and the corn that the Indians gave him.

Now it happened that the Plymouth governor learned where Roger Williams was hiding, so he sent a kindly message to him and offered him help. A little later five friends joined Williams in the wilderness, and together they began to build a settlement.

"You are building within the limits of the Massachusetts colony," said the Plymouth governor, "and this will not be wise." So then Williams and his five friends paddled their canoes to the land of the Narragansetts.

"Welcome! welcome!" cried the Indians when they saw their old friend again; for they loved Roger Williams, and were glad to have him with them again.

"Truly Providence has led us to these friends," said Roger Williams. "Let us, then, make our settlement here. And let us name it Providence."

"And now let it be known," said he when his colony was planted, "that in our colony all may find a home. Here we will have true freedom."

Soon people began to flock to this colony, for there were many others who longed for freedom almost as much as Roger Williams did. Soon towns began to spring up everywhere. The In-

dians were helpful, and there was peace between them and the colonists.

"We must have a charter," said Williams; "for without a charter the colony cannot carry on trade with other colonies." So Roger Williams went to England to tell the story of his colony to the king. There was, however, great excitement in England at this time over other matters; and the good man found that he could interest the king very little in a tiny colony like Rhode Island.

There was, however, one free-thinking man in England, Sir Harry Vane, who helped Williams. Had he not, it might have been a long time before the king would have listened to him. But with Sir Harry Vane to plead for him, the king soon gave Roger Williams the charter he asked for, and he hurried back to his people.

As Roger Williams neared Rhode Island, a happy surprise awaited him. His people were watching for the coming of the ship; and when it drew near, out came the whole village, in boats, to meet the leader they loved so well.

"Truly," said Roger Williams, "the Lord has blessed me in my people." And the tears ran down the good man's cheeks as he greeted the warm friends who crowded around to welcome him.

P E N N S Y L V A N I A — 1 6 3 8

While people were settling these other colonies, another sect with different religious views, known as Quakers, had come to the new world. Many of them went to Boston; but they were driven out from that city by the Puritans.

At first it would seem that the Puritans were very unjust to these Quakers. As we read how they treated them, we are apt to say, "How strange! The Puritans came to the new world for liberty of conscience; how then could they refuse to give others the same liberty?"

But there are two sides to this question, as there are two sides to most questions. We must remember that the Puritans came over here, first and above all, to found a *Theocracy*.

A new word, is it? Yes; but it means a government with only God or the Bible as the one authority. The Puritans wanted to *try* their theocracy. So they had crossed the ocean and had suffered the hardships that must come to any colonists in a new land.

They had at last built up a little colony in which the people were of one mind. They were prosperous and happy; they were working out their own ideas, and they were earnest in it all.

Then the Quakers came. They, too, had ideas to work out, and their ideas were very different from the ideas of the Puritans.

"Why not go and found a colony of your own?" said the Massachusetts Puritans to the Quakers. "There is land north, and there is land south; why not make a home for yourselves as we have done?" But the Quakers would not go away; for some reason they wished to stay in Boston.

Very soon some of them began to make trouble in the Massachusetts

Colony. They hooted at the Puritans in the streets, and disobeyed the laws of the town. One Quaker pulled the coat tails of a preacher as he was walking along the street. Another threw bottles into a church during the service. Some of the Quakers were noisy in the streets after sundown, and they made disturbances on the Sabbath.

"You have no right to break our laws," said the Puritan town officers.

"Your laws are not wise," answered the Quakers.

"But they are our laws; and if you stay you must obey them."

"But we will not obey them," said the Quakers.

"Then you must be punished," said the Puritans.

The punishments were very severe; but we must remember that all punishments in those days were severe in Massachusetts, in Virginia, and in England as well. These Quakers were whipped in public. Cleft sticks were put upon their tongues to keep them from talking; but this, you remember, was a common punishment.

A few Quakers were even hanged on Boston Common; but it was not, after all, for their belief, but for their behavior.

Now most of the Quaker people were gentle, honest, earnest folk and we must not judge them all by these few who came to Massachusetts. They were greatly in need of a wise leader. A happy day it was for them when William Penn, a wealthy Englishman, took up their cause, and founded a Quaker colony in America.

William Penn was a good and wise man. He had been brought up in the English Church; but while he was in college he heard much of the Separatists. He made friends with some

THE QUAKER FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA



WILLIAM PENN, THE APOSTLE OF "BROTHERLY LOVE"

good Separatists who were Quakers, grew to love their simple life, and soon joined them in their church.

Never was a father more angry than was the father of William Penn when he heard what his son had done. "My son a Quaker!" he cried. "My son! The son of a gentleman!" But William Penn could not be moved. His father scolded and threatened, stormed and pleaded.

"It seemeth to me to be right," was all the son would say.

Then the father sent his son to Paris. He loaded him with money, and urged him to travel. "Anything," he thought, "to turn this son of mine from such foolishness!"

But William came back from Paris still a Quaker. By and by his father died, and he then asked the king for a tract of land in the new world. "It shall be given you," said the king; "and it shall be named Pennsylvania."

With a large number of Quakers Penn crossed the ocean and founded a town. "Let us call it Philadelphia," he said. "It means *Brotherly Love*!"

"We will buy this land of the Indians," said Penn. "It is theirs, even though the king has granted it to us." So the Indians were called together in council with Penn. The meeting was held out of doors under a great tree.

"We have not come to your land," said Penn, "to do you harm. We are all children of the Great Spirit. Let us be brothers." Then the red men and the white men made a treaty of peace.

Now as time went on and the colony grew, the Quakers needed more land. "We must buy of the Indians," said Penn. So again he called them together.

At first the Indians did not want to sell more land. They were beginning to fear that they might be driven back into the forests if the colony kept on growing. But they loved and

trusted William Penn; and so, out of love for him, they said, "We will sell you as much land as a man can run around in one day." For this was the Indian way of surveying.

Now it chanced that there was among the Quakers one youth who was a "champion runner," as our college boys would say.

He sat out to measure off the purchase of land. Faster and faster he ran. The Indians looked on in surprise.

"He has wings!" one said.

"He does not run, he flies," said another. Then the Indians grew sullen.

"We are cheated," they said to Penn.

"But have we not done as you said?" asked Penn. The Indians could not say it was not so. Still they were dissatisfied and angry.

"The bargain is fair," cried one of the Quakers. "Let us force these savages to stand by their agreement!"

"*Force!*" answered Penn. "And what would *force* mean but bloodshed in the future? Is this strip of land worth that to us?" For Penn was a wise as well as a just man.

Then to the Indians he said: "Since this was more land than you meant to give us, what can we give you that will satisfy you? Take what you think you deserve from our stores."

The faces of the Indians brightened. Their hearts were happy again. They took a roll of bright-colored cloth, some ornaments, some fish-hooks and went away contented. In this way, and with such fair dealing, the Quakers won and kept the trust of the Indians.

The Indians kept their treaty honestly. As the years passed on, they told their treaty over to their children and made them promise that never in their wars would they harm a Quaker wherever he might be. Thus they lived in peace.

More than once the Indians were at war with the white men in the other colonies. More than once they set forth in their fierce war paint, whooping and howling. But as they rushed along, angry and maddened as they

were, they would stop and place the white peace feather over the door of every Quaker house. For wherever this feather was seen the Indians never carried war.

THE CAROLINAS — 1607 - 1729

When Sir Walter Raleigh, on his first journey, explored the eastern coast of the land which he afterwards named Virginia, he landed first on Roanoke Island. Here he found a country inhabited by kindly natives, who welcomed him joyfully and sent him presents.

The colony which Raleigh founded was destroyed, and it was fully twenty years after that a permanent colony was established farther north in Virginia.

Roanoke Island is now a part of North Carolina, and the capital of North Carolina is named Raleigh, in honor of Roanoke's colonial explorer. According to the grant given to Sir Walter Raleigh by the "good Queen Bess," this land of Roanoke was then included in the Virginia territory.

It once happened that a strange fur trader came to the home of Francis Yardley in the little village of Lynn Haven in Virginia. The stranger said that his ship had floated away while he was making a short inland trip. He thought that it must have floated southward in the direction of the island upon which the first colony was attempted at Roanoke.

Yardley expressed his sorrow for the stranger's misfortune; and in a few days the stranger set out for the island with three young men whom Yardley had commanded to assist the fur trader. The four men reached the island in safety, but one morning they came suddenly upon a large party of Indians, among them the Indian chief who was called "the Lord of Roanoke."

The great Indian received his guests with every sign of hospitality, and for several days the young men explored the island under the escort of the Indians. At one place they came to the ruins of the fort which Sir Walter Raleigh had built, and also the place where his boat had landed. When the young men were ready to return, they persuaded the "Chief of Roanoke" to go with them to make a pledge of peace with the white men.

For a whole week the Indian chief amused himself in the home of Yardley. He admired the houses, the fireplaces, the pictures, and the clothing. But most wonderful of all to the Indian were the marvelous white children, who could "speak out of a book and talk on paper."

At last the chief asked Lady Yardley if she would teach his papoose these things that her own children knew so well, so that his papoose too might "speak out of a book and talk on paper." Lady Yardley promised, and the chief returned home.

In four months the Chief of Roanoke again appeared, bringing with him his little Indian boy. During this visit Yardley made a treaty with the Indian chief. In return for an English house with English furnishings, and \$1000, the chief promised to give to the white man the entire eastern coast as far south as he should care to settle.

Francis Yardley built the house for the chief, and in return the Indian chief brought a piece of turf with an arrow shot through it, as a sign that the land now belonged to Yardley.

It was thus that the Carolinas were bought from the Indians in a fair and honorable way, even as William Penn afterward bought his land from the Indians in Pennsylvania.

Although the Chief of Roanoke kept his treaty faithfully and moved with his tribe farther west, Francis Yardley did not long retain possession of the great tract of land, nor did the Indians consider themselves forever held to the treaty.

In earlier days the French had landed at a point south of Roanoke Island. They took possession of the land in the name of King Charles IX of France, and in honor of him they called it Carolina. The colony, however, did not prosper, and in a short time the place was abandoned.

Now it came about that years later England had a king named Charles II. He had many friends who had aided him, and he rewarded them by giving them grants of large tracts of land in America.

These grants included the old French Carolinas, and when some to whom it was given said, "What shall we call this territory?" others answered, "Why change the name? It was once named Carolina in honor of Charles of France. Let it still be Carolina, now in honor of Charles of England."

"Carolina it shall remain!" they agreed.

Into the northern part of this territory settlers soon began to come. Wealthy Englishmen, with shiploads of beautiful furniture, and silver, and china, landed on this delightful shore. They built stately houses, and they drove the finest of horses before richly painted coaches.

As the plantations were large, some containing thousands of acres, the planters' houses were long distances apart. They could not make short calls as we do today; and so, when a

lady in her richly flowered silks stepped from her gilded coach at her neighbor's door, the hostess knew that she had come to visit for several days.

There were, however, other than wealthy settlers in these broad plantations of Carolina. In fact, because of these other settlers Carolina for a time bore the name of "Rogue's Harbor," because settlers from other colonies who were worthless and lawless often fled to this wilderness for refuge. There came also emigrants from the north of Ireland, from Scotland, and from Switzerland.

There were no schools, for the children of the wealthy planters had private teachers from England, and the poorer children grew up with little thought of schools or learning. For a long time there were no churches, until the people in London heard of the condition of the colony and sent out missionaries. For a long time there was no government, and but little law.

"This must not continue!" said the people at last. "A colony cannot exist without laws."

Then the wise men consulted together, and laws were made. Only the wealthy people were to own the land. Each landowner might have a share in proportion to his wealth. The poor man must not be allowed to own land or to have any voice in making the laws of the colony.

"These," said the planters, "are wise laws."

"No," said the common people. "They are unfair. We should have a part in the law-making."

For a little time this "model" government, as it was called, was tried. But everywhere throughout the colony there was discontent and rebellion.

"These laws are not fair," the common people said over and over again.

"We fear that our laws were not quite wise," said the planters, at last. "What shall we do?"

Then it was that (1695) a new governor was sent over from England. John Archdale was his name. He was a prudent man. He soon brought peace and prosperity to the colony. He made friendly terms with the Indians, and with the Spaniards who lived in the south. So long as John Archdale remained there was prosperity, but when he returned to England, troubles began again.

For more than fifty years the white men and the Indians had been on most friendly terms. The settlers bought furs and fish and game from the Indians and the Indians visited freely in the homes of the white men. But gradually a change came about. The Indians were growing discontented.

"The white men are driving us farther and farther back toward the mountains," they said. "The white men are not our friends!"

Still quiet and peace were maintained, and furs and fish and game were still brought into the town by the Indians. They still walked in friendly fashion through the streets and often ate at the tables of the white men.

But one September day (1711) a large number of Indians entered the village. They were smiling and friendly, and no one suspected harm. Said one good wife to another, "How shall we find shelter for so many over night?"

"Never fear," answered another.

"Carolina people are hospitable. We never fail to find a place for our friends."

So the day passed in quiet. On the next morning, however, before the settlers were astir, a terrible sound rang through the air.

"The Indians! the Indians! It is the war whoop of the Indians!" and the news sped up and down the colony.

It was a cruel massacre that followed. From home to home the Indians ran with their tomahawks and blazing torches. They spared neither man, woman, nor child. Their vengeance ceased not until every house was blazing and every colonist who had not escaped fell beneath their tomahawks.

So it was that in a single day the greater part of the northern colony was destroyed, and for the two years that followed the Indians were most cruel to the colonies. At length they were driven across the mountains.

Year after year the colony grew and prospered. In the northern part the great pine forests yielded pitch, tar, turpentine, and lumber. In the southern part stretched great fields of rice and indigo, with here and there fields of cotton. Indeed, the colony grew so rapidly that it soon became too large to be governed as one body of people; and in 1729 this prosperous colony was divided, and one governor placed over the northern part and another governor over the southern part and from that time the colonies were known as North and South Carolina.

G E O R G I A — 1 7 3 3

One of the most unselfish men in colonial times was General James Oglethorpe, an English gentleman and soldier.

When the time came for him to enter Parliament, he set to work at once to help the poor of his country. He worked most of all for prison reforms, for which there was indeed great need in England at that time.

There was one law—and a very severe law it was—that Oglethorpe attacked first of all. It was a law by which debtors were thrown into prison and kept there till their debts were paid. It mattered not whether a man had been dishonest or unfortunate. "This man owes me," was all a creditor had to say, and at his order the debtor was thrown into prison.

Now of course there were many men who deserved this punishment; but there were also some who had fallen into debt through illness or failure in business.

It was for these latter that the kind heart of Oglethorpe was touched, and for these that he worked. "If I could gain freedom for these men who are now imprisoned," he would say, "perhaps they would take courage and begin life over again."

So Oglethorpe made a speech in Parliament. In this speech he said he believed that these poor debtors should be freed and sent to the New World.

At first Parliament gave little heed to what he said. Some of the men laughed at his plan; others sneered at it and opposed it. But at length they decided that it was, after all, a good way to get rid of a troublesome class of people.

"They are a great burden to the country," some of the men in Parliament said. "The sooner they go the better. They are shiftless, idle fel-

lows, at best!" And so in this way Parliament came to agree to Oglethorpe's plan.

In time Oglethorpe's plan was carried through. Prison debtors were told that they should be freed if they would promise to go to the New World, and never come back to England. All debtors not yet in prison were pardoned if they too would make the same promise. A happy day this was for many a poor man.

Meantime a charter had been granted Oglethorpe, and soon the vessel was ready. Then Oglethorpe and his paupers, as they were called, sailed away.

In due time the little vessel reached the shores of Carolina. Oglethorpe left his people there, and went down into the Georgia territory to see what it was like. His people were very ignorant, and he knew that he must find the best place before he settled them in their new home.

Then Oglethorpe went back and told his followers what a beautiful home he had found for them. "We shall make a treaty with the Indians at once," said Oglethorpe, for he well knew that some of his colonists would rather have stayed in prison than come into a land where they must fight with savages.

Fortunately there was one squaw who, from the first, was friendly to the white men. This squaw had great influence among her people, and whatever she told them to do, they did. To this squaw then Oglethorpe went.

"Will you help us to make peace with your people?" Oglethorpe asked. The squaw promised that she would. This was fortunate; for already some of the Indians were beginning to grumble, and were preparing to fight the white men.

"We will drive these white people away," they were saying. But when the squaw talked to them, they promised peace. So Oglethorpe went back to his people in Carolina, and with them he sailed up the Savannah to Yamacraw Bluffs, where the men set to work to build their fort.

First four large tents were spread and under these the people spent their first night in their new home. On the next day the town was marked off, and work began.

"What will be the future of this colony?" Oglethorpe wondered. He knew that his colonists were a strange people, and that some of them did not like to work.

Soon trade was opened with the Indians, and the friendly squaw, Mary, served the white men as interpreter. "What should we do without this friend?" said Oglethorpe. "Let us see that she never wants for anything as long as she lives."

As long as Oglethorpe stayed with his colony all went well, but by and by he had to go back to England.

Now there was among the colonists a wicked man who called himself a chaplain. This man cared nothing for the good of the colony; he cared only to get money for himself out of it. So when Oglethorpe was gone, he began to try to turn Mary against the colonists.

"Did they not promise to pay you a hundred pounds a year?" he said to her.

"Yes."

"And have they paid it?"

"No." The squaw knew that they had not; but she believed that when their corn was gathered in and they were able, they would pay her.

"Think what you have done for them!" said the chaplain. "Was it not you that made peace between them and your people?"

"Yes."

"And was it not you that helped to make treaties with the tribes round about?"

"Yes."

"And who helped them to get the best lands for miles around?"

"I did," said the squaw.

"And who got the Creek Indians to help us when the Florida Indians attacked us?"

"I did."

"And for all this what have the colonists done for you? They have been friendly? Yes, but for their own good. They have paid you money? Yes, but not half they owe you. Then turn against them, and I will help you."

Poor old squaw, what could she do? She loved the good, kind Oglethorpe, and she had promised him that she would take good care of his people. But she thought that the chaplain must know what was right, so from that time she joined with him against the colonists. In fact, she became the bitterest enemy that the colonists had known. She spied upon them; she laid traps for them; and more than once they woke at night to find the Indians creeping in to attack their town.

The chaplain meantime kept busy. He was trying to get a claim against the colony for five hundred pounds for the squaw. "If I get it for her, she will give me half of it," he said.

Besides this, he laid claim to some of the finest lands. "These, too, belong to the squaw," he said. At last the squaw's brother called the Indians together for a council. And the chaplain was there to help, you may be sure. "Make yourself emperor," the chaplain said to the brother. "Make yourself emperor over all these tribes. Then we will work together against these white settlers."

So the squaw's brother made himself emperor. He didn't know what the word meant, but he knew that he was to be the leader of the tribes and the enemy of the colonists from that time on.

The chaplain was in high spirits. His plots were working finely, for all the tribes were now united against the colonists. If the squaw got back her land, he would have his share, for the squaw would surely do whatever he told her.

"Now let us go to Savannah and tell the white men what we mean to do," said the chaplain to the squaw and her brother. So the squaw dressed herself in her brightest beads, and put on her gayest shawl. She sent a messenger ahead, and in a few hours she marched to the little town. The chaplain in his fine robes marched by her side, and there were one hundred savages behind them.

The colonists' hearts were heavy when they heard of the chaplain's plotting. What could their little band of men do against all these Indian tribes?

As the squaw and her people drew near, the governor sent a messenger out to meet the empress. She would listen to no one but the chaplain, and so the procession marched on. But as it entered the town, it was met by the militia, drawn up in the open square.

"Do you come as friends, or as foes?" asked the captain. The squaw made no answer. She hardly knew what these words meant. "Ground your arms!" thundered the captain. The savages looked to the squaw for guidance; the squaw looked to the chaplain. What did these words mean?

"We must obey," said the chaplain. "We must put down our arms."

So Mary bade her followers do as they were told. The militia then saluted the visitors with fifteen guns

and guided them to the house of the governor.

"Why do you come here?" the governor asked in a stern voice. The Indians tried to make some kind of answer, but the governor knew that they were not telling the truth.

Soon the Indians grew angry. They howled, and whooped, and shouted angrily at the guards. Every colonist was now on duty; even the women barricaded the doors of their houses.

"Seize the chaplain!" shouted the governor. "We have no time to lose." The chaplain was immediately seized and taken to prison. But when the squaw saw this, she, too, began to howl and whoop. She ordered the colonists to leave at once and return to England. She threatened the whole colony. She declared that she would kill every white man in the town.

"Take away the squaw," said the governor. "We can do nothing with the Indians as long as they can hear her voice." So she too was led away.

Then the governor called the Indians together, and gave a great feast to the chiefs. He again asked them what this visit meant. Cheered by the feast, the Indians began to talk, and soon the governor understood the whole matter. Then he rose and stood before the chiefs, and said, "My good friends, you are very foolish. Do you not know that it is the chaplain who has made all this trouble? Do you not know that he wants to get all this land for himself?"

"Now listen to me. This land doesn't belong to the squaw. It belongs to you. It was set apart by the king for you,—not for the squaw, but for you."

Even the squaw's brother began to understand.

"More than this, I have presents from the king. They are not for the chaplain; they are not for the squaw;

they are for you—the Creek nation.

“Now think back with me. When we came, the squaw was a poor woman. She had only rags for clothes, and often she had not enough to eat. Then General Oglethorpe took her into our colony. He gave her clothes and food, and she was happy with us until the chaplain came. Then she became our enemy.”

By this time the Indians were sure that they had been made fools of. “Kill the chaplain! kill the chaplain!” some shouted.

“Peace pipe! peace pipe!” others shouted; and the peace pipe was brought. At that moment the squaw herself came running down the village street. “Kill the white men! kill the white men!” she screamed.

“Stop!” ordered the governor, “or you shall be put in chains.”

“Hear what he says!” cried the squaw to her brother. “Hear what he says to the Empress of Georgia.”

At this the brother seized his tomahawk. With a yell he brandished it over his head. This was a signal for the massacre of the white men. It

was a critical moment for the little colony. But just then one of the white man sprang forward. “Halt!” he cried, and he pointed his gun at the squaw’s brother.

At this the Indians grew quiet at once, for they were afraid of these arrows that shot forth fire.

“Now lay down your tomahawks,” said the colonist, coolly. The Indians laid them down without a word.

“Now leave this town.” And the Indians left.

Then the chaplain was brought out. “Oh, spare my life! Spare my life!” he whined, when he saw that the Indians had deserted him.

“Promise me to give up all claim to land or money,” said the governor. “Promise, or we shall shoot you on the spot.” And the governor pointed his own rifle at the chaplain’s head.

“I promise! I promise!” said the chaplain, humbly.

Then the colonists let him go free. And from that time there was no trouble in the colony, either with the chaplain or with the Empress of Georgia.

LATER COLONIES AND SETTLEMENTS

MARQUETTE AND JOLIET — 1673

LET us first look at the changes that have been made since that October morning when Columbus first landed in the New World. There were forests then up and down the coasts, with here and there an Indian village and a rude trail leading inland; but there was nothing else.

That, however, was in 1492, and now it is 1754. More than two hundred and fifty years have gone by; surely great changes have taken place since that time. We find that in the north, along the St. Lawrence River, there are French towns—Port Royal, Quebec, and Montreal. We know from this that the French have been coming to the New World in large numbers, and are in possession of the territory up and down the St. Lawrence. They have built their towns where they could be strongly fortified, and are happy and prosperous.

Along the Atlantic coast we find English settlements. There are the little towns that make the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. The brave and sturdy men who have built their homes here, have learned to rely upon themselves, and lead simple and industrious lives.

Still farther south we find that Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia are also colonized.

All these are English colonies now; for the Dutch and the Swedes have already given way to their stronger English neighbors.

The Spanish power, which for more than a hundred years was almost supreme in the New World, has greatly declined, but still lingers in Mexico and in Florida; yet Spain troubles the neighboring colonists of Georgia very

little. She would not dare to do so while the flag of Great Britain floats over them; for that flag is the protection of the English colonies. To attack an English colony would be to attack England, and Spain knows better than to do that, for she still remembers the Invincible Armada.

In recent years wars have been threatening between France and England, and in these wars the colonies of France and of England have taken up the quarrels of the fatherlands.

The English colonists along the coast said: "Our territory reaches to the Mississippi. To be sure, we are not yet ready to occupy it, but it is ours."

But the French had already built sixty military posts along the St. Lawrence River and the Mississippi and its great eastern branches. Every year they were making new settlements and taking possession of more territory.

"This territory belongs to us," the French said, "for we explored it."

Now it was true that the land was originally granted to the English colonists. It was also true that the French had explored the Mississippi and its great eastern branches.

This exploration had come about in this way. There were in France good monks who longed to come over to New France, as they called their colonial possessions in North America, and convert the Indians.

One of these monks, Marquette, had heard of the red men of the New World, and his kind soul was inspired with the wish to go to them and tell them of his own Christian religion. So Marquette left France with some fur traders and came to Montreal. There the people told him of Indians at the Falls of St. Mary who were honest and kind to strangers.

"Let me go to them," said Marquette. And so, a few weeks later, he sailed up the St. Lawrence with Joliet, a fur trader, and made a home for himself in the wigwams of the Indians.

For three years Marquette dwelt among these red men, and in that time they told him much of the Father of Waters away to the west.

"A great river!" the Indians said. "So broad! So deep! So long!"

The Indians could not tell how broad, how deep, or how long.

"There are wild tribes living there," the Indians said; "fierce, savage tribes, and they scalp all who come down the river."

"My friends," said Father Marquette, "these fierce savages must be taught to be gentle. They must be taught the Christian religion."

So in the year 1673, Father Marquette and Joliet, who had already seen the headwaters of the Mississippi, set out in little canoes made of birch bark toward the great river.

For many days they paddled without seeing even one Indian. But when they reached the part of the country where the Illinois Indians lived, they saw through the trees a little cluster of wigwams.

Before Joliet could bring his canoe to the land, the Indians came down to the shore, crying, "Welcome, welcome, good Father Marquette!" For the Illinois Indians had heard of the good father, and were glad to welcome him.

"Oh, good father, stay here with us!" the Illinois chief begged. "Do not go down the river, for there are cruel savages, and giants and dragons on the banks."

"We must go, good friends; but we will come back again to you," Marquette said to the Indians. Then for a whole month Joliet and Mar-

quette paddled on farther and farther till at last they reached the great river—the Father of Waters—the Mississippi.

So fierce and strong was the current, that the little canoes could hardly keep afloat. "Truly, it is a great river!" said the white men.

"See!" said Marquette: "in from the shore is an Indian trail. Let us follow it; it must lead to a settlement."

So Marquette and Joliet left the canoes with their guides, and hurried inland, following this trail for six miles. Then, as Marquette had expected, they came to a group of wigwams. The natives who lived in this village were frightened when they saw the two white men. They huddled together and pointed at them; they hid behind the trees; then the four oldest warriors came forward and offered the pipe of peace.

"Black, black," said one of these old warriors, putting his hand on Marquette's black robe. "We have heard of the men in black, and you are welcome."

Then Marquette told the Indians about the great French king who lived across the sea; and he made them understand that he had come to their wigwams for no harm, but only to ask about the great river.

Then the Indians very gladly told the monk about the river. But they, too, begged him to go no farther south, because of the cruel savages on the banks.

"All the northern tribes seem to have the same fear of savages farther down the river," said Marquette.

"But we will not be turned back!" said Joliet, bravely.

Then the Indian women prepared a feast for their white visitors. It was a strange feast. First came the Indian mush, which the warriors kindly fed to the monks with great wooden spoons.

Then came broiled fish, which again the Indians fed to their guests, but not until they had carefully removed even the tiniest bones.

Then came the third course; and this was a rare treat—an especial honor to the visitors. It was a fine, fat dog, nicely baked.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Marquette.

"Oh, never, never!" cried Joliet.

"How strange this is!" the warriors thought. "Why do the white men refuse to eat a fine baked dog?"

But they were too polite to urge their guests, so the dog was carried away, and nice bits of buffalo meat were brought instead.

When the feast was ended, Marquette said: "Now we must go back to our canoes. You have been very good to us. May the Great Spirit be as good to you."

Then they paddled on down the river in their little canoes. One day, suddenly coming upon some cliffs, the natives who were rowing cried out: "The sea monsters! The sea monsters!"

"Where?" cried Marquette.

"There, on the cliffs!"

There they were, sure enough—great, savage, fierce-looking monsters, green, and black, and red.

Indeed, they were terrible enough to terrify any warrior. Only, you see, they were not real sea monsters; they were painted pictures of sea monsters, and that made a difference.

"It is wonderful," said Joliet, "how these savages could climb those cliffs to paint pictures on them." For the cliffs were many feet high, and they were very steep.

"But what is that rushing noise?" cried the natives, frightened again at the roaring they heard in the distance.

"It may be that we are coming to falls like those in the St. Lawrence," Marquette said.

But no, the roar that the men heard was the rushing of the waters of the great Missouri.

"Another great river," cried Joliet. "This is truly a land of mighty rivers."

"Never did I see such a rush of waters," wrote Marquette in his journal. "As far as we could see, the water was so muddy it could not clear itself for miles. Whole trees came down in the current, and our little canoes were not safe to pass them."

By and by the white men came upon another Indian village, and Marquette stood up in his canoe and waved the pipe of peace.

"Tell us, good friends," said he, "how long is this river?"

Again the Indians proved friendly, and were glad to tell all they knew about the river. Thus for many days the explorers paddled down the great river.

One day, however, when the canoes came close to an Indian settlement and Marquette rose in his boat and waved the pipe of peace, a strange thing happened. These Indians had known something of white men before. They paid no attention to the sign of peace, and their angry yells echoed through the forests. Again Marquette waved the pipe of peace; and at last the chief shouted to his people, and all was quiet.

"What is it you come for?" the old chief asked, coming down to the shore.

"We only ask to be guided down the river," said Marquette, kindly.

"You are very near the end of the river," the old chief said; "but a little farther down you will find a tribe who can tell you all."

So the guides paddled on again till they came close upon those tribes that De Soto had visited so long before. More than that, there were Spanish settlements a little farther on, and the Spaniards were to be dreaded even

more than the Indians. They were within five days of reaching the mouth of the river.

"It seems a pity to turn back when we are so near," said Marquette; "still it is better to turn back than to go on and be captured by our enemies, for who then would tell the story of all we have discovered?"

So the little canoes turned back, and Marquette and Joliet rejoiced to know that the Mississippi had been explored for nearly its whole length.

But it had been a hard journey. Coming back up the river, it was very cold; there were storms; provisions were scarce; and it was a poor, sick, half starved little party that came at last to Green Bay. Father Marquette was so ill that he could go no farther.

"But the people at Montreal and Quebec must be told of this exploration," he said. "How can it be done?"

"I will try to go to them," said Joliet, bravely. So, with a single canoe, Joliet started down the St. Lawrence. It was a fearful journey. Often the waters were very rough, and there were many rapids, so that the little canoe was whirled round and round like a leaf. Once it upset, and the men barely escaped alive.

But at last Joliet reached Montreal; and when the people heard his wonderful story, they rang the bells and fired the cannon. The whole city rejoiced, for they knew that this voyage down the Mississippi meant that henceforth the Mississippi belonged to France. France could control it; she could build trading stations upon it, and she could keep away all other nations.

For a whole year Father Marquette lay ill in his wigwam at Green Bay. But when he grew a little better, he said, "Now let me go back to those good Indians on the Illinois."

"But you are too ill," said his friends.

"I promised them, and I must go," he said. So when his people saw that he meant to go, they carried his canoe down to the water and placed him in it, and his three trusty guides paddled away toward the camp of the Illinois Indians.

It was cold and stormy, but Marquette never lost courage. "When we reach Lake Michigan," he would say, "it will be easier and better."

But long before they reached the lake the cold winter winds had set in. They lashed the waters so that the little canoe was in great danger and when at last the travelers reached the Chicago River, Marquette was so ill from the cold and wet that he could go no farther.

"We must build a hut for him," the three guides said. So there on the bleak, cold bank, they built a little hut and filled it in with moss and leaves. They laid Marquette upon his bed, and watched over him all winter long. When spring came and Marquette seemed a little better, he said: "Now let us hurry on. The Illinois will think I have deceived them."

As soon as the waters were free from ice, the little canoe set out once more; and after another long, hard journey, Marquette reached again the settlement of the Illinois.

"And glad they were to see him," said Marquette's companions, afterward. "They received him as an angel from the skies. They fell upon their faces at his feet, and they brought him food and rich presents."

But Marquette was still very ill. Day after day he lay in his wigwam in the warm sunlight. The Indians came and sat around him, and from his bed he taught them as well as he was able.

But each day he grew more feeble; and at last he called the chiefs about him. "I shall live only a little while,"

he said, "and I should like to be taken back to my mission on Green Bay."

The Indians grieved like little children when they heard these words, for they loved this kind old monk. But without a word they set to work to make ready a canoe for him. They made it long and broad, and they laid in it a bed of soft moss and leaves.

Then Marquette was placed upon it; and silently his companions paddled up the stream. Many of the Indians followed in their own canoes, for they were not willing that Marquette should go alone.

But Marquette did not live to reach Green Bay. "On the journey he

died," said his companions, "and we made a grave for him on the hillside. We wrapped his robe close about him and we covered him with earth, as he had asked us to do. Then we tolled the bell, and planted a strong cross to mark the place where he was buried."

"But we do not want to leave him there," the Green Bay Mission Indians cried. "He should be buried here in this little town he loved."

So the Green Bay Mission Indians brought the body of Father Marquette to their little town, and there they laid him beneath the little chapel that he had built.

A D V E N T U R E S O F L A S A L L E — 1 6 7 9

It was while Count Frontenac was governor of New France that the great time of exploration began. In spite of both French and British colonies, little was known of the vast continent of America. The French forts stretched inland along the river St. Lawrence to the great lakes; the British crept along the seashore from Florida in the south to Acadie in the north, and were shut out from the great west by the Alleghany Mountains. But what was behind and beyond none knew.

The British, when they went to live in the New World became fishermen and farmers, settling down quickly to a peaceful home life. Not so the Frenchmen. Priest, soldier, or colonist, each seemed filled with the roving spirit of the forest, the desire for adventure and the thirst for knowledge and conquest. Indeed the desire for a wild and roving life became so strong in some, that they could no longer remain in towns and villages, and they wandered away into the woods to live among the Indians. They dressed like Indians and married Indian women. They were reckless, fearless men, loving the forests and the

lonely lakes and rivers, and instead of taming the Redskins they themselves became almost like savages. In vain the King of France made laws forbidding the young men to wander away and live in the woods. The woods called them, and they could not resist the call. These men became known as "wanderers of the woods," or, in the French language, *Coueurs de bois*.

These forest adventurers were great fur-traders. They knew all the haunts and habits of the wild animals. They read the signs of sky and wood as we might read a book. In winter, alone across the trackless snow, they found their way. In summer the pathless forest had no terror for them. They were warriors and explorers as well as trackers and traders. Lawless and brave, they were looked upon as outlaws, and sometimes in battles they might be seen fighting for Indians, sometimes for the French.

When these wanderers of the woods came to the towns to sell their furs, they brought with them many wonderful stories of the sights they had seen far in the unknown wilds. Among other things, they talked of a "great

water" of which the Indians told wonderful tales. They called it the Mississippi or Father of Waters. Then men began to ask what this great water was. Was it perhaps the fabled passage to the Indies, which many a brave sailor had given his life to find? If it could be found, would it lead at last to the Vermilion Sea, to China, to the spice lands, and the glories of the East?

Among the many French adventurers was a man named René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. He is generally called La Salle, and is one of the best known of the American explorers.

Like others, La Salle had heard of the great water and was eager to follow it all the way to its mouth. So with a friend named Tonty he gathered a company, and went to explore.

Tonty, like La Salle, was brave and fearless, and he was much dreaded by the Indians. He had only one hand, the other having been shot off while he was fighting once in Europe. So he had an iron hand made to replace the one he had lost, and he always wore a glove over it. Once or twice when the Red Men had been unruly he had brought them to order by knocking them down with this hand. Not knowing that it was of iron, they wondered at his power and strength, and called him a "medicine man" and feared him greatly.

La Salle was one of the most unlucky of men, and now he had many and terrible difficulties to fight. He had enemies who did their best to hinder and ruin him. His own men even were not true to him, besides which he had to fight with storms, and cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and not least, with savage Indians. But he was so determined that nothing made him give in.

Before La Salle began his exploration, he built a ship which he called the *Griffin*. In it he sailed up Lake Erie

and Lake Michigan. It was the first time that a sailing-boat had ever been seen on these great inland seas, and the Indians came to wonder and stare at it in astonishment.

La Salle had not much money, so from Lake Michigan he sent the *Griffin* back to Montreal with a load of furs, giving the captain orders to sell them and return with goods needful for the expedition, as soon as possible.

When the *Griffin* had sailed, La Salle journeyed on with the rest of his men to the head of Lake Michigan, and there he awaited the return of his ship.

But the *Griffin* never came again. In vain La Salle waited and watched for a white sail. No white sail ever appeared. What became of the *Griffin* will never be known. Somewhere upon the great lakes it was lost, with all the men on board. Not one returned to tell the fate of the others.

While La Salle waited and watched in vain for the return of the *Griffin*, the good days were passing, winter was coming. At length he gave up hope of seeing his ship again, and made up his mind to go on without the fresh supplies he had sent for. So, through many trials and dangers, suffering from cold and hunger, the little band pushed on. For La Salle, perhaps, the hardest trial of all was that his men did not believe in him. Nearly all were discontented, and many were afraid of the difficulties and dangers of the way. Two, indeed, were so afraid that they ran away.

At length La Salle made up his mind to rest for the winter on the banks of the river Illinois. Here he built a fort which he called Fort Crève-Coeur, or Heart-Break. But in spite of the sad name he gave his fort, La Salle showed that he had not quite lost heart, for he began to build another ship to take the place of the *Griffin*.

But soon La Salle found that he had not many things which were needed for the ship. To get them, some one must return to Montreal, and La Salle resolved to go himself.

Taking with him one Indian and four other Frenchmen, La Salle set out on his terrible walk of a thousand miles. Tonty with the rest—some sixteen—remained behind to guard the fort and work at the ship until their leader's return.

This journey of La Salle was tiresome beyond belief. With the first days of spring the snow began to thaw, and thawing it turned the prairies into wide and endless marshes, in which the travelers sank to their knees, or sometimes even to their waists. They could not walk upon the rivers, for the melting ice was not strong enough to bear them. Neither could they sail down them, for the broken ice would have smashed their frail canoes to pieces. So they scrambled along the banks, sometimes forcing their way through forests so dense that their clothes were torn to rags and their faces so scratched and bleeding that they hardly knew each other.

They had to suffer both from cold and heat. The sun at midday blazed upon them, at night the frost was bitter. During the day they were often drenched with rain or half-melted snow, at night their soaking clothes would freeze. At night, wet and weary, they lay down to sleep around their camp fire, in the morning they awoke to find themselves encased in frosted armor.

Worn out with the terrible hardships of the journey, one after another of the men fell ill. But at length, after more than two months crowded with pain and toil and danger, they reached Fort Frontenac, and found rest and shelter. But La Salle's troubles were not ended. At Fort Frontenac he was

greeted with the news that a ship from France, laden with goods for him, had been wrecked. This was indeed bad news. But La Salle was not to be daunted. He at once set to work to gather fresh supplies, and made ready to start back to Fort Heart-Break, there to join his friends.

Then the worst news of all came. A letter from Tonty arrived to tell La Salle that soon after he had left, nearly all his men had mutinied. They had destroyed the fort, robbed the storehouse, and what they could not carry away they had thrown into the river. They had gone, leaving Tonty and four or five faithful men helpless and alone in the wilderness.

La Salle had been eager to set out. Now that he heard this evil news he was more eager still. He felt that there was no time to lose, and that he must find and help his friend at once.

But when, after a long and difficult journey, La Salle reached Fort Heart-Break again, there was no sign of any human being. The fort was ruined and deserted, and only the great staring ribs of the unfinished ship were left to show that white men had been there. No sign of Tonty or his faithful few was to be seen.

Never for a moment, however, did La Salle give in. He spent the winter in making friends with the Indians, and in trying in every way to hear news of Tonty, and at last, when spring came again, the two friends met. They had much to tell each other. But it was a tale of sorrow and failure on both sides. Yet La Salle was not beaten, and once more he set out with Tonty on his travels. But now he gave up the idea of building a ship, and the expedition started down the river in canoes.

It was the middle of winter before everything was ready. The river was frozen over, so the men made sledges, put their canoes upon them, and in

this way dragged them over the ice. As they went southward it became warmer, spring came, and the ice began to melt. The sledges were of no more use, and for a time neither were the canoes, for the river soon became full of broken floating ice, through which it was impossible to paddle. But at length the ice was nearly all melted; they reached a clear and open stream, and, launching the canoes, they sailed swiftly onward.

Every day as they sailed they left winter farther and farther behind. The sun shone pleasantly; spring flowers nodded to them from the banks; drooping trees put on a beautiful soft green. It seemed as if their troubles were over. On and on they floated easily down stream, through the smiling spring land, which no white man had ever before beheld. At last they reached their journey's end, and stood upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

On that lonely shore these few white men raised a pillar. Upon it they carved the arms of France and the words, "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns, 9th April 1682." The white flag of France, with its golden *fleur-de-lis*, floated out upon the breeze, and the silence was broken for the first time by the sound of guns and the shouts of "God save the King."

When the sound of the shouting died away, the men raised their voices once again. This time they sang a hymn of praise to God. Then with drawn sword La Salle stood beside the pillar. "In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the Grace of God, King of France and of Navarre," he cried, "I do now take possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbors, ports, bays, and all the nations, peoples, cities, towns,

villages, mines, fisheries, streams, and rivers, within the said Louisiana from the mouth of the great Ohio along the river Mississippi, and all the rivers which flow into it from its source to its mouth at the sea."

Then a cross was raised beside the pillar. Once more the guns rang out, once more shouts of "God save the King," awoke the silent echoes of the forest, and men's voices raised a Latin hymn of praise: To France a new kingdom had been added.

You see what a great region La Salle had claimed. He himself had no idea how great it was. You see that the British colonies lay like a narrow strip between the Alleghanies and the sea, while the French had claimed all that lay behind; that is, all the country which is now the United States, as well as the whole of Canada.

It was a vast kingdom, and could not be held by France through the mere planting of a pillar. This La Salle well knew, though he himself did not guess how large a tract of land he had claimed. Now he formed a plan by which this kingdom might be held. His plan was to build a town at the mouth of the Mississippi, and forts all along its banks at certain distances. These forts would be resting-places for traders, and would form a barrier against the British, shutting them out more than ever from the unknown west. All the trade of Canada could then be borne down the Mississippi to the town at its mouth, which would thus grow into a great seaport. From there white-winged vessels would glide out to all parts of the world, and so great wealth and glory would be added to the crown of France.

Such was La Salle's dream. But meanwhile he had to battle his way up stream, back through savage wilderness to the dwellings of white men. And it was not until he had passed

through many more adventures and dangers that he reached Quebec once more. From there he set sail for France, eager to tell the king of all that he had done, and of all that he hoped still to do.

King Louis received La Salle kindly, and gave him the help he asked. Soon four ships set sail from France filled with soldiers, workmen, and colonists, bringing with them all things needful to found a city.

La Salle sailed for the Gulf of Mexico and meant to land at the mouth of the Mississippi, which he had reached before by paddling down the river. But coming to it from the sea was very different from coming to it from the land. La Salle could not find the place, and sailed more than a hundred miles beyond it. When at last they landed, the colonists were already disheartened. They had lost two ships; one had run upon rocks, the other had been taken by the Spaniards, who claimed the Gulf of Mexico as their own, threatening with death any who dared to enter it. On the way out, La Salle had quarreled with his officers. Things from first to last went ill, and so it was with little spirit in the task that the colonists set about building their wooden houses.

Two years of struggle, toil, and misery followed the landing. "This pleasant land seemed to us an abode of weariness and an eternal prison," wrote one of the company. Sickness and death thinned their numbers, till at the end of these two years, of the two hundred men and women who had set sail, scarcely forty remained. And these were but a ragged and forlorn band. Their clothes were in such tatters that they were glad to make coats of sail cloth; their food was near an end. Gladly would they have left their prison, but they knew not how. In vain they strained their eyes sea-

wards, hoping for the sight of a friendly, fearing to see a Spanish, sail. Sadly they thought of their beloved France, which they had left with such light hearts. They longed to return, but no ship came. They were alone, forsaken, and lost in that far land.

At length La Salle made up his mind to try to find his way back to Canada by land, and bring help from there to the forlorn colony. So one morning there was a sad scene within the walls of the little fort, as those who went said farewell to those who stayed. Many tears were shed as last handshakes were given, last good-byes said. Then the little band set out on the long and terrible journey northward.

They were a quaint and ragged party. Some wore the clothes they had brought from France, now much patched and darned; some wore coats of sail cloth; some the skins of wild animals. They were but ill prepared for their long and perilous journey through prairie and forest, by stream and lake. Yet in the brave, unyielding heart of La Salle, there was still hope.

La Salle was brave and strong, and his friends loved him well. But these friends were few. To most people he was cold and haughty, and he made many enemies. Now bitter hate and discontent filled the hearts of some of his men. As the difficulties and hardships of the way grew greater, their hatred grew deeper, and at last one morning they shot their leader dead. "There thou liest, there thou liest, great Bashaw," cried one, rejoicing as he saw his enemy lie dead upon the ground. The mutineers then stripped the body of all its clothes and left it naked and unburied, a prey to the wild beasts. So he who would have founded a kingdom and made France great among the nations, lies in a nameless, unknown grave.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR—1754-1763

THERE is no room here to tell of all the struggles of Britain and France in America. But you have read enough to see how these two great powers had laid hold of the mighty continent, and how, in spite of all the thousands of miles of prairie and forest, of lake and stream, there was not room for both. One must go. But which? Was it to be the stolid, dogged race, who had painfully felled the trees and ploughed the land, reclaiming it bit by bit from the vast forest, building there, homes and churches and clustering towns? Or was it to be the gay adventurers and earnest black-robed priests, who reared crosses upon the borders of desolation, and claimed with the roar of cannon and singing of hymns, unexplored and unknown countries and peoples, for God and their king?

"Do you not know the difference between the King of France and the King of Britain?" a Frenchman once asked the Indians. "Go, look at the forts which our king has built. You will see that you can still hunt under their very walls. They have been built for your good, in places where you go. The British, on the other hand, are no sooner in possession of a place than they drive the game away. The trees fall before them, the earth is laid bare so that you can scarcely find a few branches with which to make a shelter for the night."

It was true. The British turned the wild forest into meadow-land and corn-fields. The French claimed the forest, and left it forest still, still the Red Man's hunting-ground.

The King of France was a despot at home. He was just as much a despot in his colonies. Everything the French settler did, was done by the French king's orders. In the French

colonies there was no more freedom for the people than there was at home.

In the British colonies it was very different. British settlers sailed to the New World because they were unhappy at home, because they could not worship God as they wished, or because they could not have the king they wanted. They sought freedom and they found it. At home the people rose against their king. They cut off his head and said they would have no more kings. But after a little they grew tired of having no king, and they asked Charles II to come to rule over them. Later, the people rebelled again, and a new race of kings came to the throne. But all these changes did not make much difference to the colonies. The colonists remained British subjects whether King or Protector ruled the British Isles, this, too, although they received little help or attention from home.

So by degrees thirteen colonies were founded in America. Little by little they grew strong and prosperous, and at length the king and people at home began to see what a great state had grown up beyond the seas.

Yet although these thirteen colonies were all British, there was very little union among them. It was a long time before they learned that if they did not wish to be crushed out by the French, they must join together and help each other.

Years rolled on. There was no peace—there could be no peace between the two peoples. Even when France and Britain were not fighting at home, there was almost always fighting in America. And if the roar of cannon was quiet, and the white man's sword in sheath, the Red Man's

tomahawk gleamed and his war-cry made the darkness terrible.

At last the great struggle in America began. It has been called the French and Indian War, or the War of the Boundary Line.

Slowly, as the British colonies grew, they pressed westward. The country where Pittsburgh now stands came to be called the Gate of the West. Both French and British wished to possess that gate, and both claimed the land. Here the French built a fort which they called Fort Le Bœuf.

you cannot prevent us doing what we want."

The commander himself was grave and polite. "I will send the British governor's letter to Canada," he said, "but in the meantime my men and I will stay where we are. I have been commanded to take possession of the country, and I mean to do it as best I can."

With this answer Washington had to go back to his governor. But in the spring, he returned with about three hundred men. He was not able, how-



BRADDOCK'S MARCH

General Braddock marched his army through the wilderness as though he were on a parade ground in Europe. To this lack of caution was due in great measure his defeat.

When the Governor of Virginia heard of this, he sent a young man named George Washington to tell the French commander of the fort that he was upon British ground, and that he must leave at once.

After a long and difficult journey Washington reached the French camp one evening just as the officers were sitting down to dinner. They received him most courteously, but they told him that they meant to take and keep possession of the valley of the Ohio. "You Britishers are two to our one," they said, "but you are so slow,

ever, to dislodge the French, and, after some fighting, he was forced to march away again.

All this time France and Britain were supposed to be at peace. War had not been proclaimed, but now a thousand men were sent out from home to help the colonists. When the French heard this, they too sent men. Yet the King of France and the King of Great Britain kept on being polite to each other, and pretending that nothing was meant.

But at sea the French and British vessels met. Up went a red flag to

the masthead of the British flagship. "Is this peace or war?" asked the French captain.

"I don't know," replied the British, "but you had better prepare for war." And quick to point his words came the roar of cannon. The Frenchmen made good show of fight, but the British were the stronger, and soon the French struck their colors.

So, without being declared, war began.

But at first things went ill with the British in Canada. The home troops were sent out under the command of Major-General Edward Braddock. He was brave, but obstinate and old-fashioned. He had a contempt for the colonial soldiers, and a still greater contempt for their Indian friends. He was so rude to these that the haughty savages, instead of helping the British, stalked away offended, and took no part in the fight. "He looks upon us as dogs," they said.

Before setting out to attack the French, Braddock spent many weeks in making preparations, in gathering men, stores, and wagons. At last all was ready, and the long train of men and horses started for Fort Duquesne.

Braddock was used to fighting in Europe. He knew nothing of fighting in the wilds of America. Never before had he had to face the difficulty of taking an army, with all its train of baggage and ammunition, through pathless forest. Three hundred men with axes led the way, cutting down the trees to clear a path. Slowly behind them, now jolting over stumps and stones, now sinking axle deep in dust or mud, followed the wagons and cannon. So great were the difficulties of the road that the army crawled along at the rate of scarcely three miles a day, and so narrow was the path that the line of march was over four miles in

length. But with doggedness they toiled on; the red coats of the soldiers and the white-covered wagons lighting up the dark forest; the sound of trumpet-calls and the clash of arms awakening the silence.

On this slow and painful march many of the men fell ill. So Braddock resolved to divide his army. Leaving the heaviest baggage, the sick men and some of his soldiers behind, under another officer called Dunbar, he pressed on with about twelve hundred men. But even thus lightened the march was not very fast, and the colonists were disgusted to find that their ideas of what a rough road meant, and those of the British, were quite different. The British, they said, "halted to level every molehill and build bridges over every brook."

News of the march soon reached the French at Fort Duquesne. And when they heard how great the numbers were, they were much afraid, and almost decided to leave the fort and march away before the British arrived. But a brave officer named Beaujeu, said, "No, let us rather gather some of the Indians and go out to meet them." Then council fires were lit, and Beaujeu, dressed like an Indian brave, flung the war-hatchet down and talked to the Red Men until they were athirst for blood and ready to join the fight. So the war-dance was danced. Then daubed with paint and decked with feathers, six hundred red warriors and two hundred and fifty Frenchmen marched out to meet the British. They were led by Beaujeu, who looked almost like an Indian, wearing a fringed shirt as they did, under his steel breastplate.

The summer sun was shining, the sky was blue and clear, as the British force wound slowly across the river Monongahela. The men were in good spirits, for their journey was nearly at

an end, Fort Duquesne being only nine miles off. Of victory they had no doubt, so to the sound of drum and trumpet they marched gaily along. Then suddenly, from the dark and silent forest, dashed a crowd of Indian warriors, uttering piercing, hideous war cries. At the same moment a hail of bullets mowed down the British soldiers. Quickly they returned the fire, and shouting, "God save the King," they rushed at the foe.

But the Indians scattered through the forest. Hiding behind trees and bushes they shot in safety at the British, whose red coats made them an easy mark. Gallantly the British fought. But it was like fighting against puffs of smoke. They could not see the foe; they were guided only by the smoke; their bullets tore through the bushes and were buried in the tree trunks, doing little harm, while from every side death rained upon the red-coats.

The British were unused to this savage warfare. Had they scattered like the Indians, and fired from behind shelter as they did, there might have been some hope. The American colonists, who were with the army under George Washington, knowing the ways of the Indians, fought them in their own manner. But to Braddock, that seemed unsoldierly and cowardly. If his men tried to scatter, he drove them together again, so they stood a brilliant target in the sunshine to be mown down by the murderous fire of savages.

Braddock himself fought and shouted like a madman. Horse after horse was shot under him, and at last he fell, sorely wounded.

For two hours or more the slaughter lasted. Then the troops could stand no more. They fled, leaving more than half their number dead or dying upon the field. All night they fled, pursued

by the savage foe. Day came, still on they fled until they reached Dunbar's camp. Even here their panic did not cease. Dunbar and his men were seized with terror too. But it was not possible to flee with such baggage as they had. So stores were destroyed, barrels of gunpowder were thrown into the river, wagons were burned, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. Then the whole army marched back the way it had come. The rout was complete.

But meanwhile, swept along with the fleeing host, Braddock was dying. His life was ending in the darkness of defeat and disaster. Gloomy and silent he lay in his litter. "Who would have thought it?" was all he said. Then, as if with some returning hope, he murmured: "We shall know better how to do it another time." Then he died. For him, there was to be no "other time."

The story of the first years of the great struggle in America is a story of mistakes, defeat, disaster, ill-luck, and bad management. "I dread to hear from America," wrote Pitt the great Commoner. "We are undone both at home and abroad. We are no longer a nation," sighed another gloomily. These were dark and perilous days for Britain and her colonies. There was war, there was disaster abroad; there was discord at home.

Then Pitt came into power. He was very certain of himself. "I am sure that I can save the country," he said, "and that no one else can." Then he set himself to the task.

Pitt cared not one jot whether people had great names or fine friends. He looked only for men—men fit for the work to which they were sent. So he recalled the blunderers, and sent in their places men whom he could trust.

Soon the tide began to turn. Soon, in place of news of disaster and defeat,

came news of victory. Louisburg, the strongest fortress possessed by the French, fell. Frontenac was taken, so was Fort Duquesne, and the memory of Braddock's defeat was wiped out. The name of the fort was changed to Pittsburgh in honor of the great statesman.

But while the outposts of Canada were falling, while British officers were drinking to "British colors on every French fort, port, and garrison, in America," Quebec, perched high upon its frowning rock, guarded the St. Lawrence. It was the key of Canada. So with eight thousand men at his back, Major-General Wolfe was sent to take it.

Up the St. Lawrence sailed the British warships making their way safely through the rocks and sandbanks of the treacherous passage, passing where the French would hardly have dared risk small merchant vessels. "Ay, ay, my dear," laughed one brave old salt, "I'll convince you that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman dare not show his nose."

Wolfe made his camp upon the Island of Orleans, just below Quebec, and the siege began. But the days and weeks went past, and in spite of all that he could do, Quebec seemed no nearer being taken. The country round about was a desert. The houses of Quebec were shattered and ruined by the British guns, but safe within the walls the brave and wary French general, Montcalm, waited and watched. He waited the coming of winter, when the mighty St. Lawrence would be one frozen mass. For before then, he knew that the British ships must sail away or be crushed like matchwood.

"You may ruin the town," said one Frenchman, "but you will never get inside."

"I will have Quebec if I stay here till the end of November," replied Wolfe.

Day by day the British army was weakened by disease and death. Wolfe, himself, who had never been strong, became so ill that he could no longer go among his soldiers cheering them with brave words and smiles. He lay in bed, helpless and in pain, downcast, and almost in despair.

But as he lay there he resolved to make one more effort to gain the town. Up the steep cliffs there led a little pathway, so narrow that only one man could go at a time, so dangerous that it was but carelessly watched. Up this pathway Wolfe determined to lead his men. It was a plan daring almost to madness. Had it failed, it would have been called madness. It did not fail.

When Wolfe had once made up his mind, no danger made him afraid. Soon his plans were ready. Yet he had little hope of success. Before he made the attempt he wrote home to Pitt a letter showing how sad he was, "despairing as much as heroes can despair," it was said of him.

The night chosen for the adventure was dark and clear. There was no moon, but thousands of stars glittered and twinkled, as silently Wolfe's men stepped into the boats, and were carried across to the point where they were to land.

No one spoke, the gentle dip of muffled oars was the only sound. Wolfe, pale and thin, feeble of body, but eager of spirit, sat among his officers. As the boats moved slowly along, he repeated softly a poem called "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had been written not long before by the poet Gray. "Gentlemen," said Wolfe, as he finished, "I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec."

Slowly the boats drifted on through the silent darkness. Suddenly a voice rang out through the night. "Who goes there?" cried a French sentry from the shore.

"France," replied a Highland officer, who was in one of the first boats and who could speak French well.

"What regiment?" asked the sentinel.

"The Queen's," replied the officer. Fortunately he knew that the French were expecting some boats with food to come down the river, and that "The Queen's" regiment would be guarding them.

The sentinel was satisfied. "Pass," he said, and the boats passed on with their loads of anxious, eager men.

But the danger was not over. Again they were challenged. Again the Highland officer replied. He spoke softly, fearing to speak too clearly lest his accent should betray him. But the sentinel was suspicious. "Why don't you speak louder?" he asked.

"Hush!" said the Highlander, "we are boats with food. Don't make any noise, the British will hear us."

Once more the sentinel was deceived, and in safety the boats at length reached the landing-place.

Wolfe was among the first to spring to shore. Quickly the men followed. For a moment their leader stood looking up at the rugged, frowning cliff which rose two hundred feet sheer above him. It was far more steep than even he had thought. "You can try it," he said calmly to an officer near him, "but I don't think you will get up."

Not get up! With such a leader! The climb began. Hot and panting, clinging to roots of trees, branches, bushes, the men went on.

As they neared the top, the rustling of the bushes caught the ear of the

sentinel above. "Who goes there?"

"France," replied the same Highland officer who had already saved the boats from discovery.

But this time the sentinel was not deceived. A few shots were fired at random into the darkness. It was too late. The first man had gained the top. In a few minutes Highlanders swarmed over the edge of the cliff. The French guard was overpowered and silenced, and when the sun rose it shone upon four thousand redcoats drawn up in battle array upon the Heights of Abraham, as the place was called.

Breathless, panic-stricken messengers hurried with the news to the brave French commander. With white set face, and eyes hard and fixed, Montcalm looked across the plain to where the silent army stood. The long red line showed clear against the dark wood and heavy sky, and where the sun broke through the clouds it caught the glitter of steel.

"We must crush them," said Montcalm.

Not till ten o'clock did the battle begin. Then Montcalm's men advanced. Indians terrible in war-paint and scalps, gay French soldiers, daring reckless Canadians, on they came. In quivering silence the British awaited them. Then the order to charge was given. The air was rent with British cheers, and the defiant scream of the bagpipes mingled with the Indian war-cry.

The fight was short and deadly. Everywhere amid the havoc strode Wolfe, pale and calm. A shot struck him in the wrist. Hastily wrapping his handkerchief round it, he went on. Again he was struck. Still he kept on. A third shot sent him staggering to the ground.

Quickly his officers carried him out of the fight. "It is all over with me,"

he said, as they laid him gently down.

Suddenly one of the officers who stood beside him cried out, "They run! they run!"

"Who run?" asked Wolfe, raising himself.

"The enemy, sir," replied the officer, "they give way everywhere."

"Now, God be praised!" cried Wolfe, "I die in peace!" Then he turned on his side and spoke no more.

Carried along by the rush of fleeing soldiers, Montcalm, sorely wounded, was borne back to Quebec. Streaming with blood, reeling in pain, he still sat upon his horse, and so was hurried within the gate. There all was terror and confusion. "Alas! alas!" cried a woman in the crowd, as she saw the general's stricken face and blood-stained coat, "Alas! alas! the Marquess is killed!"

"It is nothing, it is nothing," he replied. "Do not trouble about me, my good friends." But even as he spoke he fell from his horse.

Montcalm too, like his gallant foe, was dying. "So much the better for me," he sighed; "I shall not live to see Quebec surrender." So he died, and with him died the hope of France in America.

Montcalm was buried in a convent within the walls of Quebec in a coffin hastily made, in a grave more hastily

dug. Years later a British governor placed a marble slab over the spot. Upon it were the words, "Honor to Montcalm Fate robbing him of victory gave him a glorious death."

When the great news of the taking of Quebec reached England there was much rejoicing. But it was a sort of mournful triumph, and although bonfires blazed and bells rang, hearts were sad for the loss of the brave young leader.

In one village there was no rejoicing. No bonfire was lit, no bell was rung, no cheer was heard in the street, for there in a darkened house, a widowed mother mourned her boy. And the villagers, who had known and loved him too, felt her loss greater than a nation's triumph.

Upon the heights of Abraham there stands a monument. It was placed there in memory of the heroes of the siege of Quebec. Upon the one side is carved "Montcalm," upon the other, "Wolfe."

After the taking of Quebec the war dragged on for another year. Then Montreal fell, and on September, 8th 1760, the Marquess of Vaudreuil, the French Governor, gave up Canada to the British. In 1763, the Peace of Paris was signed, and by it, all Canada, and all the land east of the Mississippi, became British Possessions.

Painted by Alonzo Chappel

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE

FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. CHAPPEL

GENERAL WOLFE'S remarkable merit soon attracted the eye of Pitt, who, overleaping the ordinary rules of the service, made him a brigadier-general. His natural character displayed a union of qualities but seldom united; delicate in frame, excitable in temperament, refined in tastes, and with a love of domestic enjoyments, he was no less daring, energetic, and desirous of obtaining distinction in the service of his country. He was himself sensible of the weakness of his constitution, and seemed to have determined to crowd into a few years, actions that would have adorned length of life.

The body of Wolfe was conveyed for sepulture to England, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. A small pillar marks the spot where he fell, on the plains of Abraham; and a pyramid since raised upon the heights of the city, simply bearing the names of "WOLFE" and "MONTCALM," is destined to perpetuate the common memory of these gallant chiefs, and of the memorable battle in which they gloriously fell.

FOUNDATIONS OF THE REPUBLIC

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR—1775-1783

"IT IS the French and Indian War that has brought about this rebellion of the American colonists against George the Third," said the French statesmen, when the Revolution began.

"I have always feared that a rebellion would be the result of the French and Indian War," said the great William Pitt of England.

"We learned our lessons in the French and Indian War," said the American colonists.

Now what do you suppose these people meant? How did the French and Indian War bring about the Revolution? Why did William Pitt fear this result? What were the lessons that the American colonists believed they had learned from it?

In the first place, the French and Indian War taught the people of the different colonies to unite their forces. They were compelled then to stop quarreling and begin to work side by side. It was natural that they should feel more kindly toward one another after that.

Then again, when the French were driven out of the country that lay beyond the Alleghanies, the English-speaking colonists began to go over there. They found it a rich and wonderful country; trade increased, and the colonists began to grow rich.

"We do not now need to go to the Indies for everything," the Europeans began to say. "We can get many things from the American colonies, and America is a fine market for our goods."

The American colonists themselves now said, "See how important we are growing! We shall soon have trade with all Europe. Look at the European ships that come into our harbors!"

But the most far-reaching result of the war was this: As the French were driven from the continent, and the Spanish gave up their claims, the colonists grew to have less need of England's protection. They began to feel like real "grown-up" people. As they could take care of themselves, they turned less to England.

This, then, was what the French meant when they said, "We told you so." It was what the English meant when they said, "We were afraid this might happen." And it was what the colonists meant when they said, "We learned our lesson in the French and Indian War."

At the end of the French and Indian War, a new king came to the English throne; and this new king—George III—proved to be the wrong kind of king for England to have just at this time. It was the time when the liberty spirit was rising anew everywhere. Old ideas were being outgrown. New ideas were coming in. In times past all the people in Europe had thought that certain forms of government were right. They had thought so for centuries and centuries; but before the middle of the seventeenth century people began to say, "It is time we had more liberty! It is time we had more freedom!" Roger Williams, you remember, was one of these people.

But George III was old fashioned. He didn't believe in changes, and he declared that the old ways of thinking were good enough. "We will have none of this new-fashioned nonsense in England," he said.

So he set to work to govern England and the colonies according to his own narrow, old-fashioned ideas. Indeed, so great a tyrant did he become that

even the people in England said, when the American Revolution was over, "George Washington has done as much for freedom in England as in the colonies. He has helped to free us, one and all, from a tyrant."

One of the first things George III had to think about when he became king was the great debt that England had on her shoulders.

"Why are we burdened with such a debt as this?" the king demanded.

"The French and Indian War has caused this debt," was the answer his council made.

"But the debt must be paid."

"That is very true, your Majesty."

"And is there money in the treasury?"

"Not enough, by any means."

"Then taxes must be increased. The money must be raised. Duties must be put on the goods that come into the country from abroad. In some way—in any way—the money must be raised."

"You speak wisely, sir," the council said.

"But the American colonies must help," the king went on. "This French and Indian War was to protect them. It is but fair that they should help. Then, too, see how rich they are growing."

"We are willing to help," said the colonies.

"Isn't there an old Navigation Act?" the king asked. "A Navigation Act which says the colonies shall trade with no country but England?"

"There is such a law," said the council. "But it was never carried out; it was unwise and unfair."

"But would it not bring money to England if we should carry it out?"

"Yes, it would bring money to England."

"Then that is all we need to know. Money is what we must have. Let

the law be brought before us," said the king.

So the old law was looked up and brought before the council. And this is what it said: "*Only English ships shall carry goods to the American colonies. The colonies shall send goods only to England.*"

"But we have now a large trade with the countries of Europe," said the colonies. "Surely, you would not spoil that trade!"

"England must have money," was all that George III would say. "If the Navigation Act is well carried out it will bring it to us; for we can then ask what price we will for the goods that we send to the colonies; and we can put what duties we will on the goods that the colonies bring to us."

"This is a foolish law, as well as an unjust one," said the colonies. "To ruin America's trade is not an honest way to bring money into England."

The wisest men in England and in all Europe thought so, too. But King George and his advisers could not or would not listen.

By and by the English merchants complained to the king. "The colonies are ruining our manufactures!" they said. "They are making the same things that we make. There is no market for such a quantity of goods."

"England must be protected first of all," said George III. So another law was sent over to the colonies. And this law said, "No woolen goods . . . yarn, cloth, and no made goods shall be loaded upon any cart or carriage or vessel to be taken out of the colony where they have been made."

Now this was a hard law. It might as well have said there should be no woolen goods made in the colonies; for of course if the maker could not send them anywhere, he might as well not make them.

"This will ruin us," said the colonies.

"We are sorry," said George III; "but our own merchants must be protected."

"Doesn't England see that she is making trouble for herself?" said France. "Does she think that the colonies will stand such treatment?" Then the French statesmen laughed to think of the trouble that was surely ahead for their old enemy England.

However, we must not think the English people were as foolish as the king. No, indeed! We must remember that, during the whole war, we had strong friends in England. If there had not been an unwise king on the throne just at this time, very likely there would have been no war at all. But in those days a king had great power. What he said had to be obeyed, and the people who were friendly to us could not do very much to help us.

THE STAMPACT

George III now made preparations for carrying out these laws. He put agents in all the colonial ports; he sent cruisers out upon the seas; he put agents in his own ports in England. And these agents were to watch and see that no smuggling went on.

By and by it was discovered that these agents and the cruisers were costing a great deal of money. Moreover, the money was not coming in from the colonies as the king had supposed it would.

"Something is wrong," said the council. Then they sat down and reckoned up the year's work.

This was what they learned: they had paid out seven thousand pounds to keep watch on the American ports and to patrol the seas, but the colonies had paid in only about two thousand pounds.

By and by the English hat-makers began to complain to King George. "We pray you, sir, to stop the hat-making in the colonies," they said. "There is no market for both English and colonial hats."

So again word was sent over to the colonies. "We are very sorry," said George III, "but our own hat-makers must be protected. If there is not a market for you both, then the colonies must stop making hats."

"This is not taxation," said the colonies. "This is tyranny. We will not endure it!"

"You are slaves if you do," said France.

"We are bringing sorrow upon ourselves," said the wise statesmen of England.

"But we must raise money to pay the French and Indian War debts!" said George III; and to him and his advisers these laws seemed well enough.

"These laws are failures," said the statesmen.

"They deserve to be," said some of the English people.

"We told you that they would be," said others.

"But why are we receiving so little revenue from the colonies?" asked George III. "The American ports have a great commerce. There should be ten times two thousand pounds revenue coming from them."

"The colonists are smuggling, sir," answered the council.

"Smuggling!" cried George III. "How dare these colonists disobey the laws of England? Enforce the writs of Assistance. Put an officer into every port. Bid him carry out these laws, or pay the penalty!"

So the writs of assistance, as these warrants giving authority to officers

to search houses for smuggled goods were called, were put into action. Moreover, the officers themselves were threatened with fines, prison, even death, if they dared to neglect their duty.

Now these writs of assistance were hard upon the colonists. They were hard upon the officers, too; for many of the officers knew that the king was wrong. Therefore they had often pretended not to see the smuggling that went on right under their eyes.

Among the colonists there was great excitement when they learned what the king had done. "This is another act of tyranny!" they said. So meetings were called, and fiery speeches were made.

"These writs," said James Otis of Boston, "are the laws a tyrant has made. A man's home ought to be his castle. So long as he is a good citizen, he ought to be protected in his home. These writs destroy all this. A man's home is no longer his castle. At any time officers may break in and search it."

But though these writs were now better enforced, revenue did not pour into the treasury of King George. The smuggling went on, but not so freely.

"Some new way must be thought of," said George Grenville, England's prime minister. And Grenville was an honest man—a man who meant to deal wisely and fairly with the colonies.

One day Grenville called the colonial agents together, and said, "I think I see a way to raise money from the colonies—a way which will succeed and which will not make the colonists angry."

Then he set forth this plan: "England shall stamp paper. This shall be sent to the colonies, and the colonists shall buy it. They shall use it in all

business. For example, if one man sells a piece of land to another, the deed shall be written on the stamped paper. The money thus paid by the colonists for this stamped paper shall be the colonial tax, and all other taxes shall be removed from the American colonies."

Our colonial agents thought this over for a long time. Something must be done—that was sure. Moreover, the colonists had said that they were willing to pay their part of the tax if it could be done in any just way.

Now one of our colonial agents in London at this time was Benjamin Franklin. There was also Arthur Lee, another good friend of the colonists, who at this very time was writing a book telling how unjust the king had been to his colonial subjects. Still both these men thought the Grenville stamp plan a good one.

So one day in the English Parliament Grenville explained his plan of a stamp tax; and it was agreed that at the end of a year, unless in the meantime some one could think of a better plan, there should be a stamp act passed.

Then our colonial agents wrote letters to their colonies, and each agent asked the governor of his colony to write him what he thought about a stamp act. Only four governors, however, took the trouble to answer.

Then the colonial agents and Grenville talked together again. "Have you thought of any better plan?" Grenville asked. And the colonial agents said, "No."

Now it happened that at the time that Grenville explained his Stamp Act to the Parliament, certain other laws for the colonies were threatened. Unfortunately the news of these other laws, and the news of the Stamp Act, reached the colonies at the same time.

These other laws were hard laws. They were as unfair as those that you

have read about; and when the colonists heard of them, they were furious.

"Have we not suffered enough from unfair laws?" they cried. "What right has the English king to treat us like slaves?"

The newspapers of the colonies were filled with protests. Four leading men wrote fiery pamphlets against English tyranny. Public meetings were held, and the people said that they would never allow such laws to be made.

But all this time nothing was said about the Stamp Act. Perhaps the other laws were so unjust that no one could think of anything else at that time. At any rate, the year passed by, and again Grenville called the colonial agents together. "Do you still think the Stamp Act will be a good plan?" he asked.

"We hear no objection to it from the colonies," said our colonial agents.

So the Stamp Act was passed and became a law. England began to stamp the paper, and stamp agents were chosen to sell it to the colonists.

"It will be well to choose the agents from the colonists themselves," said Grenville. "They will like their own people better than strangers." For Grenville tried to be fair and honest.

But all this time the spirit of liberty was growing very rapidly, not only in the colonies but also in England. These liberty-loving people were called Whigs; while the people who, like George III, still believed in the old-time ideas, were called Tories.

Now some of the Whigs in the colonies were beginning to say, "Why should we be taxed at all?"

"Because England is paying for our wars," said others. "We ought to be willing to pay our part of the tax if she is fair to us."

"Because it has always been the right of the mother country to tax her

colonies," said others. "And because the English flag would still protect us if any European country should try to make war upon us."

These were honest answers, but the more the Whigs in America thought about it, the more they questioned, "Why should we be taxed at all?"

"It is against the very laws of England herself," they said.

"And why is it against the laws of England?" asked the Tories.

"Is there not a law in England that no English people shall be taxed unless they have representatives in Parliament?" said some of the Whigs. "Away back in the days of King John—did not people rise up against *taxation without representation*? Did they not say that *taxation without representation is tyranny*?"

"To be sure they did! Why have we not thought of this before?" other Whigs said.

"How these colonial Whigs talk!" said the Tories in England. "They should be put in prison. They are traitors to the king."

"The colonial Whigs are right," said the Whigs in England. "They are not traitors."

Then colonial newspapers began to take up the new-old cry: "No Taxation without Representation! No Taxation without Representation!" And they printed headlines in big black letters, just as papers do today.

Whenever there was a public meeting, the people shouted, "No Taxation without Representation! No Taxation without Representation!" till by and by all the Whigs in the land made it their war-cry.

Then clubs began to be formed in the colonies and the men who belonged to these clubs named themselves "Sons of Liberty."

These Sons of Liberty held public meetings and they held secret meet-

ings. They made speeches, they marched in torchlight processions, and in all these they shouted: "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny! Taxation without Representation is Tyranny!"

In their processions they carried banners on which were all kinds of liberty sayings. "No Taxation without Representation!" was, of course, one of them. Another was: "Liberty is dead! Liberty is not dead! Liberty is dead! Liberty is not dead!"

Sometimes, as the Sons of Liberty marched along the streets, one would wail: "Liberty is dead!"

Then others would shout, "Liberty is *not* dead! Liberty is *not* dead!" And the crowds that followed along beside the processions would cry, "Liberty lives! Liberty lives!"

In one town the Sons of Liberty marched up and down the streets with a doleful, black-draped coffin; and on the coffin was a card saying, "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead!"

On through the streets, up to the burial-ground, this dismal procession marched. And all the way the coffin-bearers moaned and wailed: "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead!"

In the burial-ground they dug a grave and let the coffin down into it. They even raised their spades to throw in the earth. But just then the leaders of the procession pulled the coffin up, and shouted: "Who said Liberty is dead? Liberty is not dead! Liberty lives!"

Then the coffin was lifted upon the shoulders of the very tallest Sons, and away they marched, back into the town, shouting: "Liberty lives! Liberty lives! Liberty lives!"

All this was great sport. But when the time came the Sons of Liberty did something more than play.

The Stamp Act must be attacked first of all. "We have no represent-

atives in the English Parliament. Therefore we will not be taxed," they said; "for taxation without representation is tyranny."

"Why not let the colonies have representatives in our Parliament?" asked the Whigs in England.

"Whoever heard of colonies having representatives in the English Parliament?" cried the Tories.

"Colonies never had representatives," said George III.

"But times are changing," said the Whigs.

"The laws of England shall not change," said the king. "We will have none of this nonsense in England."

But meantime what were the Sons of Liberty doing about the Stamp Act? "That act must be made to fail," they said, "for when it fails, it will be repealed."

"But how do you propose to make it fail?" sneered the Tories.

"First," answered the Sons, "when we find out who the stamp agents are, they shall resign. Second, we shall seize upon the stamped papers and burn them. In the third place, the people shall not be allowed to use the stamps, even if they get them."

By and by a vessel came from England bringing a list of the colonists who had been appointed stamp agents.

"Now is our time to begin!" said the Sons of Liberty. And they began. Every agent was waited upon by the Sons of his town, and asked to resign at once. If he did resign, that was well. If he did not resign, he was commanded to resign. If even then he would not resign, he was threatened. Often such an one would find his doors and sidewalks chalked with such words of warning as: "*We give you twenty-four hours to resign! Resign, or we burn your house! Resign, or tar and feathers!*"

By and by Stamp Act riots began. In the first riot an effigy of the Boston stamp agent was found one morning hanging from a tree.

"Who has done this?" asked the people.

"The Sons of Liberty, of course."

Then the people laughed. "It is only boys' fun," they said. "Let us take it down before the stamp agent sees it."

But when they began to take it down, the Sons of Liberty marched in and said, "Let that effigy alone!"

"Take that effigy down!" said the Justice of the Peace, sternly.

"Touch it if you dare!" said the Sons. They lifted their muskets, and the Justice thought it safest to go away. Then the Sons, themselves, took the effigy from the tree; and hoisting it on a pole, they marched down the street. Straight to the town house they marched, shouting like savages of the forest. There, in front of the town house, the Sons beheaded the effigy, kicked it, threw it up in the air, and then burned it in a bonfire.

"So will we serve the stamp agent!" they cried.

"Burn the stamp agent's shop! Burn the stamp agent's shop!" shouted one of the Sons. Away the mob ran, pell-mell, to the stamp agent's shop. In a few minutes the shop was in flames, and the people across the bay looked out and said: "See the blaze! What are the Sons doing now?"

Even this was not enough. "On! On to the stamp agent's house!" they cried. "Kill the stamp agent! Burn his house!" But the stamp agent's friends had given him warning; and before the Sons reached his house, he had fled to a safer place.

When the Sons could not find the stamp agent, they shouted, "On to the home of the Justice!" Then the house of the Justice was broken into; desks

and closets were plundered; papers were destroyed; and bags of money were thrown out into the street.

Morning came at last. The mob broke up; and there was quiet once more in the town of Boston. But in other towns, in other colonies, there were mobs like this; and more than once a stamp agent was cruelly treated.

"Something must be done," said the governor of Boston. In a letter to England he wrote: "We are in danger of our lives. The hatred of the Stamp Act has gone beyond the control of our government. We cannot protect ourselves. Moreover, very few stamps are being used, for no one cares to risk his life."

"Who would have thought that the colonists would take the Stamp Act like this?" said Grenville.

"We did not expect it," said Benjamin Franklin. Still Benjamin Franklin was a good Whig, and he believed with his countrymen that taxation without representation was tyranny.

"They are right to fight taxation without representation," he said. "I am glad they are fighting it. But I did not think they would oppose the Stamp Act like this."

"What is to be done about it?" the English council wondered.

"There is but one thing to do. That is to repeal the Act," said Grenville.

"Never!" thundered the king. "Are we going to give way to those colonies? On what ground, pray, do they rebel at any law England sees fit to make for them?"

"On the ground that taxation without representation is tyranny," said Benjamin Franklin.

"But the colonies have always been taxed," was all King George could say. And to him that was reason enough.

But the liberty spirit was not to be crushed.

A Whig barber found that a Tory was in his chair. "I will play a trick on this Tory," he thought. So he shaved one side of the man's face and drove him from the shop.

"A Tory! A Tory!" he shouted as the man went up the street. In a few minutes a crowd had gathered, and the barber explained. Then the people shouted in great glee and ran after the poor Tory.

"The Tory! The Tory!" they cried; for this was great fun for them.

Glad enough was the Tory when at last he reached his home. "What is the matter?" cried his wife, but he was too angry to answer. It is said that it was never safe, as long as that Tory lived, to mention the Sons of Liberty in his presence.

The Pennsylvania newspaper came out one day with a big black heading with skull and crossbones. In one corner was a stamp, and on the stamp another skull and crossbones. This meant "Good-by to the liberty of the press!"

Down in Virginia was a bold Son of Liberty, Patrick Henry. One day he arose in the legislature and made a speech so full of fire that even his own people were alarmed.

"Be careful," they said.

"Why should we be careful?" Patrick Henry said. And, as far as we know, he never could be made to be careful; for in all the war that followed there was no stronger, bolder patriot than Patrick Henry of Virginia.

The women and the girls were as patriotic as the men and the boys. They, too, formed societies; and they called themselves the Daughters of Liberty. They could not fight the stamp agents; they could not hang effigies; they could not make speeches.

But they could do other things. They could weave cloth and blankets and yarn for the soldiers, in case war should really come; they could meet together for "spinning bees," as they called them.

And the amount of yarn the Daughters could spin in an afternoon made warm stockings and mittens for many a poor soldier when at last the war came on. For long, long months no patriotic family would eat mutton, because people wished to keep the sheep for the wool that grew upon their backs.

Report of all this excitement was carried to England. "How ungrateful these colonies are!" sighed the king.

"To think," said one of the Tories, "that these children of ours—these colonies that have been planted by our care and have been protected by us—to think that now they grudge us money to pay this debt!"

"Planted by our care!" answered an English Whig. "When were they planted by our care? The people were driven to America to escape our persecution in the first place. And when have we taken care of them? They have taken care of themselves. And as for the French and Indian War, was it not as much to protect ourselves as to protect them?"

Then the wise William Pitt spoke. "We are told that the Americans are obstinate. We are told that they rebel against us. We are told that they resist us. I rejoice that they are obstinate. I rejoice that they rebel. I rejoice that they resist us. I rejoice that they are not dead to feelings of liberty, and that they will not submit to us like slaves."

"The Stamp Act should be repealed," Grenville said. "The Stamp Act must be repealed."

THE STAMP ACT REPEALED—1766

"Does Parliament mean to say that it represents us?" asked the patriotic James Otis. "Does it call its taxation fair? The members of Parliament know as little of us as they know of the Pacific savages."

Then Samuel Adams, another patriotic Boston man, offered a resolution to the Massachusetts legislature. "We, the English colonists in America," said the resolution, "believe that we have the same right to be represented that English people in England have. Therefore, since we are not represented in the English Parliament, that Parliament has no right to tax us."

"All those in favor?" said the Speaker of the legislature.

"Ay, ay, ay!" shouted every member.

"Those opposed?"

Not a sound; and this resolution was sent over to the king of England.

Patrick Henry, the fiery young patriot of Virginia, also brought resolutions before the legislature of his colony. "Resolved," said he, "that British freedom does not permit taxation without representation. Therefore the only power that can tax this colony is the Virginia legislature itself."

Massachusetts then sent out a circular letter to the governors of all the colonies, asking them to send delegates to New York City. There the delegates would hold a meeting and draw up more resolutions to send to the king.

The delegates came, but from only nine colonies. The other four had king's governors over them, and these governors would not allow the people to send even one delegate.

How angry the Sons of Liberty who lived in these colonies were! In Georgia, for example, the Liberty boys pleaded and stormed and threatened, but all in vain. The governor would

not be moved. He dared not move. And so the Congress met with delegates from only nine of the thirteen colonies.

But even while this Congress was holding its meeting, an English ship sailed up to the New York wharf, and the ship was loaded with stamped paper.

Then the bells in the city tolled mournfully; the shops were closed; the flags in the harbor fell to half mast. "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead!" moaned the people.

"But Liberty is not dead! Liberty is not dead!" shouted the Sons of Liberty. Down they rushed to the ship, seized the paper, and burned it.

In Rhode Island, when the first stamps came, the people went to the ship at the wharf and seized upon the papers even before the captain had a chance to land them. In Georgia, the king's governor smuggled them in, before the Liberty boys knew of the coming of the ship. But though he succeeded in hiding his stamped papers they did him little good; for he dared not bring them out for use.

"The Liberty boys of Georgia," he wrote to King George, "have no reason in them; they are crazy in their patriotism."

In Maryland, a gibbet was raised in front of the courthouse, and the effigy of the stamp agent hung upon it. "So fares the man that dares use a stamp!" said a big card fastened to the gibbet.

In South Carolina, too, the stamps were rejected, and the liberty flag was run up, crowned with a wreath of laurel. "It is only at the risk of my life that I use these stamps," wrote the stamp agent of South Carolina at this time.

"It is useless to try to push this Stamp Act," said Grenville, when he

knew of these things. "It has been a great mistake from the first. Let the Stamp Act be repealed."

"Never!" insisted George III.

"But it is a failure," said Grenville. "We cannot carry it out; and a law that cannot be carried out ought to be repealed." And though George III, still grumbled, the Act was repealed. "We are fools to give way to these colonies," the king said.

"Another victory for freedom," said the Whigs in Parliament.

"Another piece of foolishness," muttered the Tories.

"Liberty lives! Liberty lives!" shouted the Whigs in the colonies when the news of the repeal reached America.

"This is no time to rejoice," said the Tories in the colonies. "Rather we should be ashamed; for we are guilty of another act of disloyalty to our king."

But the Sons of Liberty, both in England and in America, were not moved by what the Tories said.

Then what rejoicing in America! Again there were public meetings and torchlight processions. Bells were rung, and great feasts were held. There were balls and parties everywhere in honor of this happy day. The Sons of Liberty came dressed in the richest velvets and laces that could be bought. The Daughters of Liberty were there, too. Their ruffs were stiffer than ever, and their powdered hair was piled high upon their heads. For this was a great time in the colonies, and another victory was won for liberty.

"Liberty lives! Liberty lives!" the people shouted. Even the boys in the

street took up the cry; the Sons made speeches; the statesmen argued; and the good ministers preached about it.

When the Sons marched, the people waved flags from their windows as the procession passed. Wagon loads of fair young Daughters draped in liberty flags and banners rode at the head of the procession, and the Sons followed, shouting:—

"Hurrah for Liberty! Three cheers for Freedom! Liberty lives! Down with the tyrant! Up with Liberty! Property, and no stamps!"

In London, too, there was great rejoicing. Bells were rung. Speeches were made—by the Whigs, of course!—and a day was set apart for celebration. We know this to be true; for in the *London Gazette* of March 18, 1776, you will find these lines:

"This day his Majesty came to the House of Parliament and was pleased to give his assent to the Repeal of the Stamp Act.

Immediately, when the king had signed the Royal Assent, the merchants trading with America sent a vessel to put into the first American port with the account of the Repeal. . . . There were . . . great rejoicings in London by all ranks of people. . . . The ships in the rivers displayed all their colors, and there were bonfires in many parts of the city."

"Now," said the merchants, "trade with the colonists will go on again as usual."

"A blow has this day been struck for liberty," said the Whigs.

So for different reasons many of the people in London shared in our rejoicing over the repeal of the Stamp Act.



Copyrighted by Boston Sculpture Co. **BOSTON TEA PARTY**



Copyrighted by Boston Sculpture Co. **PAUL REVERE'S RIDE**

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE



RELIEF, after the painting in the State House, Boston, commemorating the famous ride of Paul Revere, who, on the night of April 18, 1775, awakened the farmers with the cry, "The British are coming!"

BOSTON TEA PARTY



THIS relief is from the painting in the State House, Boston. The event occurred December 16, 1773, after England had levied an unjust tax upon tea. Rather than allow the tea to be landed, colonists disguised as Indians rowed out to the tea-laden vessels and threw their cargoes into the harbor.

THE TEA TAX — 1776

"But this debt! this debt!" said George III. "Tyranny or no tyranny, the debt must be paid."

For a long time Parliament talked and planned and wondered. Money must be raised; in this George III was right. But how could it be done? What form of taxation would the colonists accept if they would not accept the mild Stamp Act?

"We must be careful what we do," said the council. "We cannot make and repeal laws too often."

At last Charles Townshend, who was now acting as prime minister, said, "I have some laws to offer."

And he offered his laws—most foolish laws! We wonder that he dared to think that they would succeed. But he was at his wit's end. Something must be done. The king demanded it, and the prime minister did the best he could.

"The colonists will rebel at those laws," said the Whigs, as soon as they were read.

"Perhaps not," said some of the Tories.

"We fear they will," said some of the wiser Tories; "but we can try to force them through."

So the Townshend acts were passed, and this is what they said:—

1. That New York shall pass no more laws until she has promised beds, candles, fire, vinegar, and salt for the British troops.

2. That a board of commissioners shall be sent to Boston to see that the trade laws are carried out.

3. That a tax shall be laid on glass, red and white lead, paint, paper, and tea.

"These taxes are very light," said Townshend. "It is possible the colonists will not refuse them."

"It isn't the *amount* of taxation that the colonists are fighting against," said

the Whigs. "It is taxation without representation." But Townshend was pressed by the king, and it was the best that he could do.

Of course when the colonists heard of these new laws, they at once rose in rebellion. "Taxation without representation! Taxation without representation!" they shouted. "We will pay no taxes without representation!"

Then the colonial merchants banded together. "We will buy none of these taxed articles," they said. "Not one of them shall enter our ports."

And once, when a Tory merchant tried to sell some of these taxed goods, the Sons of Liberty boycotted him, and hung a sign upon his shop door.

"Take down that sign!" roared William Jackson.

"Take it down if you dare!" said the Sons, coolly. And they stood guard over it till it had done its work.

"Can you not see," said the Whigs in Parliament, "that the only way to settle this matter is to give the colonists a form of representative government?"

"Such a thing was never heard of," said George III.

"Is that any reason it never should be heard of?" answered the Whigs. But, as we already know, the trouble with poor old George III was that he could not bear to see things change.

Meantime Massachusetts had sent out another circular letter. Another Congress was held, and more resolutions were sent to the king.

"Take back those resolutions!" was the answer King George made. "Take back those resolutions and make an apology to the king of England!"

"Never!" said the Whig colonists.

"Let us take the tax from some of these goods," said the council, by and by. So one by one the taxes were taken off, till at last only one was left,—the tax on tea.

Still the colonists were not satisfied. "You can see," said the English Tories, "that it makes no difference how much we try to please these colonies. Nothing satisfies them."

"You can see," answered the English Whigs, "that whatever you do, the colonies will not yield till you give them honest representation."

"We may as well take off that tax on tea," said some one at last. "It brings no revenue that is worth while for the colonists have pledged themselves to use no tea."

"That may be," said George III. "But do you think we will let these colonies defeat us like this? I shall keep this tea tax just to show them that George III still reigns."

So the tax on tea was not taken off, and at last the Boston Sons of Liberty

broke out again in open rebellion, attacked the homes of the king's commissioners, and drove them from the city.

Then Massachusetts sent more resolutions to the king. Carolina, too, rose in rebellion; but Carolina's royal governor drove the rioters over the mountains into Tennessee.

"These colonies have gone far enough now," said King George; so he sent an army to Boston to keep peace.

"If the colonists will not listen to reason," he said, "they shall be forced by the bayonet."

And now the poor old king was sure that the whole matter was settled. "If we had been wise," said he, "we should have done this in the first place."

COLONIAL TEA-PARTIES — 1773 - 1775

"But something must be done about the tea," complained the London tea merchants. "We have 700,000 pounds in our storehouses, and there is no market for it. The colonists will not buy it of us, although we sell it to them cheaper than Holland can sell it."

The merchants in the countries where tea grows began to complain. "You are buying very little tea from us," they said to the London merchants.

"How can we," answered the London merchants, "when the colonies do not buy from us?"

Then the king tried to come to the rescue. "We will remove all tax on the tea that comes from the tea countries; then you can sell it very much cheaper than Holland can, even with the colonial tax still upon it; then it must be that the colonists will buy it."

"How blind the king is!" said the Whigs in England. "Does he not see

that it is principle, not money, for which America is fighting?"

So again the London merchants began to send their ships, loaded with tea, across to the colonies.

But alas for their hopes! At Charleston, although the tea was landed and stored away in storehouses, not a merchant would buy it.

From Philadelphia and New York barges were sent out to meet the incoming tea ships, to forbid them even to enter the harbor.

At Boston the tea ships came up to the wharves, but the people would not allow the tea to be landed.

"I am ordered to land this tea," said one English captain, pluckier than the others; "and I am going to land it."

"We shall see!" said the Sons of Liberty.

That very evening a great town-meeting was held. Seven thousand Boston people crowded into the hall

to hear Samuel Adams's speech against the recent acts of Parliament.

As Adams closed, he said, "This meeting has now done all it can for the liberty of the colonies." And as he said these words, a great shout was heard outside. It was the signal for the Sons of Liberty.

"*Hi! Hi! Hi!*" and the men in the doorway took up the cry, "*Hi! Hi! Hi!*"

What could it be? Had the Indians broken in upon the town of Boston? It sounded like it; and the startled people rushed out into the streets.

"*Hi! Hi! Hi!*" Down came a band of war-painted, befeathered Indians, yelling and whooping like the savages of old. They had tomahawks in their hands, and their trails of feathers floated far out behind. Old King Philip himself could not have looked more terrible in all his savage glory.

On, on, the Indians ran down to the wharf, where the English ship lay as calm and quiet as the moon above. "*Hi! Hi! Hi!*" howled the Indians once more. Then over the side of the ship they rushed, and down into the hold of the vessel.

"*Bump! Bump! Bump! Hi! Hi! Hi! Bump! Bump! Bump!*" And up came the Indians again, each one pushing a great chest of tea before him. Then, "*Splash! Splash! Splash!*" And over went the chests into the sea. But by this time the people on the wharf began to understand. Then how they laughed and shouted! The Indians kept on with their work till not one tea chest was left in the hold of the big English vessel.

Then the Indians leaped out upon the wharf and wiped the paint from their dripping faces. They flourished their tomahawks, and waved their strings of feathers, shouting: "Down with tyranny! No taxation without rep-

resentation!" And the people on the wharf took up the cry.

"What are these Sons of Liberty doing now?" the old people in the town wondered.

"You will have to pay for this, young men!" growled one commissioner who had stuck his night-capped head out of his window, to learn what the noise was about.

"All right, sir!" the Sons shouted back to him. "Come down and let us pay for it now!"

But the commissioner was willing to let the account stand. So he slammed his window down and went back to bed. "The rebels!" he growled.

"How dare they defy the laws of England!" cried George III. "How dare they! They shall pay for this! Boston shall be punished."

So, to punish Boston, the Boston Port Bill was passed; and the bill said that no ships were to go in or come out of Boston harbor. Moreover, the custom house was to be moved to Salem.

"But we will not have it here," said brave little Salem.

"What! Not have the custom house? Not take the chance to make your town wealthy? Not take the chance to make your town the center of trade?" cried the commissioners and the Tories.

"Never!" declared the Salem Whigs and the Sons of Liberty; "if to have wealth means that we must give up our freedom."

"Boston shall have the free use of our port," said brave little Marblehead. "It shall bring its goods to our port and ship them from here."

But the Port Bill was not the only law that King George had Parliament make to punish Boston. He put a military governor over Boston; he made Boston the headquarters of the British troops; he forbade the Boston people to hold any public meetings

without permission from the commissioners; and he took away a great deal of Massachusetts territory and gave it to Quebec.

Then the Massachusetts people were angry indeed. "Shall we submit to this like slaves?" they asked.

"Never!" said Virginia; and the Virginia governor set aside a day of fasting and prayer for his colony.

"Let us hold another Congress," said the colonies. So another Congress was held at Philadelphia; and this time all the colonies but one sent delegates. Never was a Congress so busy! It sent letters to the people of all the colonies, to the people of England, to Canada, and to the king.

Besides this, the delegates made a *Declaration of Rights*. When they adjourned, the Speaker said, "Let us adjourn until May 10. Then we will meet to act on the answer the king shall have sent to our letter." For the delegates were in earnest now, and were ready to stand side by side, whatever, came.

"Another act of disloyalty to the king!" said the Tories in the colonies.

"Another blow struck for freedom!" said the Whigs in the colonies.

"A Revolution just so much nearer!" said the Whigs in England. "And all because we will not allow the colonies to have a representative government."

"Hurrah for the colonies! Hurrah for the colonies!" said the statesmen of France; for France knew that England's punishment was close at hand.

The Boston tea-party was not the only one; for there were from time to time many other tea-parties in the colonies. In Providence there was a bonfire of tea in Market Square, and in good, loyal-hearted Maryland there was a tea-party which came about in this way.

Anthony Stewart, a wealthy Maryland shipowner, was as good a Whig

as any colonist ever was, but he felt that the Sons of Liberty went a little too far when they tried to force every one else to do as they thought right.

"I am ready to fight and die for liberty and for my country," Anthony Stewart used to say; "but no one has any right to tell me what I shall do and what I shall not do."

One day this man's ship came into the harbor loaded with tea from England.

"You must throw that tea overboard," said the Sons of Liberty.

"I will not," said Anthony Stewart.

"But we must stand together," said Matthias Hammond, one of Maryland's most earnest Sons.

"Very true; but you have no right to order me to throw my tea overboard," said Stewart.

Then he hurried away to his home. "The ship is in," he said to his wife; "and it has brought you the finest silk gown in all the colony."

But Mistress Stewart seemed troubled. "What about the tea, Anthony?" she said. "You will not allow it to be landed, will you?"

"I should like to know why not?" said Stewart.

"But there will be the tax to pay on it."

"I intend to pay the tax on it," said Stewart, stiffly.

By this time Hammond had aroused all the Sons of Liberty in the town. "Stewart's ship is in! Stewart's ship is in!" he cried. "And he says he will pay the tax and land the tea!"

"But he shall not!" the Sons declared. "We will see that he does not!"

"But he says it is his right."

"It may be his right; but he shall not do it."

Then Hammond and the other Sons of Liberty marched down to the house of the tea merchant.

"Down with the Tories! Down with the Tories!" they shouted.

Anthony Stewart and his wife were in the library. "What is that noise?" asked Mistress Stewart.

"It is those crazy Sons of Liberty," growled Anthony Stewart. "The cowards! Do they think they are going to force me to obey them?"

"Down with the Tories! Down with the Tories!" The noise was coming nearer and nearer. The Sons were marching straight in through the gateway.

"But we are not Tories," said Mistress Stewart. "Why do they shout like that at our gateway?"

"It is that tea ship," growled Stewart. "It is a pity a man can't do what he will with his own."

"Anthony Stewart! Anthony Stewart!" the mob shouted. "Come to the door! Come to the door!"

"Yes, I will come to the door," said Stewart, and he threw the door wide open. "How dare you come to my home like this?" he cried. "How dare you? Do you think I am to be frightened by you?"

Then one of the Sons came forward with a paper in his hand.

"I know what this paper is. It is the work of that crazy fool, Matthias Hammond. Do you want my answer This, then, is my answer!" And Stewart tore the paper into shreds.

Then the Sons set up another shout. "Down with the Tories! Down with the Tories!"

"Cease your howling! You know I am no Tory, but you know, too, that I will not be driven by your threats."

At this the mob sent a stone crashing through the library window. Anthony Stewart grew white with fear; for he remembered that Mistress Stewart was in the library.

"You brutes!" he cried. "If you have harmed—" But just then Mistress Stewart came out from the house.

For a second the mob was still. Then, "Tar and feather the Tory! Tar and feather Anthony Stewart!" one man cried.

"Tie him to the whipping post!"

"Hang him to a tree!"

Mistress Stewart raised her hand. "Sons of Liberty," she said, "listen to me! The ship, the *Peggy Stewart*, was named for me; and it is my wish that no ship bearing my name shall bring tea into our harbors. We are all patriots, and we all love our country. We are ready to lay down our lives for her. You should know that Anthony Stewart will not be threatened; but he will destroy this ship for my sake, and for the sake of liberty."

"Hurrah for Peggy Stewart! Hurrah for Peggy Stewart!" the Sons shouted.

"It shall be as my wife says," said Anthony Stewart; and in another minute he, with the Sons of Liberty, was on the way to the wharf.

"I will go up into the tower where I can watch the flames," said Mistress Stewart.

It was not long before the ship was crackling and burning. First the black smoke poured out from the hold, then the flames leaped up; and as the flames rose higher and higher, cheer on cheer rang out from the crowd.

"Hurrah for Peggy Stewart!" the people shouted. And Stewart himself shouted: "Hurrah for Peggy Stewart! Hurrah for Peggy Stewart!"

"If only we could have a tea-party!" said the New Jersey Sons of Liberty. "If only we could have a tea-party!"

But New Jersey had no great port, and it was not likely that English ships would come into a New Jersey harbor. They would, of course, go straight to New York or Boston.

But one never knows what may happen. Early one morning there was

a loud banging at the door of a tavern in one of New Jersey's small ports.

"What is it?" called the sleepy tavern keeper, who had just rolled himself up on a sofa for a morning nap.

"There's an English ship in the harbor! There's an English ship in the harbor!"

"Nonsense! English ships never come into this little harbor!" answered the tavern keeper. But the runner did not stop to talk about it; away he hurried to wake the town.

"An English ship in the harbor! An English ship in the harbor!" he shouted, as he ran down the streets.

People put their sleepy heads out of their windows. Some came yawning to the door, for it was hardly daybreak.

It was not long before the wharf was crowded with the village people. "What can an English ship be doing in this little harbor?" they wondered.

And a tea ship, too! What did it mean?

"We thought it would be safer to land here," said the captain, when he was asked to explain. "This tea must be landed; therefore we propose to land it here, and then carry it overland to the city markets."

"Indeed!" thought the New Jersey people. "So that is your plan. But perhaps it will not be an easy plan to carry out."

The New Jersey people, however, kept very quiet, and allowed the captain to land the tea and store it away in an empty building near the village green. But meantime the Sons of Liberty were busy. More than one secret meeting was held; more than one patriotic speech was made.

"Was there ever such good luck?" the Sons chuckled. "We wanted a tea-party, and now we shall have it. Hurrah for the captain."

For three days all seemed quiet. "We did a wise thing to come into a

small harbor," said the captain. "These people are not so crazy as those in the larger towns. Tomorrow we will begin to carry the tea overland."

"We must have our tea-party to-night, then," said the Sons of Liberty, when they heard the captain say this. So runners were sent up and down the town, and another secret meeting was called.

Night came; the captain was asleep in his ship. Even the sentinels were asleep; for there seemed nothing to watch in this peaceful little harbor. But suddenly, in the midst of the stillness, loud shouts were heard by the drowsy sentinels.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!"

"Something is happening in the town," said the sentinels; and they woke the captain.

"It sounds like Indians!" said the captain.

Now it happened that the moon was full, so that the wharf and the green were as light as day.

"They are Indians!" said the captain; for he could see plainly from the ship. "See them run! See them leap! They are going to attack the town!"

Then the captain gave orders to push out a little from the wharf. "Since one never knows what these savages may do," he said, "it will be as well if we are beyond their reach."

Already the village green was covered with Indians. They had tomahawks, and those long strings of feathers the captain had so often read about.

"I never thought I should see a real Indian attack," he said. "Hear them yell! See them leap and run! No white man could leap and run like that."

By and by the Indians seated themselves around a fire; and one of them, the chief, made a speech.

"That is the way they always do

before battle," said the captain, and he felt quite proud of his wisdom.

Soon the Indians began again to dance and shout. They chased one another round and round; they rolled one another over and over; they struck at one another with their tomahawks.

"That is their war-dance," said the captain.

But now the dance was over; and with one last shout, the Indians made straight for the store-house. They smashed the windows, they broke in the door, and into the storehouse they rushed.

But now the captain turned pale. Was it with fear of the Indians? Or did he begin to understand?

"This is no Indian attack," he cried. "The Sons of Liberty are doing this!"

Just then, as if to answer him, the Indians began to shout: "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead! Liberty lives! Liberty lives!"

"I knew they were Sons of Liberty," said the captain, gloomily.

Meanwhile the tea-chests were being dragged out upon the green; and there they lay, piled up, ready to burn.

"They will make a fine fire," the Sons thought.

"Do they mean to burn the tea?" the captain wondered.

"Now we are ready! Fire! fire! fire!" shouted the Sons. The captain's hopes sank. "Yes, they are going to burn the tea. Oh, why didn't we carry it overland the day we landed? We might have known the Sons couldn't be trusted."

But it was now too late. Already the sky was glowing with the red flames; the fire was crackling and blazing; the Indians were leaping and dancing around it; and their shouts reached even to the farmers outside the town.

"What is going on?" they wondered; and more than one good old farmer

mounted his horse and hurried to see.

At last the tea was burned, and there was nothing for the Indians to do but go back to their wigwams and smoke the pipe of peace. Just as they were gathering up their tomahawks, and the pow-pow was at an end, something happened.

"Stacks! Stacks! Stacks! Look at Stacks!" one man shouted. "Look at Stacks' pockets! Look at Stacks' pockets!"

Poor Stacks at this started down the village street, running as fast as his heavily laden pockets would permit. But it was of no use. There were better runners than Stacks; besides, none of the Indians were so loaded down.

So back to the green Stacks was dragged; and the Sons marched him up before the fire and crowded round him.

Then how they shouted! "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! See Stacks's pockets!"

It was true that Stacks's pockets were well worth seeing; for they were as full as the cheeks of a chipmunk.

"Empty those pockets! Empty those pockets!" the Indians yelled.

The pockets were emptied; and there was enough tea in them, the Sons said, to make another bonfire. For, you see, while Stacks had been at work pulling out the tea-chests, he had filled his pockets with the sweet-smelling tea-leaves.

But the Indians cared nothing for Stacks's taste for tea. They rolled him over and turned his pockets inside out, till not one leaf was left.

Then the party broke up, and poor Stacks went home; but from that time on, this tea lover was known in all the country as Tea Stacks. Even when he died—a very old man—the people recalled that night, and told over and over, among their reminiscences, the story of the New Jersey tea-party in 1775!

THE BOSTON MASSACRE — 1770

Already an army had been sent over from England, to make its camp on Boston Common.

"Nothing but force will ever settle this trouble with the American colonies," said George III.

"Or representation," said the Whigs.

"But *that* they shall never have!" cried George III; for nothing made him so furious as to hear about *représentation*.

But when the British army came over, the colonists, too, raised an army which made its camp in Cambridge, just outside of Boston.

"General Gage is a good general," said George III. "He will soon teach these rebels."

"General Washington is a good general," said the colonists. "He will soon teach King George."

So there the two armies encamped—almost within calling distance of each other—waiting for something to happen.

One night something did happen. Squads of British soldiers and squads of Sons were strolling about the streets. And since these soldiers and these Sons did not like one another very well, they could never meet without a scowl or an uncivil word.

The soldiers marched in threes and fours along the narrow sidewalks, and the Sons stood in groups on the corners. It was great fun, each thought, to crowd the other off into the street.

"See these Sons of Liberty," said one squad of soldiers. "Now then, right, left, right, left! We will push them off into the street." So on the soldiers marched. "Right, left, right, left!"

"Get off this sidewalk!" shouted the Sons.

"Right, left, right, left, right, left!"

"Get off, you redcoats!"

"Right, left, right, left, right, left!"

"Turn out, you lobster backs!"

"Right, left, right, left, right, left!"

Then there was a scuffle; hard names were called; and the soldiers marched on.

By and by some of the Boston boys were strolling down King Street where a British sentinel stood.

"Who goes there?" the sentinel called.

"*We* go there!" answered the Boston boys; "and who has a better right to go there? Get out of our way!"

Then the sentinel called to his corporal; and out rushed some soldiers, muskets in hand.

"Go back, you redcoats!" shouted the Boston boys.

But the redcoats were angry; soon a crowd gathered, and lumps of snow and ice were hurled at the soldiers.

"What is that noise?" asked Captain Preston from within the barracks.

"It is those Liberty rascals," said some one. Then Captain Preston called for his musket, and with eight of his men marched out, straight into the crowd.

"Fire, if you dare!" shouted the Boston boys. "Fire, you cowards!"

Captain Preston did fire; and a moment later eleven of the Boston boys fell—some dead, some wounded. Then the bells were rung, and the people rushed out from their houses to learn what had happened.

But already the soldiers had marched back into the barracks; the fight was over; and the dead and wounded men were being carried to their homes.

"I regret that this has happened," said General Gage, when he heard of the massacre.

"You shall regret it!" said the Sons of Liberty; and they stood in groups and talked till morning; for that was the first real bloodshed of the Revolution.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON — 1775

"Something is going to happen," said Joseph Warren, one of Boston's greatest patriots. Then he called two of his friends to him and said, "The British are planning something; I have been watching them, and I believe that they are making ready to march."

But where? That was the question; and away hurried Paul Revere and William Dawes. It was not long before they discovered the secret. It was true that the British were going to march; and they were going to march to Concord.

"Our military stores are there," said Revere.

"Adams and Hancock are there," said Dawes.

"We cannot afford to lose our military stores," said Warren. "And the British would like nothing better than to take Adams and Hancock prisoners."

So the men began to plan.

"Post-riders must be sent to Concord at once," said Warren.

"And we will be the post-riders," said Dawes and Revere.

"I will go out by way of Charlestown," said Revere.

"And I will go by way of the Brighton bridge," said Dawes.

"It will be a dangerous task," said Warren. "The man that crosses the Charles River will have to pass under the very bows of the British ships."

"I will risk it," said Revere, "and perhaps the darkness will cover me."

"And the man that goes by way of the Brighton bridge will have to pass straight through the lines of the British troops."

"I will take the risk," said Dawes. "My old horse is used to these secret rides; and no redcoat will ever suspect that she belongs to a post-rider."

"But you may both be captured before you are beyond the British patrol," Warren said. "Would it not be well to have a third rider—one who should start from Charlestown—to ride out over a third road to Concord?"

So Warren called another friend into the council—Dr. Conant of Charlestown. And Dr. Conant agreed to have a third post-rider ready, who should also start out from the Charlestown side.

"And in order that Dr. Conant may know when to send out this third post-rider," Warren said, "watch the tower of the old North Church. When we are ready, we will hang lanterns there. One lantern, if the British seem to be making ready to march out by land; two, if they seem to be making ready to cross the river."

As soon as darkness came Revere crept down to the river where his boat lay. "I must row Indian fashion," he said to himself. So he dipped his oars silently, and crossed the river without a sound, under the very shadows of the British ships. He heard the watch cry, "All's well!" but he passed unseen.

Meantime William Dawes dressed himself in an old leather suit, such as the farmers wore, and filled his saddle bags with goods such as a farmer would be likely to take home from a town market. Then he mounted his old horse and rode out toward the Brighton bridge. Indeed, as Dawes had said, no one would have thought that this was a post-rider's horse; for her head was down, her ears lopped, and she stumbled along like an old plow horse. No one would suspect that, at a whisper from her rider, this horse could prick up her ears and fly like the wind. But she could; and Dawes laughed to himself to think

how he was going to pass the patrol as a farmer.

Dawes's horse was dragging herself and her rider out over the Brighton bridge, when, "Who goes there?" called one patrol.

"Only an old farmer," said the patrol's comrade. Then both laughed at the lumbering gait of the horse, and in this way Dawes got through the British lines in safety.

Meantime Paul Revere had crossed the river, and he and Dr. Conant's messenger were waiting on the Charlestown side for the Old North signal.

Out flashed one lantern. Then out flashed another.

"It is by the river," said Dr. Conant's messenger; and away he rode out upon the Charlestown road.

"Who goes there?" called a British patrol, as he seized the messenger by the bridle. The messenger made no answer. "You are our prisoner," said the British patrol; and he marched him away.

"Never mind; there are two other post-riders," said the messenger to himself. "Surely one of them will reach Concord with the news."

"Who goes there?" called a sentinel to Paul Revere, as he came clattering up the road.

"Who goes there?" called a second patrol to Dawes.

But Dawes made no answer. "Redcoats! redcoats!" he whispered to his horse. The horse understood; she raised her head; she pricked up her ears, and away she flew like the wind.

"I believe it is a post-rider," said the patrol; and he mounted his horse and rode after him.

"Redcoats! redcoats!" Dawes whispered again; and it was not long before the patrol was left far behind.

"Who would have thought that old horse had such speed?" the patrol said to himself.

At last Revere and Dawes were beyond the British line of patrol. "Safe now!" said Revere, out upon the Medford road. "Safe now!" said Dawes, out upon the Brighton road.

Then they clattered up to the farmhouse doors. "*Bang! Bang!*" went the old brass knockers. Or, if there were no brass knockers, the fists of the post-riders did just as well.

"To arms! To arms!" they cried. "The British are coming! The British are coming!"

Now every farmer along the road was a *minute-man*. His musket was always ready, and so was he, to serve at a minute's notice. Even before Revere and Dawes reached Lexington, the minute-men along the road behind them were up and dressed and ready for whatever was going to happen.

It was Paul Revere who came first into Lexington; and straight he rode up to the house of Parson Clarke, with whom Hancock and Adams were staying. A night-capped head showed itself at the window, and a voice said, "Who is it, and what has happened?"

"A messenger, Parson," answered Revere. "Let me in; and call Hancock and Adams."

A half-hour later up came Dawes to the same house; for his had been the longer ride.

"We are waiting," said Revere, and away the two post-riders rode, Dr. Prescott, a Lexington man, with them. But they were not yet beyond the watch of the British, and hardly were they well out upon the road to Concord, when up rode some British officers.

"Halt!" the officers called; but the riders only put spurs to their horses and rode away.

"Redcoats! redcoats!" whispered Dawes to his horse.

But the officers were gaining upon Dr. Prescott; and he escaped only by



Painted by Alonzo Chappel

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON



Painted by Alonzo Chappel

NEWS FROM LEXINGTON
Putnam leaving the plough

jumping his horse over a stone wall. Then the officers turned and went on after Paul Revere. Every second they gained upon him; for the officers' horses were fresh, and Paul Revere's horse was tired with his long run up hill and down hill from Charlestown to Lexington. It was not long then before Revere was seized by the British officers and marched off between them.

"Now for that third Yankee," said the officers; and on they raced after Dawes.

"They are sure to overtake me; and my only hope is to fool them," Dawes said to himself. So he clattered up to an old deserted farmhouse and shouted, "Come out, boys! Come out, boys! Come out! I've caught two of 'em!"

The British heard the shout and stopped to listen. "Come out, boys! Come out, boys!" Dawes shouted again. And he pounded on the door of the old farmhouse, as if to awaken people within.

Then Dawes made believe he was talking with some one. "Come on!" he said. "Not a minute to lose!"

"That house may be full of Yankees," said the British officers, "and there are only two of us." So they turned their horses and rode back to Lexington, leaving Dawes to hurry on to Concord, and arouse the town with his cry, "To arms! To arms! The British are coming! The British are coming!"

Meanwhile the British had crossed the river, and were already on their march.

"We shall take the farmers by surprise," the commander was saying; "and we shall have Hancock and Adams as prisoners. The rebels! It is such men as these who stir up the Boston people."

But alas for the hopes of the British commander! When he reached Lex-

ington there stood the minute-men drawn up for battle.

"Some one must have warned these rebels!" said he, but it was too late to retreat. A skirmish followed, in which the minute-men fought bravely, though it was a sadly unequal fight—the few patriots standing against an army of trained soldiers. When it was over more than one brave minute-man lay dead upon the village green.

Then the British marched on to Concord. They had failed to take Hancock and Adams prisoners; but there were still the military stores. They would secure those, at any rate, they thought.

But at Concord also the minute-men were drawn up for battle. And there upon the bridge another skirmish took place. It was a hot fight. There were far more British soldiers than patriots, but the patriots were fighting for liberty and for their homes; and it was that, perhaps, that made them strong enough to drive back the British.

"These Yankees fight like tigers," said the British commander, as his soldiers retreated before the fire of the patriots. "They retreat!" cried the patriots; and again they poured their fire upon the regulars.

"They run! They run!" cried the minute-men, a little later; and on the patriots dashed after them. They followed the British back over the Concord road, on through Lexington, on to Medford, to Charlestown, even to the banks of the river.

"It was like attacking a hornet's nest," said one British soldier afterward. And it was no wonder that he said so; for all the way from Lexington the minute-men and the boys shot at the flying troops from behind the stone walls, and from behind trees.

"Somebody must have warned them," was all the commander could say when he brought his tired soldiers

back to the camp on the Common. "Somebody must have warned them!"

"Hurrah for Dawes and Revere!" shouted the Sons of Liberty, when they heard the story of the midnight ride

"Hurrah for Dawes and Revere!"

And when these two patriots came back to Boston, you may be sure that they were greeted with cheers, and were honored as the heroes of the day.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL — 1775

"War has begun!" said General Gage.

"War has begun!" said the colonists. "And we may as well make ready for the next battle."

"We ought first of all to get possession of Charlestown Heights," said the British commander. "Should the colonists fortify those two hills—Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill, as they call them—we should be penned into this town. Let us send soldiers over to Bunker Hill at once."

Meantime the patriot leaders were saying, "We ought to fortify Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill. In that way we should control the Charles River, we should pen in the British, and possibly starve them into surrendering."

"That is true," said the patriots. "Let us make no delay;" and so one night twelve hundred of them crept over to Charlestown Heights. "It will be better to fortify Breed's Hill first, since it is the nearer one," they said. Then they set to work with their spades and picks on Breed's Hill. All night long they worked, while the sentinels kept watch. Not a British soldier suspected what was going on; and before the sun rose in the morning, the Americans were well hidden behind a redoubt six feet high.

There lay Boston and Charlestown—the river between. There lay the white tents of the British on Boston Common, and across the river, on Breed's Hill, stretched the new redoubt—halfway up the slope.

"What are those rebels doing?" asked General Gage, when he came

out from his tent. But there was no need to answer; for there before his eyes lay the redoubt.

"This will never do!" exclaimed Gage. "We must control the river or we are prisoners!"

So without delay soldiers were called out, and all the boats, large and small, were crowded with the redcoats.

"The British are coming! The British are coming!" said the patriots, as they took their places behind the redoubt.

"It will not be easy to march up that hill beneath the enemy's fire," said the British soldiers.

"Don't fire," said the patriot Prescott, "till you can see the whites of the Britishers' eyes. Make every shot tell! Remember, powder is scarce! Don't waste a grain!"

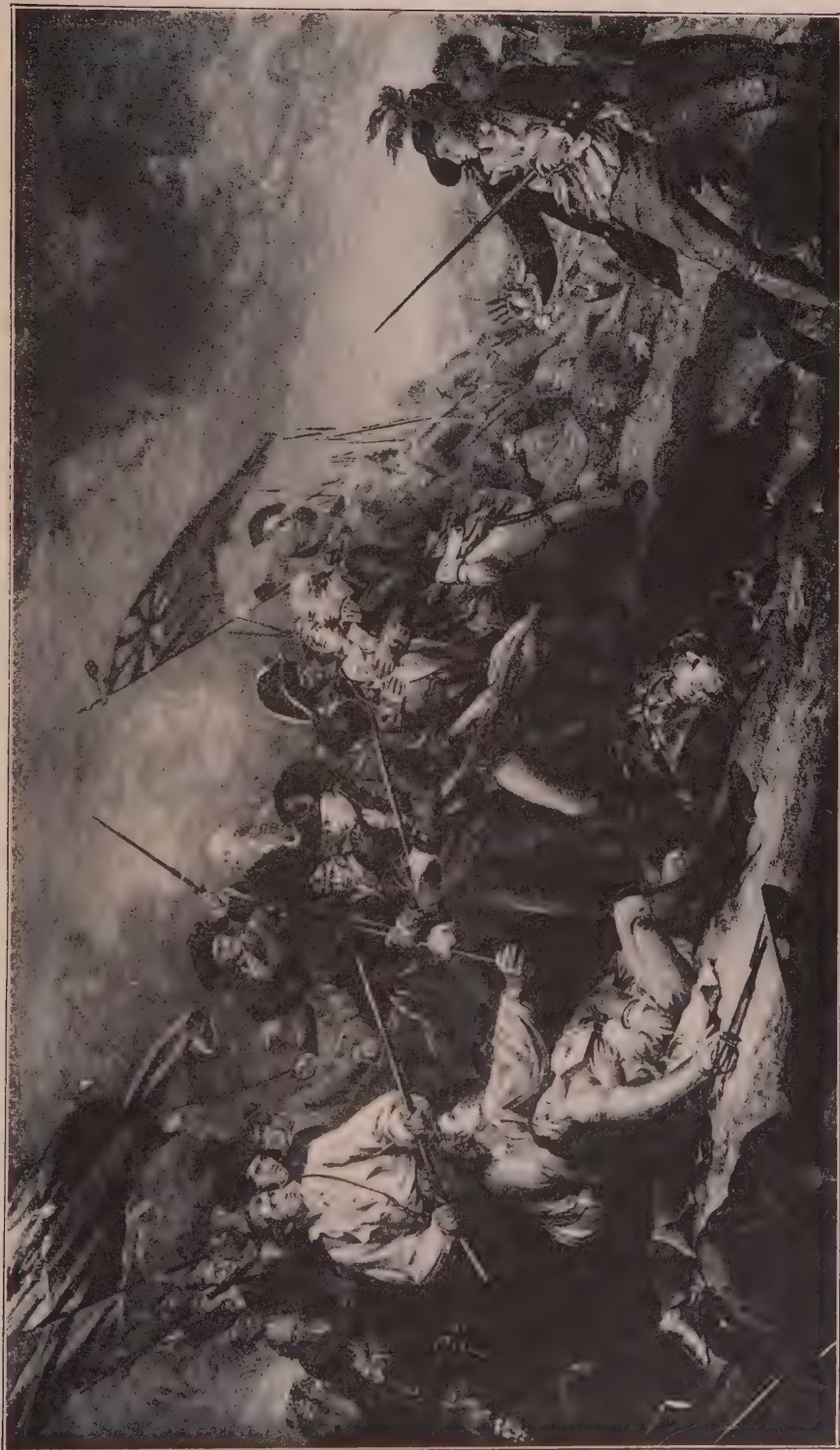
But now the British were landed. They had formed their lines and were pushing up the hill. The Americans were on their knees behind the redoubt. Their muskets were leveled, and they waited for the command to fire.

The British had already fired once, twice, three times. But they had aimed too high. Every shot whizzed far above the heads of the crouching men.

"See how they waste their powder!" said Prescott. "Take care that our powder is not wasted in the same way."

The British soldiers were coming closer and closer. "Ready, fire!" shouted Prescott.

Then out poured the fire from the patriots' guns. Each man took careful aim, and every shot did its work.



BATTLE OF BUNKER (BREED'S) HILL, JUNE 17, 1775

This battle lasted two hours. The British loss was 1054 killed and wounded; the American loss was 450, including the brave General Warren.

Whole lines of British soldiers fell dead before that first fire.

It was at the rail fence that the British right wing under Howe first broke. For a moment the soldiers staggered and fell back. Then they gathered themselves and charged again. Again a deadly fire poured down upon them. Again the line swayed and broke; and at last the soldiers retreated down the hill.

Meanwhile the British left wing had charged upon the redoubt. Once this wing, too, had been driven back; but now the patriots' powder was giving out, and there were no cartridges for the guns.

"On! on!" shouted the British commander; for he was angry that trained British soldiers should fall back before colonial farmers.

Then the men charged again, and

once more the Yankee bullets rattled about them. But only once, for now every grain of powder was gone.

With a shout and a hurrah the red-coats sprang over the redoubt, and the Americans retreated,—it was all they could do. For a moment the British followed, and the Americans were driven toward their camp in Cambridge. Then the British turned back, glad to let the patriots go and to stop fighting.

"If only our powder had held out!" the patriots said.

"No one can say the rebels did not fight well!" said Howe.

"What!" cried George III, when he heard of this battle. "British soldiers beaten at Lexington, and nearly beaten at Bunker Hill! Something is wrong! Recall Gage at once, and put Howe in his place!"

THE BRITISH DRIVEN FROM BOSTON — 1776

Soon after this battle of Bunker Hill, Washington hastened to his army in Cambridge. But traveling was slow in those days when there were no trains and it was a long journey.

"Let us send a messenger to meet him with news of the battle," said the patriot soldiers. So a post-rider hurried away to tell the glad news to Washington.

"But why did our men retreat?" asked Washington.

"Only because the powder gave out," said the post-rider, proudly.

"And did they stand the fire of the enemy?" Washington asked again.

"They stood it like heroes," said the post-rider; "and they held back the fire of their own guns till the enemy was only eight rods away."

"Thank God!" said Washington. "With such men as these we are sure to win."

"I am sorry we have lost Bunker Hill," said Washington, some months

after he had taken command at Cambridge. "But there is still Dorchester Heights—we ought to fortify there, and so pen in the British."

On the very next foggy night, the Americans crept out to Dorchester Heights. All night long they worked. When the sun rose it was still foggy, and they worked on till noon.

At last the fog lifted. "What is that?" shouted the captain of an English ship that lay in the harbor just below the Heights.

"It is the work of those Yankees!" cried the officers. Then the ship's cannon were turned toward the newly built redoubts, and the Americans ran for their lives.

"We must have cannon!" they said, when they reached Cambridge again. So that very night a big "thirty-four pounder" was dragged over to Dorchester Heights.

"Now we will watch for that English ship," said the patriots. And at

the first peep of dawn they sent a cannon ball banging against the sides of the English ship that had threatened them the night before.

"Where did that come from?" the captain shouted.

However, he did not stop to find out, but pulled up his anchor and hurried out of the harbor as fast as he could.

Then the patriots shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" And so loud was their cheering that the British on Bunker Hill heard it. "Hear those Yankees!" growled the commander there. So he fired his cannon and filled the air with smoke, just to show his disapproval.

Meantime the British soldiers on Boston Common were learning what it was to starve. Many of them were

ready to desert to the American side; for even in the army itself there were many Whigs who knew that the Sons of Liberty were on the right side. But they belonged to King George and the English army, and therefore they must fight wherever their king sent them.

"We cannot stand this," said Howe. "We are hemmed in so that the Tories can bring no food into the town. We shall starve; it is now four days since we have had any meat."

So one morning the British soldiers folded up their tents, and marching down to their seventy-eight ships that lay in the harbor, boarded them and sailed away to Halifax.

And this was the end of the siege of Boston.

GETTING READY FOR INDEPENDENCE — 1775-1776

Even now most of the American colonies had no wish to separate from England and call themselves an independent people.

"We are still English," they said. "We love our mother country, and are willing to serve her, if only we may have our rights."

"But why not separate?" the hot-headed North Carolina Sons of Liberty were saying; and one day they met together at Mecklenburg and wrote out a Declaration of Independence for themselves.

"We declare," said their Declaration, "that henceforth we will no longer obey royal officers. We will not obey the British crown. We will obey only our own legislature and our own Congress."

"Let us do nothing rash!" said the cool-headed northern colonies. "There is no reason, even now, why we should separate from England, if only she will give us fair representation."

"If—if—if!" cried the North Carolina patriots. "That is very true. If she will! But she won't!"

But meantime Congress met again. "We must fight it out!" the members said. "There seems to be no other way; for King George makes no honest answer to our petition." And this was how it came about that Congress voted to raise the army over which George Washington was put in command.

One of the first things that Washington did when he took command was to send forces to Canada. "We ought to get control of Montreal and Quebec," he said. "If we do not, the governor of Canada will be coming down upon us as the French did in the French and Indian War."

So an army under Montgomery was sent by way of Lake Champlain to attack Montreal, and at the same time another army was sent under Arnold to attack Quebec.

It was a fearful journey that these two armies had before them; but the men were brave, and they set out with good courage. It was still early in the winter; the roads were rough, and there were dense forests to cut through.

Many of the soldiers fell exhausted in the heavy snow-drifts, and more than once starvation stared the army in the face.

At last, worn and sick and half starved, Montgomery reached Montreal and took the city. Then with a few soldiers he went forward to meet Arnold at Quebec. There lay the patriots who had dragged themselves up through the Maine woods, so worn and weary that it was a wonder they had courage to try to attack the city.

From the very first it was almost hopeless; but the men thought of Wolfe, and so pushed up to the Plains of Abraham. There the battle opened, and though the patriots were sick and worn with their march through the snows, they nearly won a victory. For weeks this half-starved army besieged the city; but Montgomery fell in battle, and Arnold, too, was wounded. At last there was but one thing left for the patriots, and that was retreat. So, when spring came, they made their weary way back to Cambridge.

Meantime trouble had arisen in the South. "We will have no more royal governors," said those colonies. Already many royal governors had gone back to England, and the colonies had chosen governors from their own people.

Some of the royal governors, however, showed fight. "We will not give way before a parcel of half-crazed Sons of Liberty!" they said.

"Do you think we are to be frightened by such as you?" said the governors of Georgia and New Jersey. But one day the governors of those two colonies found themselves arrested and marched away to prison.

"The rebels!" cried the royal governor of Virginia. "Let them try that on me if they dare!" So he made up an army of Tories and marched out to burn one of the patriots' military store-

houses. He succeeded in burning the storehouse, it is true, but he soon found it wise to scatter his army and to take himself off to the British ship as fast as he could.

Now there were a great many Tories in South Carolina. "Come and fight our Whigs, and we will help you," said these Tories to Clinton, one of the British generals.

So Clinton sailed with a fleet to Charleston, and when he saw the fortified island in the harbor, he said, "Fire upon this island! Destroy its fort first of all."

The British opened fire, and the bullets flew thick and fast. But the fort was built of soft palmetto, and the bullets did little harm.

"What can that fort be made of?" the British soldiers wondered. For no matter how heavy a fire they sent, it seemed to do no harm to the walls at the fort. One bullet hit the flagstaff, and the old flag came tumbling down.

"Down with the rebel flag!" shouted the British.

"Never!" shouted Sergeant Jasper, and out he leaped, over the defences, in the face of the enemy, and caught up the flag.

"Up with the Carolina flag!" he shouted. Then he bound it to the broken staff and leaped back into the fort again.

"That man is a hero!" said the British soldiers.

"Hurrah! hurrah for the Carolina flag!" cheered the men in the fort. "Hurrah for Sergeant Jasper!"

By and by the British commander tired of this battle. "Nothing will shatter the walls of that fort," he said. So he turned his vessels and sailed out of the harbor. "We will come and finish this up some other day."

But by this time the colonists everywhere had begun to think that there was no possible peace with England.



DEFENSE OF FORT MOULTRIE
Heroism of Sergt. Jasper

DEFENSE OF FORT MOULTRIE AND THE HEROISM OF SERGEANT JASPER

FORT MOULTRIE was an unfinished fort on Sullivan's Island, protecting the Charleston Harbor. The fort was constructed of the palmetto, a soft and spongy wood, which deadened the effect of a cannon ball, and was commanded by Colonel Moultrie, at the head of about three hundred and fifty troops, and some militia. To silence this fort, was, of course, the first object of the British commander. For this purpose, he landed a large body of troops on Long Island, adjacent to Sullivan's Island, and only separated from it by a narrow channel, often fordable, with orders to cross over and attack Fort Moultrie, while the fleet cannonaded it in front. Great difficulty was experienced in the outset, in getting the heavy ships of war over the bar, which could be effected only by taking out their guns. At length, on the 28th of June, the whole fleet placed themselves in line, and began a tremendous firing on the devoted fort. Three of these ships, the *Sphynx*, *Acteon*, and *Syren*, were ordered to take up a position to the westward, where they could rake with fire the weakest part of the works, and at the same time intercept any succors that might be sent from the city. Had this manoeuvre been successful, it would have been impossible for the fort to have held out; but happily for the Americans, the three vessels grounded on a shoal, and one burned on the following day. This accident renewed the spirit of the brave defenders and though they were but re-

cent recruits, amidst a perfect hail-storm of bombs and balls, they coolly and resolutely stood to their guns, and returned the fire of their assailants, until their ammunition gave out.

The intrepid conduct of Sergeant Jasper deserves especial mention; for, when the staff of the flag under which he and his compatriots were fighting, was shot away, Jasper sprang after it, fastened it to the rammer of a cannon, mounted the parapet, and in face of the hot fire of the enemy, deliberately hoisted it anew.

Soon the steady and well-directed fire of the Americans obliged the British ships to give up their attempt. The *Bristol*, a fifty gun ship, was twice in flames, and her captain was killed. Lord Campbell, the ex-governor, who served as a volunteer, was mortally wounded, and, at one time, Sir Peter Parker was the only one unhurt on deck. The troops intended to ford the channel, and attack the fort in flank, but were unable to pass over on account of the unusual depth of water, occasioned by a long prevalence of easterly winds. The flank attacked by the vessels had also failed, and thus the Americans were enabled to pass over fresh ammunition and succors from the city into the fort. The engagement had lasted from eleven in the morning till nine in the evening, when the British concluded to retire from the scene of action. On the following day, the squadron set sail, to join the British forces, which had assembled in the Bay of New York.



Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was signed, 1776. Here in the tower the Liberty Bell pealed forth the first notes of American Freedom.



THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, ADOPTED BY THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1776

"Let us make a Declaration of Independence!" they said. "Let us declare ourselves no longer an English people, but an American people."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the North Carolina Whigs; and how proud they were that they had made their Declaration a whole year before!

So delegates from every colony came together at Philadelphia. Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston wrote out a Declaration and read it before the delegates.

"It is a serious step to take," said the thoughtful delegates and they talked it over carefully for several days.

"It's disgraceful!" said the Tories. "King George ought to tar and feather every man that dares to sign such a paper."

But for all that, the delegates, after they had talked it over, decided to take the risk of tar and feathers, Tories and all.

"The Declaration will be signed today," it was rumored on the morning of July 4, 1776.

"Will they sign it? Will they dare?" asked the crowd that gathered around the State House.

Up in the belfry of the State House sat the old bell-ringer. Hour after hour he sat there waiting for the signal; for it had been agreed that as soon as the Declaration was signed, the bell should ring out the news to the city.

On the staircase sat a page, the bell-ringer's little grandson, waiting to pass the good news up to the bell-ringer when the time should come.

At last the door of the delegates' room opened, and one of the delegates came out. "Tell the bell-ringer to ring!" said the delegate to the page.

Then up the stairs the boy bounded—two steps at a time, you may be sure.

"Ring! Ring, grandfather!" he shouted.

"Are you sure, my boy?" the old man cried, and his hands trembled as he seized the bell rope.

Then out rang the loud peal of the bell—the Liberty bell as it has ever since been called.

How the people in the street shouted and cheered! Cheer on cheer arose, until the ringing was drowned by the cheering of the people. Then away went the post-riders east, west, north, south—to tell the good news to every village and town from Massachusetts to Georgia. And there were torchlight processions and bell-rings, bonfires and public speeches everywhere, for the whole country was wild with joy.

"What! the American colonies have made a Declaration of Independence?" George III gasped, when he heard of it. "No colonies ever did that before!"

Then the Whigs in the English Parliament rejoiced. "Freedom! Freedom!" they shouted. "Freedom has won another victory!"

"Such a thing has never happened before," poor old King George kept saying over and over.

"Times are changing," said the English Whigs. And they thought of the day when the king had blustered, "They shall not change in this country."

Then Parliament came together to make plans for real war against the colonies. "We have dallied altogether too long," said the Tories. "These colonies should have been crushed at once." And perhaps that was true; however, it was a little too late now to crush them, as King George soon found out.

CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA

“BY WHAT AUTHORITY?” “IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT
JEHOVAH AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.”

SOME bold spirits, perceiving clearly that war was at hand, had conceived a plan for capturing Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Ethan Allen with his Green Mountain Boys, less than three hundred in number, assembled at Castleton, May 2d, and were there joined by Benedict Arnold, who had also set out on the same errand. Arnold had a Colonel's commission from Massachusetts, and claimed the command; but the Vermonsters refused flatly, and he was forced to serve as volunteer or not at all. The party arrived at Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga, on the 9th of May. Never dreaming of such a thing as attack, the vigilance of the garrison was quite relaxed. Having obtained a boy, named Nathan Beman, as a guide, Allen and Arnold crossed over during the night with only eighty-three of their men, the rest being unable to follow them for want of a supply of boats. Landed under the walls of the fort, they found their position extremely critical; the dawn was beginning to break, and unless they could succeed in instantly surprising the garrison, they ran themselves the most imminent risk of capture. Ethan Allen did not hesitate a moment, but, drawing up his men, briefly explained to them the position of affairs, and then, with Arnold by his side, hurried up immediately to the sally-port. The sentinel snapped

his fusee at them, and rushing into the fort, the Americans followed close at his heels, and entering the open parade, awoke the sleeping garrison with three hearty cheers. The English soldiers started from their beds, and rushing below, were immediately taken prisoners. Meanwhile Allen, attended by his guide, hurried up to the chamber of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, who was in bed, and knocking at his door with the hilt of his huge sword, ordered him in a stentorian voice to make his instant appearance, or the entire garrison should immediately be put to death. The commandant appeared at his door, half dressed, “the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulder.” Gazing in bewildered astonishment at Allen, he exclaimed, “By whose authority do you act?” “In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!” replied Allen, with a flourish of his long sword. There was no alternative and Delaplace surrendered. Two days afterwards, Crown Point was surprised and taken. More than two hundred pieces of artillery, and a large and valuable supply of powder, which was greatly needed, fell into the hands of the Americans. By these daring movements, the command of Lakes George and Champlain was won, and the great highway to Canada was thrown open.

"By What Authority?"

CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA
"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"



WAR IN THE MIDDLE COLONIES — 1776

Meantime Washington's army was growing larger and larger; for men were coming from every colony to join him at Cambridge.

"Our governor may be a Tory, but we are Whigs!" shouted the Liberty Boys of Georgia, as they came trooping up from the South.

"Something must be done to break up this union spirit," said Howe. "There is no hope of conquering these rebels as long as they flock together like this."

So General Howe laid out his maps. "These colonies must be cut off from each other," he said again. "Now there is the Hudson River. If we can get possession of that, we can cut off the middle colonies from the New England colonies. Then there is the Delaware River. If we can get possession of that, we can cut off the middle colonies from the southern. If we can get Chesapeake Bay, Maryland will be so hemmed in she can do nothing. Then there is the Savannah. If we can get possession of that, we can cut off Georgia from helping or being helped. And those Liberty Boys of Georgia need to be taught a lesson."

"Then there are those rivers between the Chesapeake and the Savannah River. Every one we can get possession of will cut off the colonies more and more from carrying help to each other. The Hudson and Delaware rivers, Chesapeake Bay, and the Potomac and Savannah rivers,—those we must get at any cost."

As Howe fought out his plans on the map, they seemed to him very easy. He had forgotten, perhaps, how the colonial army had driven his forces from Boston. So he sailed out from Halifax, straight for New York City; for he was determined to have the Hudson River first of all.

But Washington was not idle all this time. "The British will do something soon," he said. "They will never sit down tamely under their Boston defeat."

So Washington kept close watch, and soon he heard that Howe had started out from Halifax. He heard that Clinton's army, too, was moving. "If we only knew what Clinton's plans were," said Washington. "He ought to take New York, if he is a wise officer; for New York is our most important city. It is a good center for attack, and it commands the Hudson. It would be a sorry day for us if the British should get control of New York and the Hudson."

So Washington sent a small army to New York; and soon, as he had feared, Clinton came sailing into the harbor. A little later Howe, too, sailed in; but meantime Washington himself had reached New York with all his troops.

A few days later still another British ship came into the harbor. This third fleet came straight from England bringing more English soldiers, and with them several thousand hired soldiers from Hesse, a province in Germany.

"It will be no play to fight these forces," said Washington to his men.

The British forces and the American forces now lay side by side, encamped around the city of New York,—just as, not so very long before, they had lain encamped around the city of Boston. The war in the New England colonies was finished. The war in the middle colonies was now about to begin. And in this war there were to be three campaigns:—

1. *The campaign around New York City.*

2. *The campaign around Lake Champlain.*

3. *The campaign around Philadelphia.*

CAMPAIGN AROUND NEW YORK CITY—1776

Now it was while these armies lay, each wondering what the other was going to do, that news of the Declaration of Independence was brought by a post-rider into New York City.

How the Whigs cheered and shouted! How the Tories stormed and sneered!

"And those men dared do that?" the Tories said.

"Yes, they dared," said the Whigs.

"What are we coming to?" the Tories sighed, "when a people have no more respect for their king than this?"

In the midst of the rejoicing, some Son of Liberty thought of the leaden statue of George III that stood in Bowling Green.

"Down with the statue of King George!" he cried. And away the crowd ran, shouting, "Down with it! Down with the tyrant!"

Then they fastened ropes to the statue, and every man and boy pulled with all his might.

"Pull! Pull!" cried the leader. "Down with the tyrant!"

With a great crash down came the leaden statue. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" the crowd shouted. "The tyrant is down! The tyrant is down!"

"Melt the lead! Melt the lead!" cried the people. "Melt it and make it into bullets to shoot at the redcoats!"

But pulling down statues was all that the colonial soldiers had before them to do. Thirty thousand trained British soldiers, under trained British generals, were not to be conquered by mobs and riots, however daring those might be. After the statue of George III was down, and the lead was melted into bullets, the New York patriots settled down to sober thinking.

"What are the British going to do?" was the question.

Never was there such a field for a battle. There lay New York City, an island at the mouth of the Hudson. Opposite this city was Long Island—so near that guns could easily be fired from one to the other. South lay Staten Island, and that, too, was very near.

Washington had already built a fort on the Hudson; he had built a redoubt at the end of New York City, and another opposite on Long Island. This was all he could do. Then he waited. What would the British do now?

The colonial soldiers had not long to wait. Howe had learned his lesson at Boston. So he said, "We must get possession of the Heights on Long Island first of all. Then we can hem in the colonial soldiers just as they hemmed us in when they got possession of Dorchester Heights." Wise General Howe!

"A perfect plan," said Clinton.

"A perfect plan," said Sir Peter Parker, who had come up from Charleston.

"A perfect plan," said the new commander, just arrived from England.

"Then let us begin to land our forces at once," said Howe. So the English and Hessian troops were landed on Long Island, and in four lines they marched across to the Long Island redoubt. They marched in the night, and not a sound was heard. When light dawned, there the enemy stood drawn up ready for battle.

From his place in New York City, Washington watched the battle. "There is no hope for us," he said. Then as he watched his soldiers on Long Island fighting and falling, he said again, "Good God! what brave men I am losing today!"

Twice the Hessians were driven back, but it was only for a moment.

Then they came again, stronger than before, till at last the Americans were forced to retreat toward their own fortifications. It was useless to fight longer in the open field; the only thing to do was to try to save themselves by getting, if possible, inside the redoubt again.

The enemy started after the Americans in hot pursuit. Once upon them, not a man would have been left alive.

"Save the army! Save the army!" shouted the leader of the brave Maryland soldiers who were the last in the line of retreat.

So the little band of Maryland soldiers turned and faced the enemy. They could not hope to drive them back; but if they could hold them in check, even for a few moments, it would give the bulk of the American army a chance to reach the redoubt.

The brave Southern boys made a solid wall between the flying soldiers and the enemy. They were soon beaten down, but they had done what they had hoped to do. They had compelled the British forces to halt; and in the time thus gained the American soldiers had reached their fort. The enemy, when the Maryland soldiers were slain and the path was clear, pushed on again. But they were too late; the rest of the Americans were within the fort and were safe for the time from the fire of the British.

"Now if General Howe is wise," said Washington, "he will follow this with another attack tomorrow. We can do nothing here in New York with the enemy on Long Island; for they have us just as we had them in Boston. There is, then, but one thing to do, and that is to retreat."

"We ought to follow this up with another attack at once," said Howe. But a heavy fog had settled over the river, and it would not be easy to cross from Long Island to New York.

So Howe delayed. "We shall be ready as soon as this fog lifts," he said. Then he settled himself for a night of good sleep.

But Washington was not afraid of the fog. He got boats together, and in the dead of night, with the rain pouring, he brought his army over from Long Island to the Manhattan shore.

"Today," thought Howe, when he awoke in the morning, "we are to attack the Americans again. Surely the fog must have lifted by this time."

"Gone?" gasped Howe, when his orderly came to tell him what had happened in the night.

"Yes, sir, gone!"

"We must go after them," ordered Howe; "and let there be no delay."

So across the river into New York City the English and Hessian troops hurried, landing at the foot of Thirtieth Street. There a few American soldiers were posted to delay the enemy when they should cross. But these soldiers were new; moreover, they were frightened by the defeat on Long Island. Therefore, when the enemy began to land, they turned and fled.

"Cowards! Cowards!" thundered Washington. "Back to your places!" But the men would not go back; and there was nothing to do but to hurry across the city, on toward the redoubt at Harlem. Here another skirmish took place; but in the end, Washington took his army across the Hudson, over to the Jersey shore, and from there began his wonderful retreat across the country.

When Christmas night came, Washington's army was on one side of the Delaware River, and on the other side were the Hessians at Trenton.

"Those Hessians will be off guard tonight," said Washington; "for Christmas is a holiday with them."

So in the middle of the night, Washington got his soldiers across the Delaware and started on toward the Hessian camp at Trenton. The river was blocked with ice; the sleet and rain were falling; the soldiers were barefooted, and their feet were cracked and bleeding.

But for all that the march was made; and before the Hessians dreamed of such a thing, down poured the colonial soldiers upon them hemming them in on three sides. Then the Hessians fought for their lives.

"Grenadiers, follow me!" shouted the Hessian commander; but even as he gave his order, he was shot down. Then panic seized upon the Hessians; and crowding like frightened sheep under the trees of an orchard, they grounded their arms and surrendered.

"What! those rebels have attacked our Hessians?" cried Cornwallis an English officer, who was at Princeton, only ten miles away, with his own troops. Then Cornwallis gathered up his eight thousand men and marched to Trenton. "We will cage them in," he said; and before Washington had time to escape, Cornwallis had settled his troops round about the town where the American forces lay.

"Now we have them," said Cornwallis. "In the morning we will attack them and finish them up."

"We shall see," thought Washington. In the night he called his troops together, and out they all marched, through a "side door," as Washington used to say afterward. So quietly did they move that Cornwallis did not wake, and the sentinels heard no sound.

"Now," said Washington, "we will hurry straight to Princeton. Cornwallis must have left a small garrison there, and perhaps we can capture the British stores."

How the men longed to cheer! But they knew that they must make no noise. So they marched a little faster, and laughed to themselves to think what a good joke this would be.

The plan was indeed a grand success; for when morning came and Cornwallis began to talk about fighting, behold, there was no one to fight with.

"Those rebels may have gone to Princeton for all we know," said the excited British commander. So away he hurried to Princeton; but he reached there only in time to see the end of a fine battle in which the British were put to flight.

"Never did I see finer generalship!" said Cornwallis.

From that time on, the British had little chance in New Jersey. All winter long Washington watched and bothered them, till at last they were glad to give up and go to another part of the country.

THE CAMPAIGN AROUND LAKE CHAMPLAIN

1777

"New England is the heart of this rebellion," said the British ministry. "If we could cut off New England from the other colonies, the war would be over."

So a gallant little army was made up and put under the command of Sir John Burgoyne. It was to march down from Canada and get control of the Hudson. Another force was to descend the Mohawk valley and meet the main army at Albany, while General Howe was to send reinforcements from the South. It was an admirable plan.

"When our rebellious colonies are cut in two," said Burgoyne, "they will be quite at our mercy."

Soon the countryside rang with stories of this wonderful army. There

were mounted dragoons and several thousand English troops. There were Canadians and Indians, and three thousand hired German soldiers. These Hessians were said to be fierce beyond belief, and the story went that the terrible fellows had double teeth all around their jaws.

"We are making a mistake in taking Indians into our army," said the wiser ones. "They will make enemies instead of friends for us wherever we go."

"Oh, no!" said General Burgoyne; "I have told them that they must give up their savage ways, now that they are to be my soldiers."

"I am afraid they may mistake a Tory for a Whig some dark night," said one of the officers. But Burgoyne would not listen. The Indians had given grave attention to the general's words, and he felt sure of their good behavior.

So the soldiers started off in fine spirits, with bands playing and colors flying. The Indians, looking very fierce in their war-paint and feathers, led the way in their canoes. It was a grand array.

But for the Americans the outlook was not so pleasant.

"Will you not help us?" said the American minister to the French government. "If you say that you will be our friend, we shall be able to defeat this army yet."

"No," said the cautious Frenchman. "We will help you quietly, but we cannot afford to go to war with England now. You must keep it secret that we have given you any help."

"I am not able to meet Burgoyne," said the American general, who was in the way of the advancing army. "I am not even able to defend my post. But I will do what I can to make his road a hard one. I will make a

wilderness for him, and his Indians may help him out of it."

So General Schuyler retreated slowly, destroying all the wood roads, burning all the bridges, filling up all the creeks, and taking all the cattle and provisions on the way. When General Burgoyne reached this part of his march, it took him twenty-four days to march twenty-six miles, and he had forty bridges to rebuild.

"Hurrah for General Schuyler," said Benedict Arnold, when he heard of it. "But if the British get control of the Hudson we are lost."

General Arnold was on his way to the rescue. He was the brave and daring soldier who had already made a name for himself in the long march through Maine to Canada, and who was to win more glory still before his disgrace came.

"I hope our reënforcements are well on the way," said Burgoyne, who was beginning to find his path a thorny one. "I wish we had left these Indians behind. They are getting me into all kinds of trouble, and I do not dare to punish them. We shall starve if all the country folk are as angry with us as those we have met so far."

"There is a large store of provisions near here, General," said one of his officers. "I will go over there and make a raid if you like."

"Very well," said Burgoyne. "Take some of your Hessians with you and give these rebels a taste of our displeasure. And, by the way, I wish you would bring back with you some horses for the troops. I shall need all the saddles and bridles that you can find, and I should like about 1300 tied in strings of ten each."

If the officer felt any doubt as to his finding such a number of horses, he made no sign.

"Very well, sir," he said gravely, and retired.

Four days later Burgoyne sent for more men.

"This is more of an undertaking than I thought," he said. "There is a man near here named Stark, who served at Bunker Hill, and the country people are flocking to him. I fear he will make trouble for us."

Now to make trouble for Burgoyne's men was precisely what Stark intended to do. He gathered fifteen hundred farmers around him and marched out against the raiders.

"We will drive off these redcoats, or Molly Stark's a widow," he said to his men, as they came near the enemy's post. "We will teach them not to turn wild savages loose upon our country."

"What are those farmers doing in the rear of our lines, sir?" a sentry asked the British colonel.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the colonel, indifferently. "They are curious to see what we look like, I suppose. You needn't be afraid of men in shirt-sleeves."

"But I think they mean to attack us," said the sentry, before long.

"Attack us!" cried the colonel. "Make an attack without bayonets on armed men! Even Yankees are not so foolish as that!"

"But they are attacking us!" cried the sentry, "and here come the Indians with the news."

The fight had indeed begun. For two hours it raged, a "continuous roar," as Stark said afterward. Men fought hand to hand like wild animals.

"Hurrah for Molly Stark!" shouted the farmers, remembering Stark's words. "Hurrah for Molly Stark! The day is ours at last!"

"There is a chance for us, after all," said Washington, when he heard of Stark's victory. "I will send Morgan's famous riflemen to help Arnold, and we may yet hold the river."

"My men beaten by a band of farmers!" said Burgoyne. He could not understand that these farmers were desperate men fighting for their homes and children.

All this time Burgoyne's forces were coming steadily south. When at last he stopped he was within two miles of the American camp.

"The British are in sight!" cried Arnold, coming into the tent of the general who chanced to be in command of the little company in which Arnold was serving.

"Are they, indeed?" said that general, coolly.

"But that is what we have been waiting for," said Arnold, with impatience. "They are probably ready to advance upon us."

"Very well, let them come. We will do nothing rash," said the commanding officer.

"Oh, for one hour of Schuyler's leadership!" raged Arnold, as the precious minutes went by, and no order came to make ready for battle. But Schuyler was no longer in command.

"Something must be done to check them," said Arnold, as he watched the steady on-coming of the British troops.

"I will head them off with my riflemen," said Morgan, who also chafed at the delay. "At least we can protect our left wing."

Soon the battle spread along the lines.

"There goes a brigade to cut off the enemy's rear," said Arnold. "I am afraid our general is a little late."

It was already growing dark. It was impossible now to dislodge the British from the ground they had taken.

"We have fought today without a leader," said one of the American soldiers, "but we have held our own against the British regulars."

"Arnold is leader enough for me," said another. "He would put courage into a rabbit."

"Tomorrow!" said Arnold, exultantly. "Tomorrow we will drive back the enemy into the wilderness."

But the morrow came and went, and there was no order for action. The days went on, and still the American and British troops drilled and counter-marched and looked at each other.

"I cannot keep this up long," said Burgoyne to his officers. "Since our Indians have deserted us and our food supply is threatened, we are growing more helpless every day. I would retreat if the enemy had not already cut off our rear."

"Hurrah!" cried a messenger, bursting into the English camp. "Clinton is on his way from the South to help us. He has left New York."

"I will wait another week," said Burgoyne. "Then I shall try one more fight."

The week went by, and there was no word from General Clinton. He had, in fact, returned to New York. As for the help from the Mohawk valley there was no longer any hope of that.

"Gentlemen," said Burgoyne to his officers, "shall we risk a battle? shall we fight or fly?"

"Let us fight!" said the gallant officers.

So the British troops were led out, and the battle opened.

"Who is that daring soldier who seems to be everywhere at once?" asked one English officer of another.

"That is General Arnold," was the reply. "He has no command today. He is in the field with the volunteers. I hear that he is not in favor with the commanding officer. But he fights like a tiger. If we are beaten, the Yankees may thank him for it. See

how the men rally to him in the thickest of the battle!"

At last the day was over. Burgoyne was in retreat.

"Are you wounded, sir?" asked a soldier, running to General Arnold's help.

"Only another shot in the same old knee," said Arnold, whose horse had been killed under him, and who was white with pain and loss of blood. "Mark my words, my boy! This will be known as one of the great battles of history. Burgoyne was a good fighter, but he will never recover from this."

Thus was fought the great battle of Saratoga. Burgoyne soon surrendered with all his men. He had boasted that he would eat his Christmas dinner at Albany, with his victorious army. Instead he entered the city as the guest of his conquerors.

"I was treated with the greatest courtesy," he said afterward. "General Schuyler's wife met me with gracious hospitality, although I had caused her husband's beautiful house to be burned. These Americans are men of great gallantry. As for Morgan's riflemen, they are the finest in the world."

Well might General Arnold, if he could have known what shame was soon to rest upon his memory, have prayed that he might die that night, for the country was now ringing with praises of his valor.

"Arnold and Morgan won the day," said the soldiers who fought with him. "Long live General Arnold!"

"Burgoyne has surrendered! Burgoyne has surrendered!" was the joyful news that the post-riders carried from colony to colony.

"Burgoyne has surrendered!" said the English ministry. "This is a terrible blow. It may be that the French will now take sides with the

colonists. Perhaps it would be well to try and make peace with these rebels."

It was too late now to make peace. The rebels were exulting in the new hope of success. As for King George, he was as stubborn as ever.

"Make peace with the colonies!" he cried. "I will fight the whole world before I will take back what I have said."

"Will you help us?" said the American minister to the French court.

"Yes, we are ready to help you now," said the French king. "You have shown that you deserve to be helped."

"The war is not over yet," said Washington, "but there is no longer any doubt what the result will be. Now that France is openly our friend we are sure of success."

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR — 1780

France now sent money to help Washington to pay his soldiers, and also sent brave young men to fight in his army. Among the Frenchmen who came to this country was one who became Washington's warm friend. This was the Marquis de Lafayette.

"We have done the hard work," growled General Arnold, "and now these young fellows come to share the glory and rewards."

There was some excuse for Arnold's ill-temper. He had not been treated fairly. In the report of the battle of Saratoga his name was not even mentioned. He had proven himself a brave and able officer, but when he saw men promoted to places higher than his own, he grew sullen and bitter. Other generals also suffered from the same injustice, but they were not thinking of themselves and their own glory.

As the days went on Arnold's anger deepened. Congress seemed to forget what he had done for his country.

Washington himself once gave him a needed though gentle reproof, and the disgrace of it was hard to bear.

Arnold was a daring soldier, but he was not a good man. As a boy he was lawless and cruel. He liked to scatter broken glass in the road so that other boys might cut their feet. He liked to torture innocent and helpless creatures. It is not strange that, when he was a man, he had no keen sense of right and honor.

His pretty young wife was a Tory, and she shared his bitter feelings against the men in Congress.

"They do not appreciate you," she said. "It is a shame. King George is not such an ungrateful master as this republic of yours."

"I will let them know that I am not to be forgotten and despised," thought Arnold, though he was prudent enough not to put it into words. "I will ask for the command of West Point, and then I will sell it to the British."

West Point was the pride of Washington's heart. Every stone in the strong fortress meant the devotion of the American soldiers. How they had toiled to make it safe against attack! No vessel could go up or down the river without passing under its frowning guns. Well might it be called the key to America's door.

"Arnold is one of our best officers," said the generous Washington. "I think he should be given the command of our strongest fort."

So Arnold went to West Point. Before long he was writing letters to Sir Henry Clinton, offering to betray his trust.

One night a British sloop of war came to anchor below the beautiful headland of West Point. A young officer was put ashore for a secret meeting with General Arnold.

All night the talking went on in low, quiet tones. In the gloomy

stillness of the riverside, the two men made their dark plans.

"Do not go into the enemy's lines. Do not take off your uniform. Do not carry any papers." These were the orders which Clinton had given to young Major André. "If you obey these instructions, you cannot be called a spy."

These were excellent orders, and it would have been well for Major André if he had obeyed them. But this he found it difficult to do.

"It is almost daybreak. We cannot talk here," said General Arnold. "You must come with me to a friend's house."

"But will it be within your lines?" asked André.

"You need have no fear. You will be perfectly safe," said General Arnold. "I will give you a pass to return."

At last the arrangements were made. The plan was complete. Clinton was to sail up the river and surprise West Point. Arnold was to surrender. Then Washington would come with more men, and his army would be trapped and destroyed.

"How Washington must trust you!" said André, looking across the river toward the strong walls of the fort. Arnold's eyes fell with sudden shame. But it was only for a moment.

"Here are the papers," he said. "Take care of them. The plans of the fort are there. Put them in your boots for safe-keeping."

"Must I carry any papers?" asked André.

"You certainly must," said Arnold, grimly. "There is no other way."

Suddenly there was heard the sound of guns.

"They are firing on our sloop," cried André. "Is this the way you keep faith, General Arnold? And I am within your lines!"

"The firing must be a mistake," said Arnold. "The vessel is dropping down stream to a place of safety. You are in no danger, though I advise you to return by land."

"No, indeed!" cried André. "I must get back to the sloop at once. This is disagreeable work at the best, and I do not care to risk a journey overland."

"As you please," said Arnold, coolly. Then he rode off, quite unconcerned about the safety of his guest.

Major André was now thoroughly uncomfortable. To be sure, he had the pass from General Arnold which would carry him through the American lines, but his errand made him feel guilty and uneasy.

"You will be safer if you put on plain clothes," said the man who was to conduct him to neutral ground. So André changed his uniform for an ordinary suit—the third blunder he had made. Then, bidding his guide good-by, he rode off down the river, intending to return to New York by land, after all.

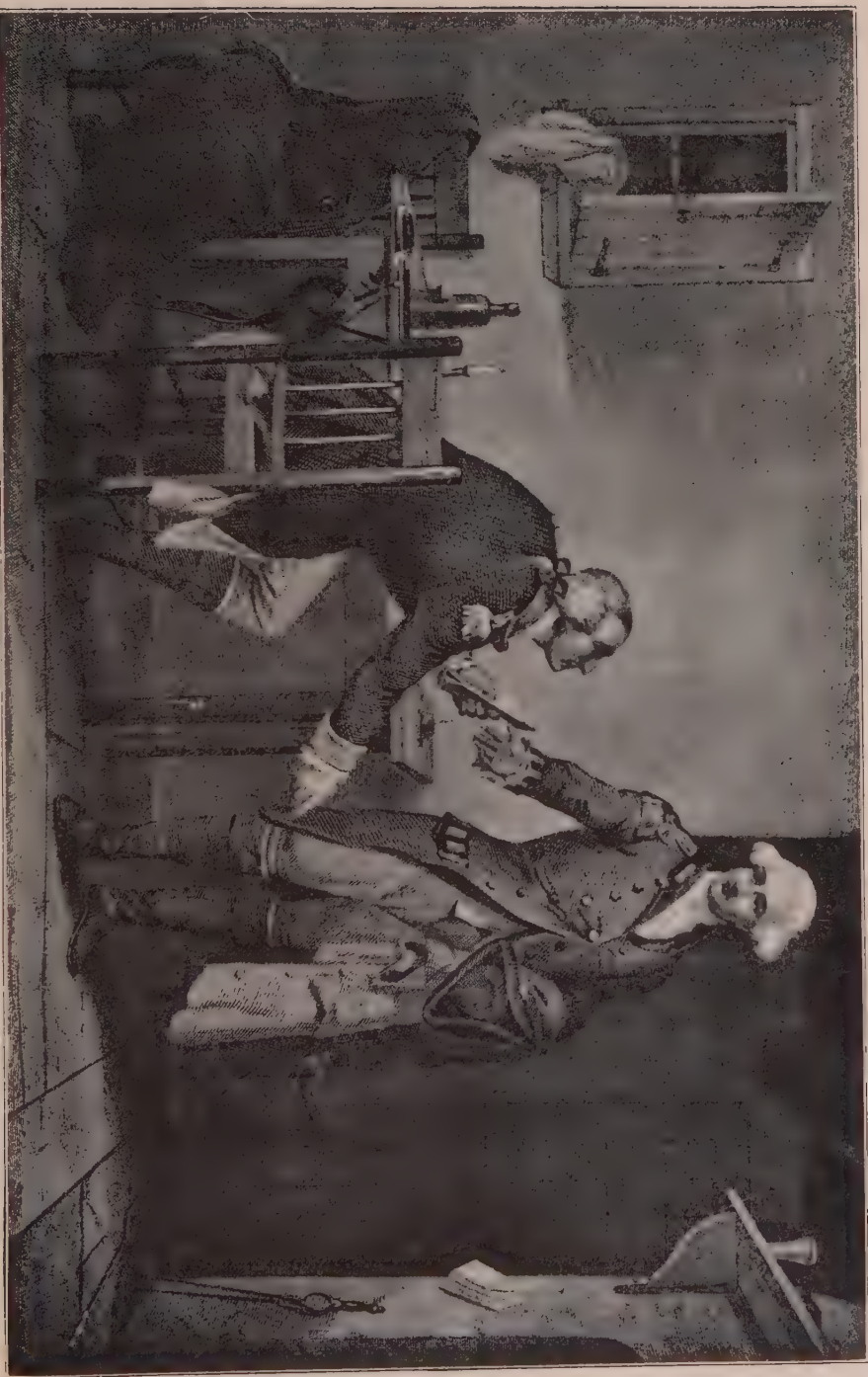
A short time after, Washington and Lafayette were on their way to take breakfast with General Arnold.

"I must stop for a moment to look at some fortifications," said Washington.

"But should we keep Mrs. Arnold waiting?" said the courteous Frenchman.

"Oh, you may go on without me," said the commander-in-chief, smiling. "I know you are in a hurry to see our charming hostess. I shall be there very soon."

The gay party sat down without him in the pleasant breakfast room. In a few moments a note was brought for General Arnold. On reading it he rose hastily and left the room. His wife followed him.



TRASON OF ARNOLD

Arnold persuades Andre to conceal the papers in his boot



Painted by Alonzo Chappel

THE DEATH WARRANT OF MAJOR ANDRE

"What is it?" she asked anxiously. "Something has gone wrong."

"All is lost! André is captured!" said Arnold. "Nothing is left for me but flight."

Flinging himself into his boat, he was rowed down the river to the English vessel. The traitor was safe, though his plans had failed.

When the news was broken to Washington he was silent for a minute. Then he said, with the strong self-control for which he was famous: "Whom can we trust?" It was to him, as he afterward used to say, the darkest hour of the war. Then, with his quick sense of justice, he added:—

"Remember, gentlemen, that I do not hold Mrs. Arnold responsible. Let her be treated with all respect and courtesy."

André had been captured by three Americans, and was promptly handed over to justice. In a few hours he was tried and was at once hanged as a spy. It was a hard fate, but he met it with the quiet courage of a gentleman. Much sorrow was felt for him in America as well as in England, and efforts were made to have him pardoned. But it was too serious a matter for gentle dealing, and the gallant young officer was led out to his death.

Arnold now entered the British army, but he was never respected or trusted by the officers. After the war he went with his wife to England to live. The story is told of him that, when he lay dying, he begged that his old uniform might be brought to him. All those years he had treasured it. Who can tell what were his thoughts as he looked once more upon the faded buff and blue—the Continental colors.

THE CAMPAIGN AROUND PHILADELPHIA-1777

"We must capture Philadelphia—that capital of the rebels," said Howe;

and as soon as possible he made his troops ready to march overland.

"It is of no use," said the scouts. "Washington has blocked the road."

"Very well, then, we will go by water." So the British soldiers hurried to the ships and sailed for Philadelphia by way of Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware River.

But Washington was on the watch. "We, too, can change our plan. We can meet them there as well as here," he said, bravely. So he gathered his soldiers together and marched down to meet the British troops.

On the banks of the Brandywine River he took his place and waited. "They will have to ford this river," he said, "since there are no bridges; so we will station our troops at the four shallow places in the river, and keep close watch."

In due time the British landed, and Washington knew they were advancing. "Watch closely!" was his order. The men tried to watch closely, but under cover of a heavy fog, the British reached the opposite bank of the river unseen. There they halted in the deep shadow of the trees, and the scouts did not see them.

"Have they not come yet?" Washington asked, again and again.

"Not a sign of them!" was the answer.

"It is very strange," thought Washington. But it was not long before the British let the Americans know that they had arrived. The roll of cannon soon told the story, and a hard-fought battle followed, in which the Americans were defeated.

Howe had come in through the "back door," and in a few hours he was marching on in triumph toward Philadelphia. With bands playing and colors flying, he first marched in and took the city; then outside the city, in Germantown, he pitched his

tents, and the army made ready to settle down there for a winter of rest.

"We must make one more trial!" said Washington, as he moved his army close up to the camp of the British and waited for a chance to attack them.

Washington's soldiers were hungry and half clothed; they had lost their baggage in the battle of the Brandywine, and they had had no food for two days. But for all that they were full of courage, and were ready to follow their leader wherever he led them.

Very carefully Washington planned his attack. He learned just where the British lines were strongest, where they were weakest, where Howe's own tent lay, and who was in command of the wings.

"Now we are ready," he said, "and in the night we will fall upon the British when they least expect us."

In the early evening, then, the American army set out for a march of twelve miles over a rough, hard road. Very quietly they marched, dragging the heavy cannon. But the roads were rocky, and now and then the cannon would rumble and roll, in spite of the care the men took to move quietly.

Still they reached the picket lines before any British soldier discovered their coming. Here a sentinel started up and caught sight of the soldiers. There was a dense fog, and he could hardly tell what he saw. The Americans, too, were stumbling along in the fog, unable to see before them.

Without a word away the sentinel ran. It was the enemy, of that he was sure. A moment, and out rolled the British drums; the British cannon roared, and shouts were heard. "The Americans are upon us! The Americans are upon us!" cried the British leaders. And from the east wing and

from the west wing came the cry, "To arms! To arms!"

Both armies opened fire. But the fog had grown denser and denser, and both British and Americans fired into space.

They could hardly tell friend from foe; and often the British found themselves in the American lines and the Americans found themselves in the British lines. All was hopeless confusion.

"If only this fog would lift," thought Washington.

"If only this fog would lift," thought Howe. But both worked away in the dark. At last a moment of despair came to Howe. "It is of no use," he was about to say, when a cry came from some one in the American lines.

"We are surrounded! We are surrounded by the British!" Instantly panic fell upon the American soldiers, and they turned and fled. The officers shouted and stormed at the frightened men, but the soldiers heard only the cry, "We are surrounded!" Away they ran, for now their only thought was to escape.

"We were all but lost," said Howe, as he heard the welcome call for the retreat of the Americans.

"The victory was almost ours," said said Washington sadly, as he went back to his camp.

"We ought to give them just one more blow before we settle for the winter," said Howe; and his officers met one night at the home of a good Quaker woman to make plans. This good woman was a true Whig, but she had been obliged to harbor a part of the British forces in her house.

"See to it, madam," said the officer in command, "that not one of your household knows of this meeting."

"Yes, sir," the Quaker woman answered.

"See that they are all abed and asleep before we hold our council," said the officer again.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. Lydia Darrah did indeed see that her household was abed and asleep before the officers met for council—that is, all of her household except herself.

Then the officers crept into the room where they were to meet, and carefully locked the door. Lydia waited till all was still. "Something is going to happen," she said to herself. So down she crept, in her stocking-feet, and listened at the keyhole.

"If they are planning anything against the American soldiers," she thought, "I ought to know it."

The officers spoke in low voices, but Lydia Darrah had sharp ears.

"Tomorrow night—" one officer said.

"A perfect surprise—" said another.

"Cannot fail to capture them—" said a third.

And from the few words she could catch, Lydia Darrah was sure that the British officers were planning an attack upon the Americans.

Then she hurried back to bed, and by and by the meeting broke up and the officers came out from the room.

"I ought to speak to Mrs. Darrah before we go," said one of the officers. So he went to that good woman's door and rapped. No answer. He rapped again, more loudly. Still no answer. Lydia was so fast asleep! Then he rapped again, this time very loudly indeed.

"What is it?" said Lydia, in a sleepy tone.

"We are ready to go now," said the officer. "Will you come and open the door for us?"

Then Lydia pretended to dress herself. And it took her some time; because, you see, she was so sound asleep when the officer called her!

By and by she came out from her room, looking very sleepy, and unbarred the door for the officers to pass out.

"Now what shall I do?" Lydia thought; for when the door closed after the officers she suddenly became very wide awake. "I must let General Washington know of this."

The next day Lydia went to the officer and asked for a pass to go to the mill for flour.

"Certainly," answered the officer; and he wrote out a pass for her. Then Lydia set out for the mill to get her flour.

But while the corn was being ground, Lydia hurried away toward the American camp.

"Who goes there?" called the sentinel.

Lydia rode up to him and whispered something that made the sentinel stare.

"Waste no time," said Lydia, and back she rode to the mill.

The next night a part of Howe's army crept out from the camp and marched straight toward the camp of Washington.

"We shall catch them napping this time," said the commander to himself.

But hardly had the British soldiers reached the picket lines, when out blazed the American cannon.

The British stopped short, they did not wait for the command to "Halt!"

"Somebody has betrayed us!" the officer said, as he turned and marched back to the camp; "we have come on a fool's errand." And he was angry enough to kill the whole American army if he could have had the chance just then.

"It is very strange," said Howe, when these men came back. "Somebody must have been awake in the Darrah house. Who could it have been?"

"It wasn't Mrs. Darrah, I am sure," said one officer; "for I had to rap three times before I could awake her to unbar the door for us." And it was not until after the war that the great secret was told of how Lydia saved the American army.

After this Howe's army gave itself up to a good time in the city of Philadelphia. There were no more battles, and the Tories made the winter gay with balls and parties. The Tory ladies declared it was the gayest winter the city of Philadelphia had ever seen; and the British officers said they had never been so grandly entertained in all their lives.

"So Howe has taken Philadelphia!" some one said one day.

"It seems as if Philadelphia had taken Howe!" was the witty answer; and so the gay winter passed on.

Meanwhile, however, at Valley Forge the American army was freezing and starving. There was little food, and the men were thinly clothed. Many of them had no shoes, and the paths up and down the camp were stained from the bleeding feet of the soldiers. Again and again Washington begged Congress to send help, but Congress could send no help. And so in this cruel suffering the men lived on week after week.

At last spring came, and General Clinton, who had been sent to take Howe's place, began to plan to go back to New York. For now a fleet was on its way from France to bring help to the colonists, and the British army might be needed to meet it at New York.

But Washington did not mean to let Clinton march away quite so easily; so he drew his army up and started out to meet the British.

It was on the plains of Monmouth that the armies met at last, and the battle was opened.

"I never saw fiercer fighting," Clinton was saying. "No one can say these Americans are cowards." But just then the call sounded, "Retreat! Retreat!" and one part of the American army turned and fled.

Then up came Washington. "Halt!" he shouted. "Why do you retreat in the midst of battle?"

"The whole army is retreating!" was the answer the breathless men made.

"It is a lie! Back to your places! Back, I say!"

Then on came another crowd of fugitives. "How dare you!" shouted Washington. "Back to your places!"

"But we were told the whole army is retreating."

"Back to your places! Back! and win the battle for the cause of liberty!"

The men were confused. Surely some one had given the order to retreat; still, it must be that Washington knew. So back they marched, ashamed that they had played the coward.

"We must fight now to make up for lost time," they said; and they rushed into the very thickest of the fight.

"General Lee," demanded Washington of the general in charge, "what is the cause of this confusion in your ranks?" Washington's look was stern and Lee could make no answer.

"Sir," said Washington again, "are you ready now to take this command?" "I am," said General Lee, whose pride was stung, "and I shall be the last to leave the field."

At one of the guns, in the midst of the fiercest fighting, stood Pitcher, a brave young Irishman. By his side, all day long, his wife, Molly, had stood ready to help. More than once she had marched out in the face of the enemy to bring water from the brook for the soldiers; for Molly had the spirit of a heroine.

Painted by Alonzo Chappel

VALLEY FORGE—WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE





Painted by D. M. Carter

MOLL FITCHER AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

It had been a day of fearful heat, and the soldiers were gasping for breath. "Here's one more bucket of water," Molly was saying as she staggered in with her hundredth pail. Just then a ball came whizzing over her head, and down fell brave Pitcher—dead, beside his gun.

"Roll the gun back!" some one shouted, for there was no time now to mourn for the dead.

"Leave it where it is!" cried Molly. "I will work the gun myself!"

Molly's eyes were blazing; and before the officer could reach the gun, she had loaded and fired it.

"Let us take the gun," said some soldiers near by.

"Never!" she screamed; and she fired and fired, faster and faster.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the men. But Molly hardly heard the cheer; she was thinking of her poor Tom, who lay dead at her feet.

All the rest of the day Molly stood at the gun. No man could load faster, no man fired with such fury. And when the battle was finished, the soldiers crowded around the brave woman to tell her how well she had fought.

But after the excitement of battle was over, poor Molly Pitcher crept away to her tent. Little did she care for the praise of the men. Her own soldier boy was dead, and she was alone.

The next day General Greene came to her and said, "Come, Molly, I want to take you to General Washington."

Molly picked up her old cocked hat, and dragged herself out from the tent. She was dirty and grimed with battle smoke, her dress was torn, and the old hat was crushed. But Washington held out his hand to her, and said: "You made a brave stand at the gun. I am going to give you sergeant's honors, then you will have a sergeant's pension as long as you live." And never did sergeant earn his pension or his title more honestly than did this daring Irish girl—Molly Pitcher.

"Now let us be ready at daybreak!" was Washington's last command as the soldiers lay down that night to sleep. "At daybreak we will attack them again."

At daybreak came the roll of drums. Washington himself was already on his horse. "Victory!" he was saying; "today we must gain a victory over the British!" But just then a scout came flying in. "They are gone!" he cried. "The British are gone!"

It was true. In the night, so softly that even the pickets had not heard them, they had crept away. And on the battle-field lay only the dead and the wounded.

Clinton was already miles away on his march to New York; the campaign around Philadelphia was ended, and with it ended the war in the middle colonies.

HOW CLARK SAVED THE WEST — 1778

Just before the Revolution, some of the Virginia and North Carolina families pushed their way westward, and built small settlements of log houses in the wilderness. This was the beginning of what is now the state of Kentucky. Between these houses and the eastern colonies were miles of trackless forest. Still farther to the west were the old

French settlements near the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. At this time these were under English control.

"We must keep these rebels from going west," said the British ministry. "If we can get the Indians to help us, they will prevent the colonists from gaining any ground in that direction."

So the Indians were enlisted on the British side.

"What does this mean?" asked some of the leaders in Parliament, one day. "Here is a bill for scalping knives for our army in America. Scalping knives! This is too disgraceful!"

"War is war," said others. "Our Indian friends must fight in their own way."

"The main thing is to put down the rebellion," said King George.

Soon the terrible Indian warfare began. The suffering fell, not on the soldiers, but on innocent women and children. No home was safe. A man might go to his work in the morning, and come back to find his house burned to the ground, his goods stolen, and his wife and children killed. From all sides of the little western settlements came stories of murder, fire, and terrors of every kind.

There was one village of twenty-five log houses which was attacked by nearly four hundred of these savage warriors. They were led by a white man who was known throughout the country for his cruelty and wickedness. The settlers, hearing that the Indians were near, took refuge in the fort, where they spent the night. In the morning there were no signs of the enemy.

"It will be well to send out a few men to discover where the savages are," said the commander of the fort. So a small band was sent out. The Indians were in hiding near by, and they rushed out upon the little company. Then more men were sent from the fort, but the Indians were too many for them, and soon there were only twelve men left to defend the women and children.

"Surrender!" cried the leader of the fierce savages. "I demand unconditional surrender!"

"And that you shall never have!"

answered the brave colonel. "We will defend this fort as long as there is one man left."

Then the siege began. Fortunately, the Indians had no heavy guns, and could not do much harm. At noon they fell back a little, and the settlers had a few moments of peace.

"We might hope to tire them out," said one of the men, who was named Zane, "but our powder is nearly gone. Why didn't I bring the keg of powder that is in my house!"

"Whoever goes for it is likely to be shot by the Indians," said the colonel. "I will order no man to go to what seems certain death, but will any one volunteer?"

Every man stepped forward.

"Let me go!" they all said at once.

Then began a long dispute as to which of the men should go. In the midst of it Zane's sister spoke.

"Let me go," said she. "My life is of little worth to protect these helpless women and children. I am the one who can best be spared."

"No," said the colonel. "Do you think that I would send a girl where it is not safe for a man to go?"

But Elizabeth Zane had made up her mind to get the powder. She opened the gate and went across to her brother's home.

For a few minutes the Indians watched her.

"What in the world is she going to do?" said their leader. "She has gone into the house. Now she is coming back. She has something in her arms. It looks like—it is powder!"

A volley of shots interrupted him. The Indians' eyes were quicker than his own, and the savages never waited for orders. The girl ran as swiftly as a deer across the open space between her and the fort. The door was thrown open and she entered, unhurt and safe.

"Hurrah!" cried the men. "Hurrah for Elizabeth Zane! Now let those rascals do their worst. We will drive them back or die."

All day the fighting went on, but help was near. Before morning the anxious hearts in the fort were made glad by the shouts of those who had come to rescue them. The Indians departed to the wilderness, and Fort Henry was saved.

Now there was one of the pioneers in the West who was not satisfied merely to drive off his enemies. His name was George Rogers Clark.

"If we could get those French settlements away from England," thought Clark, "I believe that the people who live there would fight as willingly on our side as on the other. They have no reason to love the British very much."

So Clark started off to the old town of Kaskaskia, where there was an English fort. He took with him a hundred and fifty men. Only the governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry, knew of Clark's plan.

"We will take the townspeople by surprise, and frighten them well," said Clark.

This was something that the English commander at Kaskaskia had never thought of. He had gone away and left some French officers in charge. In the great hall of the fort a ball was going on, and the soldiers were dancing with the pretty French girls. Now and then a shy Indian maiden won applause by her skill and grace. A few savage-looking warriors lay about the edge of the ball-room, watching the gay scenes with serious faces. Suddenly one of them sprang to his feet with a wild whoop. The music stopped and every one looked toward the door. There, leaning quietly against the wall, stood Clark, the backwoodsman.

The men and women stared at him

in terror. How did he come there and how many were with him?

"Go on with your dancing," said Clark. "But remember that you do so under the protection of Virginia and not of Great Britain. Tomorrow let no man leave his house under penalty of instant death."

The next morning the chief men of the town begged to speak with Clark.

"Spare our lives," they pleaded. "We will work for you and be your slaves, but do not kill us and our wives and our children."

"I have not come to make slaves," Clark said to them. "Promise that you will be loyal to the new Republic, and everything shall go on as before."

"We are quite willing to do that," said the delighted townspeople. "We are glad to be your friends."

This happened in the summer. A little later two other French towns pulled down the English flag, and agreed to be friendly with the Americans. But, long before cold weather came, Clark saw that he could not hold these three towns with his little band of less than two hundred men.

"They will attack us in the spring," said Clark to his men. "It seems to me that it would be better not to wait for them. Are you ready to march against them now?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Clark's men.

It was in February that Clark started with one hundred and twenty men to march the two hundred and forty miles that lay between him and the English fort. It was no longer very cold, but the warmer weather had brought serious floods. The little band struggled on through swamps and forests where every step was an effort. They waded through icy streams, and camped, wet and shivering, but Clark's courage never failed.

At last they came near the town. Faint with hunger, and tired out with

their long march, the men looked across the flooded fields that still lay between them and the end of their journey.

"We shall never get there!" said some of them in despair.

"Courage, men, courage!" cried Clark. "One more gallant effort and the victory is ours. Follow me, my brave boys!" and, plunging into the flood, he led his followers over four weary miles of almost impassable country. Often the water was above their waists. Sometimes only their

heads could be seen above its surface; but with their guns and powder horns held high in air to keep them dry, the men struggled bravely on.

All went as well as Clark had hoped. The English commander was wholly unprepared for such an attack, and the French retreated to their homes. Moreover the Indians, with cheerful quickness, came over to the Americans, and the victory was complete. There was no more trouble in that region, for Clark had saved the great West for the American people.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTH — 1779

Clinton was angry when he heard how the battle had gone at Monmouth. "After all," said he, "what have Howe and I gained by this war in the middle colonies? Let us go South and take possession of the southern colonies. Let us attack Savannah first, and work up the coast from there. Every seaport and every river we can control will make the colonies in the South just so much weaker. If we work wisely, we ought to be able to cut them off from helping each other."

Now this was excellent planning, and perhaps it was not Clinton's fault that it failed. As soon as possible Washington sent an army to Charleston to keep back the British; but in those days it took a long time to travel from one colony to another. So it was little wonder that before Washington's men could reach Charleston, Clinton had taken Savannah, and all Georgia was in the hands of the enemy. For what could one little colony do with such a force against it and with no help?

Most of the Liberty boys had gone to the North to fight; but all who were still in the South fought till the last hope was gone. Once the British marched against a Georgia fort in which there were only women and

children. "We will not harm the women and children," the British said; "but this will be a good time to take the fort." Hardly had they reached the fort when out blazed a gun at them.

"What does this mean?" the British commander cried.

Then out blazed another gun and another and another. The British had not come well armed, for of course they had not expected that women and children would fight.

"We have been fooled!" the British said; "there are men in that fort. See! there they stand at the guns. We may as well go back and come again when we are armed as we should be."

So the British went back to their camp; and the women, who had dressed themselves in the coats and hats of their brothers and fathers and husbands, laughed to think how they had frightened the soldiers away.

The American commander meantime had taken his place in the city of Charleston; and there he waited for the British to attack him. He threw up redoubts, made the walls stronger, and did all that could be done. The Americans had only fourteen hundred men, while the British had thous-

ands. What could such a small force do? There was little hope from the beginning, for the British hemmed them in and bombarded the city night and day. By and by provisions began to fail; men and women were dying; and they had but one choice—to starve or to surrender.

At first the American commander tried to make terms with the British commander; but the only terms the British commander would listen to were those of “unconditional surrender.”

Then the British firing began in deadly earnest. Women and children were killed by the bursting shells, and the houses were on fire.

“There is but one thing to do now, and that is to save the people,” said the American commander. So he ran up the white flag, and the British took him and all his men prisoners.

How the Tories in Charleston cheered! It was a joyful day for them. They threw up their hats; they enlisted in the army of the British commander; they fired rockets and made great bonfires.

“This is as it should be,” they said.

“We shall soon have the whole South in our hands,” said Clinton, proudly.

Then Clinton divided his forces and made plans to attack the other southern colonies. One part of his army he sent back to Savannah to remind the people there that he was still watching them. Another band of soldiers he sent into the middle of the colony of South Carolina to prove to the village people, away from the shore, that it was indeed true that he had taken Charleston.

But the largest number of his soldiers he sent northward with Cornwallis. These were to conquer the towns as they marched along, and cut off the South from the North.

It was a grand plan. Washington

could not have planned better, but its carrying out was another matter.

There was the staunch patriot, Marion, the Swamp Fox, as he was called, who had a way of falling upon the British troops when they least expected it. He would creep out from his swamp and attack them when they were asleep, or when they were marching. Then, before the British could have their revenge upon him, he would disappear into his swamp again where no British soldier cared to follow.

“He fights like an Indian—in ambush,” the British said.

“Never mind how this Swamp Fox fights,” he would say, “so long as he wins.”

“Come and dine with me,” Marion said one day to a British officer. The officer came, but Marion had only baked potatoes and clear spring water to offer his guest.

“Is this all you have?” the officer asked.

“All?” said Marion; “we thought we were lucky to have so much.”

“But your government pays you well, of course; and that makes it worth while to live like this for a time,” said the officer.

“The government pays my men nothing at all; we have never had one penny from the government,” said Marion.

The officer could hardly believe it. “Why in the world, then, do you go on fighting?” he cried.

“For Liberty!” was Marion’s answer.

Farther north other patriots made war hard for the British. These were the Watauga Boys, as they were called.

Now these Watauga Boys have a story all their own. They had gone across the Alleghanies before the war began, and there they had built Fort Watauga and had made a little home settlement around it. The Watauga

Boys dressed in bearskins and wore foxtails in their caps. They had a yell,—the Watauga whoop, they called it,—and this whoop the British had learned to dread.

Now in this part of the War of the Revolution the British plan of campaign had been called “the anaconda plan.” This was a very good name; for the British meant first of all to coil themselves around the southern colonies and shut them off from northern help. This done, the Cherokee Indians were to complete the plan by coming up from their southern home. They were to push their way through the Alleghanies and help by attacking the colonies in the rear.

Sir Peter Parker was the first to try this plan, and he might have succeeded, had it not been for the Watauga Boys. But they learned of the plan, attacked the Indians and drove them back to their wigwams just when Sir Peter needed them most.

But the British were not to be beaten. Again they made an “anaconda plan”; and this time it was finer than before. The Indians were to come up from the South; a British army was to come down from Detroit; then these two were to meet and come through the mountains. This was an anxious time for Washington. Day after day he waited; for he knew that the plan was a good one, and that it was more than likely to succeed.

But again the Watauga Boys came to the rescue. They attacked the British coming down from Detroit and took the commander prisoner. Then they attacked the Indians and drove them back to their village. A second time, then, the “anaconda plan” failed.

The Watauga Boys were now watching the British as they were making their way toward the North, across the Carolinas. Already the British

had gained many a victory over the struggling colonists. Georgia was cut off from all help. The patriots of South Carolina had been driven to the swamps. North Carolina was growing weaker and weaker every day. The British commander, Ferguson, was growing bolder and bolder because of his victories, and Cornwallis was making plans for fresh attacks. These were dark days for our army.

One day Ferguson sent a message to the Watauga Boys. In the message he told them that if they did not promise to keep peace, he would march against them.

“Very well,” said the Watauga Boys, “let us save Ferguson so much trouble. Let us go to meet him.”

So out marched these backwoodsmen, as Ferguson called them, and with their foxtail caps nodding gaily, they set out over the Alleghanies, shouting their war-whoop now and then, just to cheer each other on.

The first thing they did was to march in upon a British colonel’s fort while his men were sound asleep. At the gateway the Watauga Boys gave their yell.

“Surrender!” demanded Sevier, their leader, and for some reason Colonel Moore did surrender without even trying to fight. With hardly a word his men marched out from their fort, stacked their guns, and let the backwoodsmen march in.

“The rebels!” stormed Ferguson, when he heard of this; “they shall pay for their prank!”

So off he marched to meet the Watauga Boys in battle. But while he was in camp on King’s Mountain, scouts brought word that the Watauga Boys were coming to meet him.

“It is well,” said Ferguson. “We couldn’t be in a safer place; for no army would care to open battle with us upon this hill.

The Watauga Boys came on, shouting and cheering. "The savages!" said Ferguson, when he heard them. "If they attack us, they will find that a battle means something more than yelling."

"We must surround that hill," said Sevier. And he looked very sober; for he saw that Ferguson was well protected and that the Watauga Boys had a dangerous work before them.

"We are ready," said the brave Boys.

Then Sevier divided his forces. They were to rush up the hill from three sides, and attack the army at three different places. This was their only hope of success.

"Now, then, ready! Charge!" And with this the Watauga Boys started up the hill.

"They are mad to attempt it," thought Ferguson. But there was no time to be lost. "Charge! Down upon them! Charge!" he shouted to his men.

For a moment the Boys staggered back. "On! On!" Sevier shouted. "Remember these are Tories! Tories! Tories to be conquered! Every man his own commander! Steady! Aim close!"

Straight on up the hill the Watauga Boys rushed. Down upon them the

redcoats charged. Crack, crack went the rifles. But it was the British who gave way. In vain Ferguson blew his silver whistle to rally his men. Slowly they fell back up the mountain side, and someone even raised a white flag.

"Down with that flag!" shouted Ferguson, for he was no coward. He fought till the last hope of victory was gone. Then, spurring his horse, he rushed down the hill, straight through the ranks of the enemy.

"It is Ferguson! Ferguson!" the Boys shouted, for they knew the white horse he rode.

Crack! went a dozen rifles, and Ferguson fell from his horse, dead, at the foot of the mountain he had so bravely tried to defend.

Then up went the white flag once more. The British gave way, the battle was ended, and the Watauga Boys had won another victory.

"In Ferguson I have lost one of my strongest commanders," said Cornwallis, when he heard of the battle of King's Mountain. "This is a terrible blow to our army."

This was true; for now that Ferguson's army was broken and the daring commander killed, Cornwallis was forced to give up the plans he had made for conquering that part of the country.

HOW GREENE SAVED THE SOUTH—1781

"We cannot hope to drive the British from the South," said Washington, "until we have a regular army there."

"Very well," said Congress. "We will send an army there, and you may choose a commander."

"I choose General Greene," said Washington. "He is almost an army in himself."

So Greene went South to his command. Washington could spare only

a few men but there were fighting men in the South who could be trained to make good soldiers.

Greene found that his army had very little to wear or to eat. They were in the habit of doing as they liked. When a man wanted to go home, he went, as a matter of course.

"Now that will never do," said General Greene, "That is desertion. The next man who goes home without leave shall be shot."

At first the soldiers thought that his strict rule was very hard, but they soon grew to love their new commander. Before long, they were ready to meet any danger or hardship if he were with them.

"How you must suffer from cold!" a British soldier said one day to the barefooted sentry.

"I do not complain," said the sentry. "I know we should have shoes, if our general could get them for us."

While General Greene was drilling his army, Morgan was also at work in the South, making things very uncomfortable for Cornwallis. Morgan had already distinguished himself at Saratoga, and Greene was glad to have such a man to help him.

"If it were not for Morgan, I could attack Greene at once, and make short work of that ridiculous army of his," said Cornwallis. "I will send Tarleton with my light infantry to get Morgan out of the way."

Now Tarleton was very proud of his way of fighting, and up to this time it had been very successful. His plan was to make a sudden rush upon the enemy, and frighten them into surrender.

"These country farmers will run like sheep before my regulars," Tarleton thought.

Morgan was waiting for him at Cowpens. This was a place where the farmers gathered their cattle at night.

"We are going to fight tomorrow," Morgan said to his men. "I want the new soldiers to promise me that they will fire three times before they get discouraged. If they can do that, I am not afraid of being beaten."

Early the next morning Morgan had his men in line. They had eaten a good breakfast and were in high spirits. In the middle of his ranks he placed his tried soldiers.

"The others will fall back," he told them, "but you must stand firm."

Morgan might have said, "The others will run away." That was what he thought would happen, and he made his plans accordingly.

Tarleton came on in hot haste. He would not wait for his men to eat their breakfast, although they were tired and hungry. They rushed upon the patriots as Tarleton had taught them to do, but to their surprise, there was no disorder among the American forces. A few troops retired in good order, but there was no sign of panic. Instead, there came from the center of Morgan's lines a steady, terrible fire which filled the British soldiers with dismay.

"Charge—bayonets!" shouted Morgan, when he saw how the fight was going. This was the last stroke. The British troops flung away their guns and begged for mercy. In vain did their gallant officers try to form the scattering lines. More than half their army was captured, and Tarleton hardly escaped with his life.

"My light infantry destroyed!" cried Cornwallis, when he heard of the battle at the Cowpens. "I will teach Morgan a lesson."

But though Cornwallis burned his baggage so that he might move the faster, he could not overtake Morgan and his men. They were already on their way to join Greene.

"I am not ready yet to meet the British," thought Greene. "We must have more men, or Cornwallis will wipe out this southern army of mine."

Then began the brilliant game of "dodge" which made General Greene famous. He was retreating before a powerful army, yet he made his retreat as valuable to the Americans as a victory would have been.

Changing camp every night, appearing in unexpected places, making

friends for the American cause wherever he went, the American general nearly wore out the courage of his pursuers.

At last there came a fierce fight in which the British were victorious. But their loss was twice as great as that of the Americans. When a famous English Whig heard of this battle, he said, "Another such victory would destroy the British army." As for the Americans, they were full of courage and hope.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS — 1781

To go North, however, was what Cornwallis had no wish to do, for Washington was in the North with an army of sixteen thousand men.

"I must keep out of Washington's way until Clinton sends me more men," thought Cornwallis.

"I must attack Cornwallis before Clinton sends him more men," thought Washington.

Now Washington had not yet heard of Greene's famous retreat, but he knew that in any case more troops would be needed in the South.

At first, Lafayette was sent to Virginia in chase of Arnold, who was raiding that state. Lafayette was quick to see what should be done, and brave in doing it. Cornwallis, having no confidence in the traitor Arnold, set out himself to meet the Frenchman. After a sharp fight the British retreated to Yorktown.

Washington now made up his mind to take his army South.

"It must be a quick march," he said to his officers. "We must make Clinton think that we are going to attack New York."

Everything went well. The British were completely deceived. Before long Cornwallis was writing despairing notes to Clinton, for the Americans had opened fire upon Yorktown.

Greene now decided to march boldly to the South, and there to attack the southern divisions of the British forces.

"If Cornwallis follows me," he said, "it will mean the failure of the British campaign. If he goes north, the main army under Washington will give him something to do. I will get control of the South for our own people."

It was a bold plan, but it proved a successful one. Cornwallis felt that there was but one thing for him to do, and that was to go North.

As the days went on the situation of Cornwallis became more and more hopeless. The Americans had thrown up redoubts, and were rapidly gaining possession of the strongest defences. Cornwallis made a desperate attempt to escape, but a storm came up and made the river impassable, so that the troops were forced to return.

Early one morning the Americans began a furious bombardment of the British works. Within the British lines could be plainly seen the large stone house where Cornwallis himself was lodged. Against this house the heaviest fire seemed to be directed.

"Who is responsible for that firing?" asked one of the American officers. "Does the gunner know that the house he is aiming at happens to belong to one of our own men?"

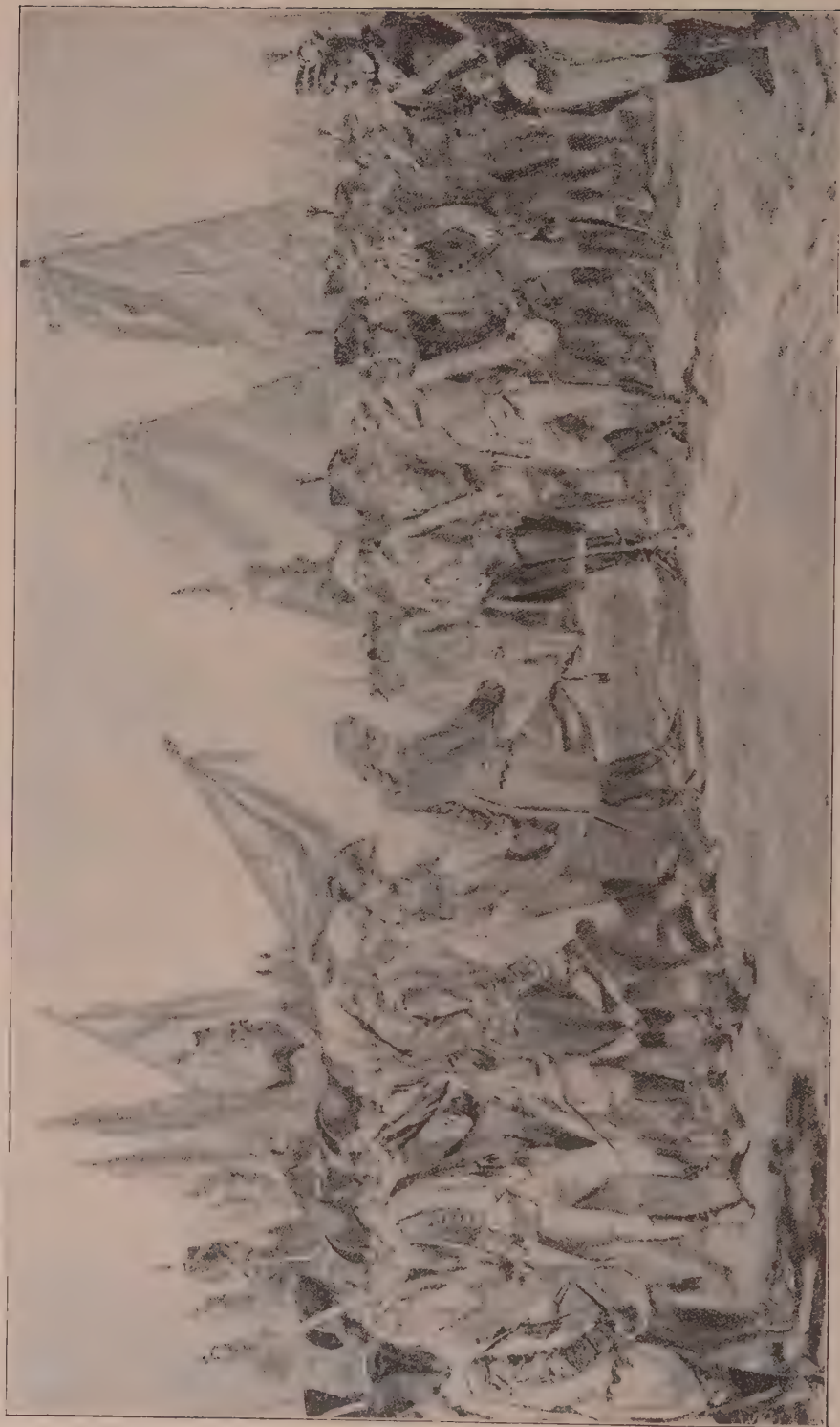
"Oh, yes!" said another, "and what is more, the owner of the house is directing the firing!"

At last the British general saw that all was over. His works were destroyed, his men were exposed to the fire of the enemy, and the ammunition was nearly gone.

"What will be the terms of surrender?" Cornwallis wrote to Washington.

"You shall have the same honors that were granted to the American

THE FINAL SCENE IN THE AMERICAN WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE



THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS TO WASHINGTON, AT YORKTOWN, VA., OCTOBER 19, 1781

prisoners at Charleston," wrote Washington.

Now, as Cornwallis remembered with dismay, the surrender at Charleston had been made as humiliating as possible for the Americans. But what could he say?

"Oh, if Clinton would only come!" groaned the proud-spirited commander, but Clinton gave no sign.

So ended the siege of Yorktown, and it was a splendid victory for the Americans.

At noon the next day a great crowd gathered to see the troops march out, and to watch Cornwallis, the Terror of the South, in the hour of his defeat. But in this they were doomed to disappointment. Cornwallis sent word that he was confined to his tent by illness. Perhaps this was true, though many doubted it then; for it was enough to make a man ill to be defeated by the troops he had so openly despised.

The American army was drawn up on one side of the road, and the French army on the other. Their lines were more than a mile long. At the head of the American line was Washington, on his white horse.

The British troops wore bright, new uniforms, but their hearts were full of sullen despair. They marched out steadily, as if on parade. A Frenchman, who was looking on, wrote home: "We were surprised at the appearance of the English troops. Cornwallis had opened the stores to them before the surrender took place. . . . But all their finery seemed to humiliate them the more when contrasted with the miserable appearance of the Americans."

After the infantry came the cavalry, and then the British officer who bore the sword of Cornwallis.

When he would have presented it, Washington waved it aside. "Gen-

eral Lincoln will receive the sword," he said.

The officer who stood by his side took the sword for a moment in his hand. Perhaps he was thinking of those hard hours at Charleston. Then he handed it back to the British officer.

"You will kindly return it, sir, to his lordship," he said courteously.

Then came the ceremony of laying down the arms of the troops. This was a hard task, for defeat is not easy to bear. General Lincoln led the way to the field where the arms were to be piled. Some of the men did not lay down their arms properly, but flung them down as if they would like to break them.

"That will not do," said General Lincoln, sternly. "Your arms are to be laid down in an orderly way."

At last the long ceremony was over. When the troops returned to camp, it was as prisoners of war.

Throughout the colonies there was great rejoicing. People asleep in their beds were roused by the cry of the watchmen, "All's well, and Cornwallis is taken!" It seemed too good to be true. Every one knew that the end of the war was not far away.

Though the fighting went on a while longer, there was no chance of success for the British army, and before many months had gone by, the British fleets sailed back to their own country with the news of their defeat.

In England, as well as in America, there was rejoicing. Never again would an English king dare to be so great a tyrant as this stubborn George III had been.

"Hurrah for Washington!" shouted the English Whigs. "He has struck a mighty blow for liberty!"

As for poor old King George, he was very unhappy. It seemed to him that the world must be coming to an end. But after a while even those who had

once thought that he was right began to say:—

“It is better that the Americans fought and won their freedom. Now

they will be our friends instead of our slaves. And after all let us never forget that we—English and Americans—are one people now and forever.”

MEMORY TESTS ON PERIOD FROM 1492 TO 1781

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REFERENCE MAP
FOR THE
AMERICAN
REVOLUTION

ON THE LEFT:
Northern and
Middle States

ON THE RIGHT:
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See also Map
of
Territorial Growth
of the
United States
for
comparative area
of the
Original
Thirteen States
with the
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of
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COLONIAL HISTORY IN EPITOME

The following paragraphs give the basis of fact on which the preceding stories have been founded.

PERIOD OF DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

THE COMING OF THE NORSEMEN.—The Norsemen's voyages and discoveries began under the guidance of Eric the Red, a Norwegian. In 874 they settled Iceland and in 986 founded a colony on the southwest coast of Greenland. In 1000 Leif, son of Eric the Red, sailed with a crew to a place which they named Vineland, probably somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts Bay. Several voyages were made in the next twelve years, chiefly for timber. One of these voyages was made by Karlsefni, who came with three ships. He intended to found a colony in Vineland, but the Indians proved unfriendly and after three years he finally gave up the attempt.

UNTIL COLUMBUS CAME.—News of Norse voyages did not spread rapidly, partly because of the distance between the homes of Norsemen and other Europeans, and partly because the Norsemen were ignorant of latitude and longitude, and of the shape of the earth, and therefore did not know how important their discoveries were. On account of lack of nautical instruments, scientific records of voyages were impossible. All Europe was in confusion at this time, and was too busy to think of Norse voyages, even if it had heard of them. Now trade began to suffer from robbers in Asia, and the merchants began to look for a new route to the East. A route around Africa was proposed, and Prince Henry of Portugal, a cousin of Henry V of England, became the leader of expeditions. The first success under his guidance was the rediscovery of Porto Santo and Madeira in 1418-25. In 1433-35 Giles Jones, after two unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in passing the dreaded Cape Bojador on the northwestern coast of Africa. This was a great opening. In 1442 Antonio Gonzalves brought gold and slaves to Europe. This was the beginning of the slave trade. Many other voyages were made up to 1487, most of the former theories and fears being overcome. But it was found that this was not the hoped-for route, and so it was given up.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—Columbus sailed from Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492, for the Canaries. On the twelfth of October land was discovered, which proved to be one of the Bahama Islands. He returned to Spain with the news. A second voyage was made in September, 1493. He founded a colony on the island of Hayti, and cruised among the islands of the Caribbean Sea. He again returned to Spain. In 1498 he started on a third voyage. He discovered land which is now South America. His crew mutinied, and he was carried to Spain in chains, but was released. He made a fourth voyage, starting from Cadiz, May 11, 1502. After reaching the Cannibal Islands, he intended to go to Jamaica. He stopped at San Domingo for repairs, but was ordered out. A severe

storm came up, which was followed by a dead calm. His ships were carried to islands on the southwest coast of Cuba. He sailed farther southwest and reached Honduras; thence he sailed eastward, and while hunting for the Straits of Malacca he again encountered bad weather. He sailed eastward almost to the Gulf of Darien and then sailed north; but June 23, 1503, the wrecks of his ships were beached on the shores of Jamaica. He was obliged to stay there a year, but at last received some ships from the governor of the island and sailed for Spain, arriving in the port of San Lucar, November 7, 1504. After his third voyage he was never taken back into royal favor, and died a poor man, May 20, 1506, at the age of seventy years.

PONCE DE LEON.—Ponce de Leon had enriched himself in Porto Rico. He was deprived of the governorship, and decided to enlist in some new enterprise for finding wealth and fame. He heard of new lands of wealth and also of a fountain of perpetual youth; being old and rich, he thought most of the fountain. He sailed from Porto Rico in March, 1512. Crossing the Bahama Channel, March 27, he passed an island on the opposite shore, and a few days later landed on the mainland. It was at Easter; so he named it Pascua Florida (Flowery Easter). He made explorations in the new country. In 1521 he received an arrow wound in a fight with Indians, and returning to Cuba, shortly afterward died.

BALBOA.—In 1501 Balboa joined the company of adventurers who followed Roderigo de Bastidas in his voyage of discovery in the western seas. Balboa settled in Hispaniola and tried to cultivate the land. In 1510 Encisco set sail from Balboa's part of the country, and Balboa, wishing to escape, hid himself in a cask on board Encisco's ship. Trouble arose among the men and with the natives of Darien. Encisco was deposed, and Balboa finally became the commander. Balboa now made excursions into the surrounding country and secured the friendship of many chiefs. Word came to Balboa at about this time that the king was displeased with him, and that he was to be summoned before him for trial. Balboa immediately resolved to do some great thing to conciliate the sovereign. Therefore on the first of September, 1513, he set out with one hundred and ninety men to cross the perilous isthmus. On the twenty-sixth of September he reached the summit of the mountains and saw the Pacific. Three days later he descended the western side of the mountain and took possession of the sea in the name of the king. On the eighteenth of January, 1514, he reached Darien again and was received with great acclamation. A report of the discovery was sent to the king, and in due time letters came from the latter expressing his delight at Balboa's deeds and giving him the

title of admiral. Balboa then determined to explore the western sea; but he was enticed to Acla by a crafty message from a jealous rival, and was executed in the public square of that city in 1517.

CORTEZ AND THE AZTECS.—Cortez sailed from Santiago harbor, November 18, 1519. He touched at Macaca, and went thence to Trinidad (Cuba). From here the fleet departed for San Cristobal (Havana). They attacked a palisaded town of natives, and the native king saved himself from further assault by giving Cortez and his men large presents. They again sailed, and cast anchor at San Juan de Ulloa. Cortez had heard of the wonders of Mexico from former voyagers, and on February 18 the fleet started on an exploring expedition. When Montezuma, king of the Aztecs, knew that strange ships were approaching, he sent presents to Cortez, begging him not to enter his city, as he had had dealings with Spaniards before. But Cortez was bold, and being promised assistance from surrounding tribes, took Montezuma prisoner. Cortez forced some of the natives to despoil their temples and idols, and he set up altars and pulpits. This came near causing an insurrection; but Cortez at last quieted the angry mobs, though not until Montezuma had been seriously injured. The brother of Montezuma now took command and began to plan an insurrection. While the new commander was getting his forces together, Montezuma died, and his body was burned in the public square. The Spaniards now meant to evacuate the city, taking away all the gold and jewels they could carry. The Mexicans attacked the rear of the retreating forces, however, cutting off many of the Spaniards from the main body. These Spaniards were made prisoners and sacrificed. Though Cortez had spoiled their city, he lost heavily.

JACQUES CARTIER.—Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo, in France, April, 1534. He reached the east coast of Newfoundland, and after a delay, steered north and sailed through the Straits of Belle Isle into the gulf afterward named St. Lawrence. He then sailed along the west shores of Newfoundland, but found it a very rough and poor country. He therefore crossed the gulf and entered a bay, which he named Bay of Chaleur. He took possession of the country, and set up a cross in the name of the King of France. The Indians objected, and Cartier made them presents. He obtained permission to take two sons of the chief home with him. He then sailed for France, arriving in September of the same year. He sailed again in May, 1535, arriving at the mouth of the St. Lawrence August 10. He sailed up the St. Lawrence, and this time the Indians welcomed him. He landed below the falls of St. Mary, and named the hill Mount Royal (Montreal). Cartier distributed presents, and he and his men soon returned to winter quarters on the St. Charles River, where the men he had left behind had built a fort. The cold increased, and a pestilence broke out. Twenty-four of Cartier's

band died. Then Cartier sailed to France, and landed July, 1536, with a report of the country for the French king. Though Cartier had not found the longed-for passage to Cathay, his voyage was a great stride toward a true knowledge of this part of the new country.

FERDINAND DE SOTO.—De Soto mustered his man in San Lucar, Spain. After a year's preparation in Spain and the West Indies, he sailed from Havana May 18, 1539, landing at Tampa Bay, Florida, May 30. They explored the interior, and De Soto sent a ship back to Cuba for provisions. After wandering for two years, they reached the upper part of what is now the state of Mississippi, and went into winter quarters on the banks of the Yazoo River. In the spring they started out again and came upon the Mississippi River. De Soto raised a cross on a hill and took possession in the name of Spain. They again explored, but found the country very poor and the Indians hostile. They then tried to sail down the river, but found so many swamps and bushes and so many bends in the river that they gave up the attempt. De Soto died May 21, 1542, and his men buried him at midnight in the Mississippi River, so that the Indians would not know that their leader was dead.

CORONADO AND THE SEVEN CITIES.—Narvaez, a Spaniard, was sent out to capture Cortez. After a hard journey, he gave up and set out to explore instead. He sailed from Cuba in March, 1528, and landed at Apalache Bay and went to explore inland. On his return to the coast no trace of his ships, which were to sail up and down the coast watching for him, could be found. He and his men traveled for a month up and down the coast, and finally built five frail ships and coasted in them for six weeks, until they came to the Mississippi River. At the mouth of the river two of the boats capsized, and the men in them, Narvaez among them, were drowned. The crews of the other three boats were captured by the Indians. Those of the men who did not starve were murdered by their captors, except four, among them a man named De Vaca. These four men were captured by another band of Indians. Among these Indians they gained a reputation of being medicine men, and soon gained an influence over their captors. After a march of nearly 2000 miles with their captors, they came to the Gulf of California, farther west than any white man had ever gone before. From here they went to Culiacan, a frontier city of the Spaniards, and told the Mexican Spaniards the wonderful story of their adventures. About this time the Spaniards were hearing stories of seven wonderful cities. The name of the first of these cities was said to be Cibola, and so the seven were spoken of as the Seven Cities of Cibola. Thinking that these seven cities might be in this vast territory that these four men had explored, they sent Fray Marcos on an expedition, but he met with disaster and returned to Culiacan. In six months Coronado started out with 300 Spaniards and 800 Mexican Indians. They visited Pueblos,

discovered the canyon of the Colorado, and then marched northward, probably reaching somewhere near the boundary of Kansas and Nebraska. Many smaller expeditions were made by parties of his men, and a large amount of country was explored. In the spring of 1542 they returned to Mexico, greatly vexed at finding no wealthy cities.

CABRILLO.—In 1542 and 1543 an expedition which started under Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese in the Spanish service, explored the coast as far north as 44 degrees, reaching that point by coasting from 33 degrees, where he struck land. He made a port which he called San Miguel, which Bancroft is inclined to believe is San Diego; but the accounts are too confused to trace him confidently, and it is probable that Cabrillo's own vessel did not get above 38 degrees; for Cabrillo himself died January 3, 1543, his chief pilot, Ferrer, continuing his explorations.

THE SPANISH MONKS.—Las Casas was a Spanish monk whose father was with Columbus on his second voyage. When the father returned to Seville in 1497 with a slave, Isabella, Queen of Spain, said, "Who has empowered my admiral thus to dispose of my subjects?" The father gave the slave to his son, who soon became very much interested in the Indian race. He was ordained as a priest in 1510 and went to the New World as a missionary to the Indians. The Indians at this time were being sold as slaves and were being worked to death. Las Casas wrote a book giving his opinions. At first the Indians were worked on the farms, but when gold was discovered, they were sent in gangs to work in the mines. Many of them dropped dead, but their places were filled at once by others. Such hideous, cruel slavery had never been known. The Indian population rapidly decreased until it was impossible to find enough Indians to do the work. In 1510 a dozen monks came to the country, and together they set about to reform these conditions. But the Indians did not readily forget former wrongs. After a long time a church was built, the Indians voluntarily destroyed their idols, and slavery was forbidden by the Pope.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—Sir Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth, England, and on January 17 arrived at Cape Blanco. June 20, after touching several points, he entered a harbor called by Magellan Port S. Julian. On the twentieth of August he passed into the Straits of Magellan, sailing into the south seas. He now set sail towards the coast of Chile; on the way an Indian in his canoe met him and told him of a Spanish ship heavily laden, sailing from Peru. Drake gave the Indian presents and the Indian guided the vessel to the port of Valparaiso, where the ship lay. The ship was captured and plundered, as was also the town. He again sailed and came to a place called Tarapaca, where he landed. From here he sailed to Arica and from thence to Lima, arriving there on February 13. From here he sailed to San Francisco and then to Moluccas, arriving

there Nov. 14. He sailed to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope, arriving there November 3, 1580. On the journey many merchant ships were captured and plundered, and nearly every port at which he touched was robbed of some of its treasure.

HENRY HUDSON.—Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailed from Amsterdam, under the charge of the East India Company, with a crew of Dutch and English sailors, in 1609. He sailed up the Norway coast towards the North Cape, and on May 5 passed the northern end of the mainland and sailed towards Nova Zembla. But the sea was full of ice and he could go forward no farther. He had had letters from his friend, Captain John Smith, saying that there was a river north of the Virginia colony which probably led across the continent. So, violating the orders which the company had given him, he sailed southwest, and in six weeks lay off the banks of Newfoundland. On July 18 he anchored in a bay on the coast of Maine, probably Penobscot Bay. Here the peaceful Indians came to trade, but Hudson's men attacked them and plundered the Indian village on the shore. Hudson, fearing revenge, again set sail, and in ten days Cape Cod was sighted and Hudson named it New Holland. He again sailed, touching Chesapeake Bay, and tried to sail up the Delaware River, but failed. He passed along the New Jersey coast, entered New York Bay, and landed on Coney Island. Again Indians attacked the boat, and he lost part of his crew. Hudson spent a week in the lower bay and then decided to sail up the river. He drifted up with the tide September 12, passed Manhattan Island, and at dark anchored near West Point. He again sailed, and on the 18th Hudson went ashore near where the town bearing his name now stands. The next day's sail brought them as far as they could go, as the river began to grow too shallow for his boat. Hudson then sent out the small boats to sound the river farther up, and while the men were gone, entertained the native chiefs. When the men returned they put the ship in order, and went down the river and sailed to the British Isles. From here Hudson sent report to officers of the company at Amsterdam. His discovery led to the opening up of a rich country and of a brisk trade.

ST. AUGUSTINE.—Coligny, a Frenchman, desired to establish a refuge for Protestants. An expedition was fitted out, and sailed under Ribault in February, 1562. They landed near St. Augustine, discovered the river St. John, naming it River of May, and then sailed back to France with their report. In 1564 a company sailed under Laudonniere, going by way of the Canaries and Antilles to the shores of Florida. They went up the river May, and landed on its banks near St. John's Bluff. Here they raised a cross and erected a fort, naming it Fort Caroline.

SANTA FE.—A party of Portuguese started to explore New Mexico, but the natives murdered their leader and burned their camp. All the soldiers perished in the fire. Onata, a Spanish-

Mexican, on May 27, 1598, settled San Gabriel, between the Chama and Rio Grande rivers. He would not allow the natives to be treated unkindly. In 1605 the capital was changed to Santa Fe, and San Gabriel was deserted.

PORT ROYAL.—The king of France gave to a man named De Monts a grant of all the land from 40 to 46 degrees north latitude. He sailed with Champlain in March, 1604. On the 6th of May they arrived at a harbor on the southeast side of the peninsula of Acadia, coasted along the peninsula, doubled Cape Sable, and anchored in the Bay of St. Mary. After sixteen days they sailed and explored the bay on the west of the peninsula, now called the Bay of Fundy. On the eastern side of this bay they found a spacious basin surrounded by hills from which descended fresh water, and between the hills was a river. They founded a settlement near this river. This settlement is situated on an arm of the Bay of Fundy at the mouth of the river Annapolis, ninety-five miles west of Halifax. They named it Port Royal, but the name was afterward changed to Annapolis, which name it now bears.

THE VIRGINIA COLONY (I).—In 1584 Raleigh sent out two vessels commanded by Amadas and Barlow. They landed at the island of Wocoken, and returned to England with a report of a fine country. Raleigh named the country Virginia. The next year he sent out colonists under Grenville. These arrived in due time at Roanoke, and set out to explore for wealth. The Indians began to grow unfriendly. In June, 1586, Drake, after capturing several Spanish ships in the Pacific, sailed past Roanoke. He took the starving colonists home. A little later more colonists sailed to Roanoke with John White. After settling, John White went back to England for supplies. In 1590 he secured a vessel and sailed back to Roanoke, only to find the colony deserted. No trace was ever found of the lost colonists.

THE VIRGINIA COLONY (II).—The London Company sent out colonists in December, 1606. In April, 1607, they saw land, and entered Chesapeake Bay. They sailed up the river, naming it the James, and selected a place for a town about fifty miles from the mouth. This town proved to be a very poor, damp site, and a miserable summer was passed. Fifty of the band died, and hostilities broke out among the Indians. The colonists at length became more prosperous under the leadership of John Smith. They were reinforced by new colonists, and tobacco planting became an industry. In 1623 this industry had grown to such an extent that Virginia was counted among the wealthy colonies.

QUEBEC.—Champlain sailed from France on April 13, 1608. He had been on the former voyage to Port Royal in 1604. He and his party arrived at Quebec the 3d of July, and began a settlement. The Ottawas came to him and asked aid against their enemies, the Iroquois. The Iroquois had never seen a white man before, and when the guns were fired, turned and

fled in terror. Champlain lived in the colony for twenty-six years; he died in December, 1635.

NEW YORK.—After Hudson's voyage up the Hudson River fur-trade was carried on; and Adrian Block, a Dutch navigator, spent one winter on either Manhattan or Long Island, building a trading-vessel in 1614. A trading-house, called Fort Nassau, was built in the same year on the site of Albany and one on Manhattan Island in 1615. In 1615 the New Netherlands Company was granted a monopoly of the fur traffic for three years, and conducted business between Albany and the Delaware. In 1621 the Dutch West India succeeded the New Netherlands Company, and in three years emigrants came over and settled in Albany, Long Island, and Manhattan. In 1626 these people were brought into one settlement at Manhattan, calling their town New Amsterdam. Governors were sent over by Holland. They had trouble with the English in 1654, but peace was at last made. In 1655 they had a battle with the Swedes, who had built a fort on the river nearer its mouth. They captured the fort, and the Swedes were compelled to leave the river to the Dutch. In 1664 the English came again with a fleet and soldiers and claimed the country. This time the Dutch were unable to hold their forts, and were obliged to surrender to the English. The name of the colony was then changed to New York.

NEW JERSEY.—The first settlement was made in 1617 by the Dutch at Bergen, opposite New York. In 1623 a fort was built on the banks of the Delaware. During the early period of the colony it was the scene of struggles between Dutch, Swedes, and English. The land was generally bought from Indians. The colony fell into the hands of the English in 1634.

MASSACHUSETTS.—There were several different religious sects in England, who wished for religious freedom. The members of a sect called the Separatists were so harshly treated that they fled to Holland, the first company settling in Amsterdam in 1608. They stayed there a year, and then moved to Leyden, staying there ten years, and being joined by other refugees. They found their children were growing up as "foreigners," and so asked for a grant of land in the new world. This was given them, and they sailed from Leyden to Southampton, England. From there they started across the ocean in the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, but the *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy, and put back to Plymouth, leaving the *Mayflower* to continue the voyage alone. They saw land at Cape Cod in November. They tried to sail south, but contrary winds prevented; and they finally landed, December 21, 1620, on the spot now called Plymouth. A fort was built; but the winter was very severe, and more than one-half of the band died. The Indians came to visit them, and a treaty of peace was made. The colony prospered, and in 1630 another band of Puritans, though not Separatists, came to Massachusetts and founded a colony at Salem. During the year settlements

were made at Dorchester, Roxbury, Charlestown and Watertown. Boston soon came to be the principal town, and in 1634 there were nearly twenty villages, and about four thousand settlers.

MARYLAND.—Lord Baltimore, an ardent Catholic, secured a charter from King Charles for the whole country of Newfoundland. He sailed to Newfoundland, but found it too cold for a successful colony, and started out on an exploring expedition. He explored the country north of the Potomac. He made a settlement at St. Mary's in 1634, and named the country Maryland in honor of the queen. He was made Lord Proprietary of the country, but died before the charter had been sealed. His son, the second Lord Baltimore, now took command of the colony. The grant to Lord Baltimore was considered by the Virginians an encroachment on their land, and a Virginian settled on Kent Island in Chesapeake Bay. Battles followed, and the Virginian was obliged to give up the island.

The colonists were thrifty, and began to prosper. The government was changed from proprietary to self-governing in 1635, but after several minor changes in the forms the government was again changed to proprietary in 1658.

CONNECTICUT.—Men from Plymouth built a trading post at Windsor, on the Connecticut River in 1633. The Dutch had already a post at Hartford, and objected, but the English stood firm. The same year, Oldham, a Massachusetts trader, made an overland exploration, and came back with very favorable reports. In 1635 a Dorchester party planted a settlement at Windsor; and in the autumn of the same year young John Winthrop arrived at the mouth of the Connecticut and threw up a breastwork, thus cutting off the Dutch colony farther up the river. The English colony began to prosper, but in 1637 the Pequot war broke out. The Indians were finally crushed, and immigration was renewed.

RHODE ISLAND.—Roger Williams was a learned young Welshman, who left England for the colonies in 1631. In 1633 he went to Salem and became pastor of a church. He had very liberal religious views, and was fearless in pronouncing them. In 1636 Williams was ordered by the colonists to return to England, but he evaded the order by going among the Indians as a missionary. In the next spring, secretly aided by Governor Winthrop, he, with five followers, went to Narragansett Bay and established a settlement, naming it Providence: In 1638 another party of religious reformers, headed by Ann Hutchinson, was banished from Massachusetts. They settled eighteen miles farther south at a place now called Portsmouth. The next year some of these last colonists went still farther south and settled at Newport, but in 1640 the two towns reunited under the name of Rhode Island. In 1644 a charter was secured. Williams was loved by all his people, and the colony prospered.

PENNSYLVANIA.—William Penn was an Englishman, who became a Quaker. His father died, leaving him a claim against the government. In payment of this claim King Charles II, in 1661, gave him a proprietary charter for land in the new world west of the Delaware River. In October, 1682, three shiploads of Quakers left England and came to their new home. In 1683 Penn came over himself, and laid out a city on the peninsula between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, and named it Philadelphia. Soon after his arrival Penn made a treaty of peace with the Indians. The Pennsylvania colony, being planted by wealthy men, prospered from the first.

MARQUETTE AND JOLIET.—Adventurers coming back from voyages down the Mississippi brought news of the Indians living in their ignorance on its banks. These stories touched the simple, kindly heart of Father Marquette, a French priest, and he resolved to explore the Mississippi and convert the Indians. Leaving the St. Lawrence with Louis Joliet, Marquette started out in canoes for the Mississippi. For a month they sailed down the river until they came to a group of wigwams, the home of the Illinois Indians. They were joyfully received, and when they departed promised to return and teach them. From here Marquette and Joliet sailed down the Mississippi almost to its mouth; but fearing the Spaniards farther down, they decided to return. On the voyage back Father Marquette fell ill, and when they reached Green Bay he was unable to go any farther. Joliet, after a perilous trip, reached Montreal with the news of the great voyage which meant so much for France. When Marquette grew better he started out to keep his promise to the Illinois Indians, but on the way he grew worse, and the men built a hut for him on the banks of the Chicago River. After a rest they again started out, at last reaching the Illinois town. While here Marquette grew still worse and begged his men to take him back to Green Bay to die.

On his way back he grew so weak he could go no farther; the men built a hut for him on the banks of the river, and there he died. His body was later taken to Green Bay and buried.

LA SALLE.—La Salle was a native of France who settled in Canada in 1699. He made several explorations, and when news came of the voyage of Marquette and Joliet, he planned to take possession of the Mississippi in the name of France. He obtained permission and grants from the French government and started out. He rebuilt Fort Frontenac, built a post above Niagara Falls, and then built a small vessel and sailed up the lakes to Green Bay. Here he loaded the vessel with furs and sent it back to Frontenac for supplies. He then took the remaining men in boats to the Illinois River where he built a fort called Fort Crève Cœur. From here Father Hennepin and small parties made explorations. On one of these explorations Father Hennepin and his party were captured by Indians, but after months of cruel treatment from their captors they were allowed to go back

to their friends with some French traders. The vessel did not return with supplies, and La Salle and his companions were forced to set out in canoes. They descended the Illinois to the Mississippi and at the mouth set up a cross bearing the arms of France and a Latin inscription, formally taking possession of the river in the name of France.

TROUBLES WITH THE FRENCH AND INDIANS.—Trouble had been brewing in the colonies for some years, and in 1687 a party of Indians, in revenge, destroyed the towns of Dover, New Hampshire, Saco, Maine, and other towns. February 8, 1690, in the middle of the night, a party of French and Indians entered the town of Schenectady, New York, burned the town, and brutally murdered its inhabitants. In the spring of 1697 the Indians fell upon the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Mrs. Hannah Dustin, her maid, and servant were carried away as prisoners. They later escaped, taking with them the scalps of their captors, and made their way to Haverhill.

Peace lasted a short time, then came Queen Anne's War; then, after over thirty years of peace, King George's War. The most important act of this war was the taking of the French stronghold, Louisburg. April 4, 1745, a party of soldiers under General Pepperell started for Louisburg. June 28 it surrendered. The French later made an attempt to regain the fort, which was unsuccessful; but in 1748, when peace was declared, it was restored to France.

THE FRENCH GETTING READY FOR WAR.—In 1749 three hundred Frenchmen were sent, under Bienville, to take possession of the territory west of the Alleghanies. They carried with them leaden plates bearing an inscription in Latin and the arms of France, which they buried at every important point along the river and lake shore as far as Detroit.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.—In 1753 George Washington was sent by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to warn the French from the forts in Pennsylvania. After a dangerous journey Washington delivered the message and returned with the French answer—a refusal to leave the forts, which they claimed were their own. The journey back was even more perilous than the journey out, and Washington and his men returned with their clothes frozen stiff. A force was then sent to build a fort at the junction of the Ohio and Allegheny rivers, to keep the French from coming farther down the river. When the fort was partly completed, the French, with a much larger force than the English, marched down, and the English were compelled to surrender their half-finished fort and return to Virginia.

GENERAL BRADDOCK.—General Braddock was sent from England to take charge of the English forces in America. Soon after his arrival he called a convention of the governors of the colonies, and together they decided upon a plan

of warfare very like that planned by the English council. One army was to go direct to Fort Duquesne; another to Fort Niagara; a third was to attack the French forts in Acadia; and the fourth was to go against Forts Crown Point and Ticonderoga. General Braddock himself commanded the attack against Fort Duquesne. Though a good soldier, Braddock knew nothing of the new country and the Indian mode of warfare, and on the way to Fort Duquesne his army was surprised by an ambuscade of French and Indians. At last Braddock fell, mortally wounded, and his soldiers fled in a panic. Braddock died a few days later, thus ending the first of the four attacks of the English against the French.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC.—When the news of Braddock's defeat reached the English soldiers on the way to Niagara, they were disheartened; the reinforcements did not come, and as the French had a much larger force than the English, the expedition was abandoned until the next year. Ticonderoga was to have been attacked when the lake became frozen over, but the mildness of the winter prevented this. The large force which had started out had been gradually decreased by sickness and desertion, and a spirit of inaction had come upon the army.

William Pitt now came into the position of prime minister in England, and he at once made plans for expeditions against Forts Niagara, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, and then Montreal. A third army was to capture Quebec. England sent supplies and money, and the colonies were to supply the men.

The first expedition started from Schenectady against Niagara. A fierce battle took place in which the Indians took part, and the French were obliged to surrender.

The second army under General Amherst meantime started out from Albany to Ticonderoga. A skirmish took place, but the French, knowing they could not hold out against the larger force of English soldiers, withdrew from Ticonderoga to Crown Point, leaving a small force to blow up the fort and then make their escape. Amherst then set out to attack Crown Point, but found that the French had deserted this fort also. Amherst, instead of following up his victory and attacking Montreal, stayed at Crown Point, fortifying the place and building boats.

The third expedition, under General James Wolfe, sailed up the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The French, under General Montcalm, were encamped above the almost perpendicular cliffs of the city. For days fighting went on without accomplishing anything of importance, but one day a small ravine was discovered leading to the top of the mountain. At dawn, September 13, the English marched up this path, shot down the French sentinels, and drew up for battle before the French army on the Plains of Abraham. A terrible battle followed; Montcalm and Wolfe were both mortally wounded, and the French fled.

OUTLINES OF OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY

PREHISTORIC PERIOD — B. C. 955-1492 A. D.

B.C. 955	Civilization of aborigines of Mexico and Central America begun by the advent of Votan.	A.D. 1001	Touching the Labrador coast, he stops near Boston, Mass., or farther south, for the winter. He loads his vessel with timber, and returns to Greenland in the spring. He calls the land Vinland, from its grapes.
800	Zamna introduced the Maya civilization, and founds Mayapan, capital of what is now Yucatan.		
476	Pirna dynasty probably begins in Peru. The Toltecs arrive in Mexico and Central America about the Christian era, and displace the previous government.*	1002	Thorwald, Leif's brother, visits Vinland in 1002, and winters near Mt. Hope Bay, Rhode Island. In the spring of 1003 he sent a party of his men to explore the coast eastward, and is killed in a skirmish with the natives somewhere near Boston.
A.D. 503	Mexican history begins according to Ixtlilxochitl.	1005	His companions return to Greenland.
600	Toltecs established throughout Mexico.	1007-8	Thornfinn Karlsefne sails with three ships and 160 persons (five of them young married women) from Greenland to establish a colony. Landing in Rhode Island, he remains in Vinland three years.
830	Pirna dynasty declines in Peru.		
861	Iceland discovered by Nadodd, a Norse rover.		
875	First settlement by Norsemen.		
876	Grumjorn sights a western land (Grumbjorn).		
982	Land discovered by Eric the Red, and named Greenland.	1050	End of Toltec power in Mexico.
985	Second voyage from Iceland to Greenland by Eric.	1121-47	Icelandic manuscripts mention a bishop in Vinland in 1121, and other voyages there in 1125, 1135 and 1147.
985	Bjarni sails from Iceland for Greenland but is driven south by a storm and sights land at Cape Cod or Nantucket, also at Newfoundland, and returns to Greenland.	1240	Incas rule begins in Peru.
		1325	Rise of Aztec power, and founding of city of Mexico.
		1347	Latest tidings of Vinland.
		1349	Eskimos appear in Greenland.
1000	Voyage of Leif, son of Eric the Red. He sails in one ship with 35 men in search of the land seen by Bjarni.	1400	Communication with Greenland ceases.
		1402	Seigneur Jean de Bethencourt settles the Canary Islands.

*Hieroglyphic documents containing traditions of the pre-Toltec or Votan period, said to have been publicly destroyed by Francisco Nunez de la Vega, bishop of Chiapas, in 1691.

AMERICAN DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION, 1492 — 1607

Spanish Explorers	English Explorers	Portuguese Explorers
1492. Columbus sails from Palos, Friday, August 3, on his first expedition. He discovers a small island of the Bahama group, Oct. 12, Cuba, Oct. 28, and Hispaniola (now Hayti), Dec. 6. He returns to Spain the next year.		
1493-1496. Columbus makes his second expedition, discovers Jamaica, May 3, 1494, and explores various islands.	1497. John Cabot discovers the North American continent.	1498. Vasco da Gama reaches India by sailing around Africa.
1498-1500. Columbus sails on his third expedition, discovers various islands, lands on the mainland without knowing it to be a new continent, but is sent back to Spain in irons, where he is received with honor and the charges against him dismissed.		1500. Cabral discovers the coast of Brazil. Gaspar Corterai, in the service of Portugal, discovers Labrador.
1499-1507. Amerigo Vespucci on the coast of South America. He writes letters describing his explorations and an Alsatian geographer suggests that the land be named for him.		
1502-1504. Columbus makes his fourth and last voyage to America, discovers more islands, and explores the coast of the Isthmus.		
1510. Alonso de Ojeda founds San Sebastian, the first colony in South America.		

Spanish Explorers	English Explorers	French Explorers
<p>1513. Ponce de Leon discovers Florida, and takes possession in the name of Spain. Balboa crosses the Isthmus and discovers the Pacific.</p> <p>1519. Francis de Garay discovers mouth of Mississippi. Cortes overthrows Aztec power in Mexico.</p> <p>1519-1521. Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe.</p> <p>1520-1527. Exploration of Atlantic coast of North America by Spanish explorers.</p> <p>1528. Explorations of Narvaez from Florida westward.</p> <p>1539-1542. De Soto penetrates the Mississippi Valley region as far northward as the later state of Arkansas.</p> <p>1540-1542. Coronado's expedition northward from Mexico to the present site of Santa Fé, and to Quivera (Kansas).</p> <p>1565. Pedro Menendez de Aviles discovers and names the harbor of St. Augustine, takes possession of the land in the name of the king of Spain, and destroys the Huguenot settlements.</p>	<p>1527. Captain John Rut explores the coast of North America.</p> <p>1565. John Hawkins passes along the coast of Florida.</p> <p>1566. Charter is granted to Sir Humphrey Gilbert to open a northwest passage.</p> <p>1576-1578. Voyages of Sir Martin Frobisher to discover a northwest passage.</p> <p>1577-1580. Circumnavigation of the globe by Sir Francis Drake. He takes possession of New Albion (California) in 1579 in the name of Queen Elizabeth.</p> <p>1578. Attempt of Sir Humphrey Gilbert to plant a colony in Newfoundland.</p> <p>1584. Raleigh's expedition, under command of Amadas and Barlowe, takes possession of coast of Virginia in the name of Queen Elizabeth.</p> <p>1585. Raleigh's second expedition leaves 107 men on Roanoke Island. They are afterward rescued by Sir Francis Drake.</p> <p>1587. Raleigh's third expedition, under John White, lands 120 people. The colony disappears entirely.</p> <p>1602. Gosnold's exploration along the coast of New England.</p> <p>1603. Martin Pring enters the present harbor of Plymouth.</p> <p>1606. Charter for colonization granted to the London and Plymouth Companies. The former promptly sends an expedition which founds the colony of Virginia by planting a settlement at Jamestown, May 13, 1607.</p>	<p>1524. Giovanni da Verrazano in the service of the King of France coasts between the 28th and 50th degrees of north latitude, and discovers New York harbor.</p> <p>1534-1535. Discovery and exploration of St. Lawrence Bay and River by Jaques Cartier.</p> <p>1562. Jean Ribault establishes a Huguenot settlement at Port Royal.</p> <p>1563. Laudonniere establishes a Huguenot settlement at the mouth of the St. John's river, naming it Fort Caroline.</p> <p>1565. The Huguenot settlement destroyed by Menendez.</p> <p>1567. De Gourgues avenges the destruction of the Huguenots by destroying the Spanish forts in Florida.</p> <p>1603. Samuel de Champlain explores the St. Lawrence.</p> <p>1604. Champlain founds a settlement on St. Croix Island.</p> <p>1605-1606. Champlain explores the coast of New England.</p>

Virginia		Massachusetts	
1607. The first permanent English settlement at Jamestown. 1612-1616. Introduction of tobacco culture into Virginia. 1619. Meeting of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, the first representative body in America. Negro slaves first imported into Virginia. Coming of the "ninety maidens" to Virginia, resulting in the introduction of family life. 1622. Indian massacre in Virginia. 1624. Virginia becomes a royal province.		1608-1620. The "Pilgrim Fathers" in Holland. 1620. Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Dec. 21. 1622. First settlement in New Hampshire at Piscataqua. 1629. Charter granted to the Massachusetts Bay Company. 1629-1640. The "Great Migration" of Puritans to Massachusetts.	
Maryland	The Carolinas	Connecticut	Rhode Island
1632. Royal charter granted to Maryland.		1633-1636. Colonization of Connecticut River valley. 1634. Wethersfield founded.	1636. Roger Williams settles at Providence. 1638. Followers of Anne Hutchinson founded Portsmouth.
1634. Maryland founded by Lord Baltimore.		1639. The "Fundamental Orders" of Connecticut.	1639. Newport founded.
1647. Establishment of a representative assembly. 1649. The Maryland Toleration Act.		1643. Organization of the New England Confederation.	1640. Portsmouth and Newport unite to form Rhode Island.
	1642-1652. Governor William Berkeley's first administration of Virginia. 1658-1677. Governor Berkeley's second administration in Virginia. 1675-1676. Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia. 1692. William and Mary's College founded. 1736. Appearance of "The Virginia Gazette," first newspaper in the South.	1662. Charter granted to Connecticut. New Haven incorporated with Connecticut.	1643. Organization of the New England Confederation. 1675-1676. King Philip's war in New England. 1684. Massachusetts becomes a royal colony and New Hampshire reunited to it. 1691-1693. Salem witchcraft episode. 1704. Appearance of "The Boston News Letter," the first newspaper in America.
	1663. Carolina granted to eight proprietors. Division of territory into North and South Carolina. 1670. Charleston, S. C., founded. 1691. The Carolinas united. 1729. They become separate provinces.	1700. Yale College founded.	<div>New Hampshire</div> 1741. New Hampshire separated from Mass.

THE MIDDLE COLONIES

New York		French Settlement and Wars	
<p>1609. Hendrik Hudson explores the river that bears his name.</p> <p>1614. Ft. Nassau (now Albany) founded.</p> <p>1615. Trading post established on Manhattan Island.</p> <p>1621. Dutch West India Company organized.</p>		<p>1608. Champlain founds Quebec.</p> <p>1611. French Jesuits settle at Port Royal.</p> <p>1615. Champlain explores Lake Huron, and establishes Indian missions.</p> <p>1620-1635. Champlain governor of (New France) Canada.</p>	
<p>New Jersey</p> <p>1623. Ft. Nassau (now Gloucester, N. J.) established.</p>		<p>1629-1632. English capture and restore the French settlements in New France.</p> <p>1634. Jean Nicolet explores Lake Michigan.</p> <p>1641. Montreal founded.</p> <p>1659. French fur traders explore Lake Superior.</p>	
<p>Delaware</p> <p>1631. Swaandael (now Lewis, Del.) founded.</p> <p>1638. Swedish settlement on the Delaware River.</p> <p>1647-1664. Peter Stuyvesant governor of New Netherland.</p> <p>1664. New Netherland, conquered by the English, becomes New York.</p>		<p>1668. Marquette establishes mission at Sault Ste. Marie.</p> <p>1669. La Salle explores the Ohio River.</p> <p>1671. The French take formal possession of the Northwest.</p> <p>1673. Marquette and Joliet discover the Upper Mississippi.</p>	
<p>1664. New Jersey granted to Berkeley and Carteret.</p> <p>1682. Delaware becomes part of Pennsylvania.</p>		<p>Pennsylvania</p> <p>1681. Grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn.</p> <p>1682. Philadelphia laid out by Penn, and Quaker emigration encouraged.</p> <p>Penn's treaty with the Indians.</p> <p>1681-1682. La Salle descends the Mississippi to its mouth.</p> <p>1685-1687. La Salle attempts to colonize the lower Mississippi, fails to find its mouth.</p> <p>1689-1697. King William's War.</p>	
<p>1689-1690. Leisler's rebellion in New York.</p> <p>1702. New Jersey becomes a royal province under the governor of New York.</p> <p>1703. Delaware is made a separate colony.</p>		<p>1701. Penn's charter of privileges granted.</p> <p>1702. Settlement in Alabama on the Mobile river.</p> <p>1702-1713. Queen Ann's War.</p> <p>1703. Delaware becomes a separate colony.</p> <p>1718. New Orleans founded.</p> <p>1729. Massacre of French at Natchez by Indians.</p>	
<p>1732. Zenger's trial and acquittal in New York, establishes freedom of the press.</p> <p>1738. Separate charter granted to New Jersey.</p>		<p>Georgia</p> <p>1732. Settlement by Oglethorpe.</p> <p>1744-1748. King George's War.</p> <p>1752. Georgia becomes a royal province.</p> <p>1754-1763. French and Indian War.</p>	
		<p>1752. Franklin experiments with electricity.</p>	

THE INTERCOLONIAL WARS—STRUGGLE OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN AMERICA

Causes	Events	Results
General: Historical rivalry between the French and English nations. Opposite tendencies and characteristics of their colonists. Simply the American phase of European wars. Special: Conflicting claims regarding Acadia and New France. Conflicting claims for the Ohio Valley. Disputes over boundaries. Clashes between the frontiersmen of the two nations. The Indian policies of the two nations, resulting in incessant Indian troubles.	1689-1697. King William's War. 1690. Destruction of Schenectady and other towns by the French and Indians. Seizure of Port Royal by the English. 1702-1713. Queen Anne's War. 1704. Deerfield destroyed by French and Indians. 1706. Invasion of Carolina by French and Spanish. Their repulse by William Rhett. 1710. Capture of Port Royal, Acadia, by an English fleet, and change of name to Annapolis. 1744-1748. King George's War. 1745. Siege and capture of Louisburg, Cape Breton Island, by colonial troops. 1754-1763. French and Indian War. 1754. Congress of Albany. The Albany Plan of Union. 1755. Banishment of Acadians (French) from Nova Scotia. 1755. Braddock's defeat. 1757. Capture of Fort William Henry by the French. 1758. Capture by the English of Louisburg, and of Fort du Quesne. The latter place is renamed Fort Pitt (Pittsburg). 1759. Capture of Quebec by General Wolf, Sept. 13. 1760. Capture of Montreal by the English. 1761. Capture of Havana by the English.	1697. Peace of Ryswick. Restoration of conquests by both nations. 1713. Treaty of Utrecht. France ceded to England the Hudson Bay region, Nova Scotia (Acadia), Newfoundland, and St. Christopher Island) in the West Indies). 1748. Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Mutual restoration of conquered territory. 1763. Treaty of Paris. France ceded to England all Canada (except two unfortified islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence), and all her territory east of the Mississippi except New Orleans, and to Spain all her territory west of the Mississippi, and New Orleans. Spain ceded to England Florida in exchange for Havana. The war created a bond of union among the colonists and gave the colonists some experience in warfare.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1761-1781

American Colonies	Causes of the Revolution
1761. James Otis argues against the legality of the issuance of Writs of Assistance. 1763. Patrick Henry, in the "Parson's Cause," attacks the king's veto power. 1765. Passage of the Stamp Act by the English Parliament. The Stamp Act Congress, representing nine colonies, meets in New York, October 7, to protest against the Stamp Act. Adoption of resolutions by the Virginia House of Burgesses, proposed by Patric Henry, against the exercise of the taxing power by England. Organization of the Sons of Liberty. 1766. The Stamp Act is repealed, but the Declaratory act passed by the English Parliament. 1767. Passage of the Townshend Acts, levying new duties, providing for the reorganization of the Colonial Customs Service, and providing for the coercion of the New York Assembly. 1768. The circular letter of Massachusetts sent to the other colonies. Troops sent to Boston. 1769. The second set of Virginia resolutions adopted. 1770. The "Boston Massacre," March 5. Repeal of duties, except on tea. 1772. Organization of local Committees of Correspondence. 1773. Organization of colonial Committees of Correspondence. The Boston Tea Party. Daniel Boone in Kentucky. 1774. Passage of the "Intolerable Acts" by Parliament to punish Massachusetts. Meeting of the First Continental Congress at Philadelphia, September 5. 1775. Passage of the New England Restraining Act by Parliament. The beginning of war between England and her colonies at Lexington, April 19. Meeting of the Second Continental Congress, May 10. 1776. Appointment of committees in Congress to draft a form of confederation for the colonies, to draft a Declaration of Independence, and to form foreign alliances.	Increasing divergence of English and American institutions. The colonial policy of England (the "mercantile system"), by which the colonies were arbitrarily governed. Restrictions on external and internal trade through the Navigation Acts. Restrictions on manufacturers. Arbitrary methods of enforcing the trade laws. Insistence of the colonists upon their rights as Englishmen. Contests between the royal governors and the popular assemblies. Fear that the crown would appoint a bishop to control the colonial church. Taxation of the colonists without representation. Maintenance of a standing army in the colonies. (See the Declaration of Independence for an American statement of the causes of the war.) Results of the Revolution By treaty of Paris: England acknowledges the independence of the United States. The boundaries of the United States are fixed. Free navigation of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes is given the United States. Certain rights in the fisheries are given the United States. England cedes Florida to Spain.

PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The leading battles are indicated in **bold-face**. successful commanders in *italics*.

The United States	Names, Places and Dates of Battles	Commanders and	Number Engaged
		American	British
1776. Adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4. It is signed Aug. 2. Delaware forbids the further importation of slaves.	Campaign in New England, 1775-1776.		
	Lexington, Concord , April 19, 1775.	Barrat and Butterick	<i>Smith and Lord Percy</i> 1700.
	Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775.	Ethan Allen and <i>Eaton</i> , 83.	Delaplace, 48.
	Bunker Hill , June 17, 1775.	Warren, Prescott and Putnam, 3000.	<i>Howe and Pigot</i> , 4500.
	Quebec, Dec. 6-31, 1775.	Schuyler, Montgomery and Arnold, 900.	<i>M'Lean and Carleton</i> , 1200.
	Norfolk, Va., Dec. 9, 1775.	Woodford.	Lord Dunmore.
	Boston, Mar. 17, 1776.	<i>Moultrie, Lee and Armstrong</i> , 400.	Clinton, 4000.
	Charleston (Ft. Moultrie), June 28, 1776.		
	Campaign in Middle States, 1776-1778.		
	Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 26, 1776.	Green and Sullivan, 10000.	<i>Howe, Clinton and Cornwallis</i> , 20000.
1777. The Articles of Confederation are sent to the states for ratification.	Harlem Plains, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1776.	Washington.	
	White Plains, N. Y. , Oct. 28, 1776.	Washington, 1600.	<i>Howe</i> , 2000.
	Fort Washington, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1776.	Magaw, 3000.	<i>Howe</i> , 5000.
	Trenton, N. J. , Dec. 26, 1776.	Washington, 2400.	Lord Cornwallis and Rahl, 1000.
	Princeton, N. J. , Jan. 3, 1777.	Washington, 3000.	Mawhood. 1800.
	Bennington, Vt. , Aug. 15, 1777.	<i>Stark and Warner</i> , 16, 1777.	Baum and Beyman, 1200.
	Brandywine, Pa., Sept. 11, 1777.	Washington, 11000.	<i>Howe</i> , 18000.
	Bemis Heights, N. Y. , Sept. 19, 1777.	<i>Gates</i> , 2500.	Burgoyne, 3000.
	Germantown, Pa., Oct. 4, 1777.	Washington. 11000.	<i>Howe</i> , 15000.
	Stillwater (Saratoga) , Oct. 7, 1777.	<i>Gates</i> , 8000.	Burgoyne, 6000.
1778. An offensive and defensive alliance is concluded with France (the first and only such alliance concluded in the history of the United States). A commercial treaty is also signed with France.	Monmouth, N. J. , June 28, 1778.	Washington, 12000	Sir Henry Clinton, 11000.
	Campaign in the South. 1778-1781.		
	Savannah, Ga., Dec. 29, 1778.	Robert Howe, 900.	<i>Campbell</i> , 2000.
1779. Sept. 23. Victory of the <i>Bon Homme Richard</i> . John Paul Jones, commander, over the <i>Serapis</i> , Captain Pearson, commander. The most daring naval exploit of the war.	Brier Creek, Ga., Mar. 3, 1779.	Ashe, 1200.	<i>Prevost</i> , 1800.
	Stony Point, N. Y., July 16, 1779.	<i>Wayne</i> , 1200.	Clinton, 600.
	Chemung, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1779.	<i>Sullivan</i> , 4000.	Brant, 1500.
	Savannah, Ga., Oct. 9, 1779.	Lincoln, 4500.	<i>Prevost</i> , 2900.
1780. Massachusetts adopts state constitution containing a clause in the bill of rights, which in 1784, was interpreted to prohibit slavery.	Charleston, S. C., May 12, 1780.	Lincoln, 3700.	<i>Clinton</i> , 9000.
	Camden, S. C., (Sanders Creek), Aug. 15, 1780.	Gates, 3000.	<i>Cornwallis</i> , 2200
	King's Mountain, S. C. , Oct. 7, 1780.	<i>Campbell</i> , 900.	Ferguson, 1100.
	Cowpens, S. C. , Jan. 17, 1781.	<i>Morgan</i> , 900.	Cornwallis and Tarleton, 1100.
Pennsylvania provides for gradual emancipation. The treason of Benedict Arnold at West Point and the capture and execution of Major André.	Guilford C. H., N. C., Mar. 15, 1781.	Greene, 4400.	<i>Cornwallis</i> , 2400.
	Hobkirk's Hill, S. C., April 25, 1781.	Greene, 1200.	<i>Rawdon</i> , 900.
	New London, Conn., Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781.	Ledyard, 150.	<i>Benedict Arnold and Eyre</i> , 800.
	Eutaw Springs, S. C. , Sept. 8, 1781.	<i>Greene</i> , 2000.	Lord Rawdon, 2800.
1781. Articles of Confederation go into effect.	Yorktown, Va. , Oct. 17-19, 1781.	Washington, 16000.	Cornwallis, 7500.

NATIONAL GROWTH TO CLOSE OF CIVIL WAR

1781 - 1865

BY EVERETT BARNES

FORMING THE NEW GOVERNMENT

Articles of Confederation
Shays's Rebellion
The Ordinance of 1787

Constitution of The United States
The United States Under the Constitution

THE UNITED STATES UNDER THE CONSTITUTION

The First President
Political Parties
The Second President

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TROUBLE WITH ENGLAND IN 1812 - 1814

Our Navy in 1812
Battle of the "Constitution" and "Guerrière"
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie
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"The Star Spangled Banner"
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The Railroads
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MEXICAN WAR AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION

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WAR OF THE REBELLION

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OUTLINES OF HISTORY, 1781-1865

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY AMID SCENES OF PEACE



WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER AT MOUNT VERNON

FORMING THE NEW GOVERNMENT

WHERE there had been thirteen colonies, each one independent of the others, there were now thirteen States, almost as independent of each other as they had been before. From the time of the Declaration of Independence to about the close of the war the States, in so far as they formed a nation, were governed by the Continental Congress. The Congress had been simply meetings of men, sent by the several States to speak for them. There were no strong laws by which it could control. No State could be made to obey Congress against its will.

As the war went on, it began to appear that there was need of a stronger union, to prevent the States from drifting apart. Without stronger bonds, there could be no such United States as the Declaration of Independence named.

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

As early as 1776, a committee of Congress drew up a plan of a Union of the States which should last forever. From this action came *The Articles of Confederation*. But they lacked strength. Under them Congress had not much more power over the States than it had before. It could declare war, but it could not raise troops. It could declare a tax, but could not collect it. As one great statesman said, "Congress could declare everything, but could do nothing." During the war, the States had held together. After the war, when Congress wanted money with which to pay the troops, it had no power to compel the States to furnish it. Neither before nor after the adoption of the Articles of Confederation did Congress have more than a very slight command over the States. And yet the Articles had been framed to make a "perpetual union" of the States.

Most of the suffering of the troops during the war was due to the refusal of the States to supply money, when it was called for by Congress. The United States, as far as they were united, had no President nor any officer to serve as a general governor of the nation.

HARD TIMES

Money was scarce; hard times came. State after State went into the business of printing and paying out paper money, as they had done during the war. The national money had become worthless, and the money of the States was not much better. England placed heavy taxes on all goods from the United States, thus injuring American commerce, while, under the Articles of Confederation, the United States Congress had no power unless by consent of all the States, to tax English goods coming to this country.

The Nation was deeply in debt, and so was each State. So also were nearly all the business men. Worthless money made things worse. There were law-suits without end. The taxes laid by the States were heavy, and people were too poor to pay them. Hundreds of houses and farms were seized by the sheriffs and sold for taxes or for debts, and so worthy people, for no fault of their own, lost their property.

There was such a strong feeling against high taxes and worthless money that riots occurred in some parts of the country.

SHAYS'S REBELLION

Daniel Shays of Massachusetts, who had been a captain in the Continental Army, went so far as to raise a force of about a thousand men to fight the government. He went with his little army to Springfield, Mass., and tried to seize the arms and ammu-

dition at the national armory. This showed that the people were ready to fight the new government, against distressful taxes, even as they had fought the old one.

Those who had been Tories during the war now began to taunt the patriots. "See what you have brought yourselves to, by fighting against your king! The worst he ever did, or could do, would not have put you in so bad a plight as you are now in." It seemed to many that the people, no longer governed by the king, could not govern themselves.

Washington was as free with his advice, as a citizen, as he had been with his services as a soldier. People began to see that he was as great as a statesman, as he had been as a general. As he had been first in war, he was now first in peace, and more than ever he had come to stand first in the hearts of his countrymen. He declared at all times, and with all his might, that only a strong central, or national government could save the country.

For three or four years after the war, things in the new, half-formed nation went on from bad to worse. People began to say, "We need a king over us to govern and control all the States." They asked Washington to become king. He had fought for a united country, free from the rule of kings, and, great man that he was, he refused.

There were others than Washington, who were great men. Alexander Hamilton, of New York was one; James Madison, of Virginia and Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania were others. John Jay was another; Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, was yet another.

THE ORDINANCE OF 1787

One great question before Congress was: What shall be done with the great country west of the mountains,

stretching away to the Mississippi? By the treaty of peace, England had given up her claim to this vast reach of land. It had not been given to any particular State, nor to the Nation as a whole. Some of the States now remembered that, as colonies, they had owned lands beyond the mountains. The people of Virginia said that their State reached to the Mississippi River, and a like claim was made by the people of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. Connecticut claimed a wide strip west of Pennsylvania, reaching to the great river, and Massachusetts claimed another lying north of that of Connecticut. New York also had claims to western lands.

The States with no claims said to the others, "We helped to win that land from England; we have an interest in it. It is not fair that you should have it all." Maryland, that would not sign the Articles of Confederation until the land question had been settled, said, "If we are all to live as a Union of States, let those States that own this land give it up to the Nation. Let this land be owned by the United States."

One by one, the States gave up their land to the Nation, until nearly all the country west of the Alleghanies, east of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio, belonged to the United States as a nation.

The next question before Congress was, "What shall we do with all this land?" Some one said, "Divide it up, giving each State a share." Others said, "Let it be used to pay the war debt. Sell the land from time to time, and use the money to pay to France and Holland and other creditors, the amounts loaned us during the war when we needed it."

There were people who wanted to go out into that good country, and

make homes. They wanted to know how they would be treated. Congress decided that if any of the land were sold, it should be sold for the good of the United States. It also decided that the territory, as it filled with people, should be cut up and be made into new States from time to time. Much of this great extent of land was the richest and most fertile soil in the world. Many people, especially old Revolutionary soldiers, decided to go and settle there with their families. They urged Congress to make laws for that country, and in 1787, Congress passed the set of laws known in history, as the *Ordinance of 1787 for the Government of the Northwest Territory*. What was then the Northwest Territory is now the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. It was settled among other things: That there should be no slavery in that territory; that all living there should enjoy absolute freedom of religion; that public schools should be built and means found for keeping them up; that when there were people enough there, the territory should be divided into States, which should be admitted into the Union of the United States.

This was the wisest and the greatest law that the old Confederation Congress, 1781 to 1789, passed. The Congress was not to last much longer. Arrangements were being made for a better form of government.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

In the latter part of May, 1787, men sent by their States, came together at Philadelphia to plan for improvements to the Articles of Confederation, and Washington was chosen president of the meeting. Instead of changing the Articles, the convention framed a body of laws which was to take the place of them. This new

body of laws was called *The Constitution of the United States*. Congress declared on September 13, 1788, that the Constitution was in force. Later all the States agreed to it, Rhode Island and North Carolina being the last.

SLAVERY

There were many in the United States who had long believed that slavery was an evil, and in some States it had been declared unlawful. In 1780, Massachusetts took such action, and the freeing of the slaves was begun in Pennsylvania. Soon after, New Hampshire forbade slavery, and so did Rhode Island and Connecticut. The feeling against slavery was strong in all the States. The law that forbade slavery in the Northwest Territory was voted for by members of Congress from the Southern States, as well as by those from the States that had taken action against slavery.

Some of the makers of the Constitution wanted the bringing of slaves to this country forbidden, but others objected to this. Soon it was agreed that the Constitution should not prohibit the slave trade until 1808. But it was not stated that even then it should be forbidden.

INDUSTRY

Blessed by liberty and peace, the people of the United States began to prosper. Farming went on in all the States, and since the war, manufacturing, no longer kept down by England, had begun to grow. In 1783, clock-making began in Connecticut where it is still an important industry. In that year, the first woolen-goods factory was built, at Newburyport, Mass. At the same time the making of cotton sewing thread began at Pawtucket, R. I., where it is still carried on.

In 1784, an American ship made a voyage to China, which was the beginning of a great American ocean trade.

Nothing was known of electricity then, except that it was the cause of lightning, as Franklin, first of all, had shown. Steam for moving machinery

had not been used in America, though some trials of it had been made in England. Not much use was made of coal from mines.

THE UNITED STATES UNDER THE CONSTITUTION

THE FIRST PRESIDENT

Under the Constitution, the Nation must have a President; and who was so good a man to bear the honor and to serve the country, as George Washington? He was elected as President, with John Adams as Vice-President, in February, 1789. New York City was then the capital of the United States, and to New York came Washington to take the office. There were no railroads then; there were very few coach routes. Journeying was slow and toilsome. Washington came in his private coach from his Virginia home. On April 30, 1789, he stood in Federal Hall where now stands the Sub-Treasury building in Wall Street, New York City, and took his oath of office. He solemnly swore that he would "faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and to the best of his ability he would preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." An oath of that kind has been taken by every man, who has ever filled a public office, however small, in our country from that day to this.

Those were days of public ceremony. The common people looked upon Washington somewhat as they would look upon a king, for not only was he a great man but he had a noble bearing, and was a man of grave dignity.

There was nothing in the Constitution that gave Washington kingly power. He was simply the man chosen by his fellow citizens to carry out *their will* during a short term, at the end of which they were to select an-

other. The power of the Nation was in the men of the Nation.

POPULATION—CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY

When Washington became President there were less than four million people living in our country, and of these about one in seven were slaves. All of them, except perhaps a hundred thousand, dwelled east of the Alleghany Mountains. Indians lived in the western region. In all the States nearly all the land was covered with forests, the home of bears, wolves, panthers and other wild animals. Deer, turkeys, geese, ducks and other game were plentiful, also many fur-bearing animals, such as the beaver, the otter, and the fox. Wild animals were found within what is now the city of New York.

The cities were small, Philadelphia being the largest, with forty-five thousand people. The United States started as a new nation in a new country, and no nation ever had such promise of wealth and greatness. Here was endless land, never touched by the plow, so rich that it would yield ample harvests for centuries. Here was a coast, hundreds of miles long; with the best harbors in the world. Here were great rivers, on which the riches of the land might be floated to the sea. Here was water power for machinery, that could be made to do as much work as could be done by millions of horses. The forests would yield lumber to supply the world, and the hills were filled with the ores of iron, copper, lead, and the precious metals.

As the country gave promise of great things, so did the people. They were bred from the best stock of the human race. They were gifted with good qualities. They were inventive, quick to see the bounties of nature and skilful in making use of them.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION

It could not be expected that the Constitution was to prove perfect and complete, as it was at first drawn. When the people began to try it and live under it, they found that there were ways in which it could be made better. During Washington's presidency, ten amendments or additions were made to the Constitution as others have been since. The reasons for this are plain.

Some of the States were a great distance from some of the others. There were differences of climate, of living, and of thinking in the different States. Thus the people could not agree as well about the Constitution as they would have done, had all lived in one State.

There were few roads, and travel was mainly by water. People who lived far apart, since they saw and knew so little of each other, were more interested, each in his own State and its affairs, than in a plan for the government of all the States. To most dwellers in the United States at that time a man's *State* was his country. He loved Virginia, or he loved Massachusetts, as the case might be, because the State was his country. Thus, to meet the wants of the different States, five more amendments to the Constitution have been made at later times.

TARIFF

England meant to prevent the new nation from succeeding in its manufactures and commerce, because such prosperity would be bad for the English people. The English meant to

sell all they could in America, and at the same time keep Americans from selling in England. Wise, far-seeing American statesmen declared that the young industries of their country should be helped. They said that taxes should be laid on goods brought from Europe for sale in America, to make those goods more costly. This, they said, would cause buyers in this country to choose American-made goods, as being the cheaper. They said that such a tax, in so far as it kept foreign goods out, would give American manufacturers a better chance to sell their goods. The taxes collected on such goods as came into our country would be useful in paying the expenses of the government and in lessening the national debt. At the same time, our manufacturers would be "protected." It was the purpose to employ the same means against England, to help our manufacturers and our commerce, that England had used against the colonies, to help hers. Such laws were passed in 1789, and thus began the "Protective Tariff" that has been such a matter of dispute in the politics of our country ever since.

THE CAPITAL

It was thought best that the capital of the Nation should be near the center of the country. The first Congress took up the matter of choosing a place for it. It was decided, after much thought, that Washington should be the capital city, because it was near the middle of the country, and it was thought, always would be. Philadelphia was to be the capital until 1800, and after that, Washington. It was not believed that the population would ever extend so far westwardly as it has. No one thought that the United States would ever be more than an Atlantic-slope country, and surely, Washington lay midway between Maine and Georgia, the two ends of it.

In our day the center of our country is far out west, in the Mississippi Valley.

THE CENSUS

According to the Constitution, the number of Representatives in Congress from a State is fixed according to the population of that State. In order to carry out this law, when congressmen are to be elected and sent to Washington, it must be known what the population of each State is. So, what is known as the Census was established. This calls for a counting, once in every ten years, of the people of the entire country. The first census was taken in 1790, and a census has been taken every ten years since.

DEBTS, COINAGE, BANKING

A war always leaves a nation in debt. The United States was heavily in debt. During the war, Congress had borrowed great sums of money in our own country, and had also borrowed heavily in France and Holland. The notes given by the Nation had fallen in value, because there were doubts whether they would ever be paid. But they were the Nation's notes, and honor demanded that they should be met to the last penny.

The payment of the debt was a great political question. Many said, "The notes of the government are now mainly held by speculators, who have bought them for a small part of their face value. In many cases they got them for fifteen per cent of what they call for, and this is all they should receive for them." Others said, "It makes no difference who has them or what they gave for them, those notes are *promises to pay*. If the Nation is honest it will pay them. Honesty is the best policy. A man who can pay his debts, and will not, is a rogue. A nation that will not pay its debts, is no better." It was finally decided that

all the country's debts should be paid in full, dollar for dollar, and they were so paid, fully and honestly, as all the debts of the Nation have been ever since.

The Nation needed a system of coins, and, abandoning the English system of pounds, shillings and pence, it established a decimal system, using for its money cents, dimes, dollars and eagles, as we do today. In 1792, a mint for the making of coins, was established at Philadelphia. Up to the time of the issue of American coins, the Spanish silver dollar had been in common use as a trading coin.

A great national bank was established in 1791, at Philadelphia, with branches in the leading cities of the country. It was called the *Bank of the United States*. The charter of the bank was to expire in 1811. The question of having a national bank was made a matter of politics, many people believing that the Government ought to have nothing to do with the banking business, and that the Constitution gave the Government no power to found one.

NEW STATES

During Washington's first term of office, Vermont, which had always been claimed by both New York and New Hampshire, came into the Union as a State. The western part of North Carolina, known as Tennessee, and the western part of Virginia, called Kentucky, were also joined to the Union. The peopling of the West thus began.

POLITICAL PARTIES

As the people became used to governing themselves, differences of opinion formed, and the result was, that those thinking one way, formed one party, and those thinking another way, formed another. So the people were divided into two great parties. One of these, the Federal party, was a

national party. It believed that the Nation instead of the States, had great power. From it has come the Republican party of our day. The other was the States Rights, or, as it was then called, the Republican party, believing that the general government, the Nation, had but little authority over State affairs. This party was later called the Democratic-Republican party. From it has come the Democratic party of our day. The first party held that the Nation was an unbreakable union of all the States in one solid Nation. The other party claimed that our Nation was a number of republics bound by an agreement, and that they might fall apart at any time, if one or more of these should decide to break it. This difference of opinion between the two parties never ceased, until, after many years, it was decided by a terrible war that this is a Nation and not a mere partnership of States.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

In 1789, there was a revolution in France. The people overthrew the kingly government and set up a republic, somewhat like ours. Naturally the crowned rulers of the countries in Europe opposed the rise of a kingless nation among them, and they made war on France the Republic.

The States Rights party, then called the Democratic-Republican party, the party of the common people, led by Jefferson, the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, was in full sympathy with the rebels in France, who had overthrown the king. The Jefferson party said that, since the French had helped us in our Revolution, we ought to help them in theirs. "Look!" they said.

"See how American ideas of liberty have sprung up in Europe! France is a republic! Hurrah for France and liberty!"

France was indeed a republic. But the common people of France were not always a cool-headed, well-poised people. They ran to excesses. They often mistook lawlessness for liberty. They became wild and did some wicked and disgraceful things. It was not wise for the United States to go very far in support of the French, in all that that people were doing. So thought Washington and Hamilton and their followers, the party in power; for by this time, Washington had been re-elected and was now serving his second term as President.

France, the republic, declared war against England and Spain, and demanded that the United States should join with her, in fighting those nations. "We helped you," said the French. "It is your turn now; help us."

The Democratic party, led by Jefferson, favored granting the demands of the French, but the Federalists opposed it. "We agreed to help France," said the Democrats, "when France helped us. Now we must keep our word." "No," replied the Federalists. "We made a treaty with the *King* of France to help *him*. Now the enemies of the king having overthrown him, ask us to help them. We are not bound to do it, and, if we were, we are not able."

It was a critical time. Our Nation was weak. It was heavily in debt. A war would bring ruin. In 1793, President Washington issued a Proclamation of Neutrality which, in effect, said that the United States as a nation would mind its own business, and would not meddle with the affairs of nations in Europe.

This was one of the wisest things ever done by a President of the United States. England at this time would have been glad of a reason for fighting us.

THE COTTON GIN

There was not much profit in growing cotton in those days. The raising of a crop was easy, but after the cotton bolls were gathered they were worth but little, because of the slow and tedious labor of separating the fiber from the seeds. It was a good day's work for a slave to pick one pound of cotton from the seeds, and make it fit to be carded and spun. It did not pay well to own slaves then; for they could hardly earn enough for their masters in raising corn, tobacco, rice, and other crops to pay for their keep. Slavery had ceased in the Northern States, largely because it did not pay, and it was likely to be given up in the South for the same reason.

In 1793, an ingenious New Englander, named Whitney, was in the South where he saw slaves picking cotton from the seed by hand. He made a machine which he called a cotton-gin, by means of which hundreds of pounds of fiber could be separated from the seeds each day. This invention made cotton-growing very profitable and thus fixed slavery firmly in the South, because larger cotton crops could be profitably raised, and thus more slaves were needed for this work.

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT USES ITS POWER

The Government needed money, and taxes were laid to get it. Among other taxes, was one on whiskey, much like that which we have in our day. Those who made whiskey had to pay a certain sum to the general government, on every gallon made. This tax bore hard on the farmers of what was then the West, especially those in the western part of Pennsylvania.

These farmers raised large crops of corn, and corn was worth but little

to them, because of the great cost of getting it across the mountain range to the coast where it could be sold. They made a practice of making whiskey from the corn, and sending the much less bulky whiskey to the coast. Raising corn and making it into whiskey was about the only way in which they could make a living. The tax on whiskey ruined their business, and they declared that they would not pay it.

It was a matter between men of the State of Pennsylvania and the general government, the Nation. It was now to be seen whether the Nation could enforce its laws in a State. The Nation's officers were driven away. Others, sent by the President to explain, were not given a hearing. At length, the President sent an army of fifteen thousand men to that part of Pennsylvania, where the trouble was. At this show of force, the farmers gave way. The National Government had shown that it could rule, and not only make a law, but enforce it, in a State.

AMERICA'S CHANCE FOR GREATER COMMERCE

The war between France and England went on. Each nation swept the commerce of the other from the sea. The carrying of goods upon the ocean was done largely by American vessels, and they were very busy and earning great profits for their owners. Many of them were used to carry food-stuffs to the two nations that were at war. American ship-owners had so much to do, that it was hard to get sailors enough. Wages for seamen were higher than ever before, much higher than were paid by English ship-owners. English sailors were tempted by the high wages to serve on American vessels. Sailors of the British Navy deserted, whenever they got a chance, and worked

on American vessels, and some even enlisted in the American Navy. This made British merchant-ships and even British naval vessels short-handed.

OUR VESSELS SEARCHED FOR SAILORS

England did not like to lose her sailors and she tried to put a stop to their deserting. She did not wish Americans to send ships to sea, and whenever one of her war-ships met an American ship, that might be carrying goods to France, it seized her. English cruisers made a practice of halting all American vessels and searching them, to see if there might be British deserters on board. If there were any sturdy strong-looking sailors on the American vessels the British naval officers were very likely to take them off whether they were deserters or not. They would seize an American and drag him away, saying that he was a deserter, and would make him serve on their war-ships, and there was no help for it.

The course of England made the followers of Jefferson still more eager for a war in behalf of France. The feeling of anger against England grew so strong that there was danger of war.

THE JAY TREATY

But Washington knew that war was ruin, and he proposed a new treaty with England. It was made in 1794, by John Jay and is known as the "Jay Treaty." It was not a fair settlement, and it left some matters in dispute, but it was the best that could be made.

England still held that she had the right to search our ships for supposed English deserters. Jefferson and his party urged war; but the President was wiser than they, and knew better what would come from it, and war was avoided. It sometimes takes more courage to refuse to fight, than it does to fight. Washington had the courage to refuse.

THE SPANISH TREATY

It was not alone with France and England that the weak United States had trouble. Spain had no respect for the young nation. There were Spanish soldiers in forts on United States soil, and Spain would not remove them. The Mississippi River flowed for many miles through the Spanish country, and it was only by means of that river, that the American farmers in its valley could send their products to the sea, to be then shipped for sale in other countries. The Spaniards would not let the goods go through, although the right of navigation in that river was given us by the treaty of Paris at the close of the Revolutionary War. But in 1795, a treaty was made with Spain which opened the way for our western products to reach the sea by means of the great river.

A NEW PRESIDENT

Washington could have been chosen President for a third term, had he so wished. But he refused to hold the office again and retired to private life as he had retired from the army. In the wrangle of politics, he had been abused and shamefully slandered and he was tired of public life. In his farewell address, he charged his countrymen to preserve the Union, to keep it strictly honest in all its dealings, and to keep it clear from the affairs of European nations.

Washington was followed, as President, by John Adams, of Massachusetts, a statesman whose ideas of the way the country should be governed, were like those of the great man he succeeded. Thomas Jefferson was the new Vice-President.

FRANCE

As a republic, France had at the head of the government, not a President, as the United States had, but a committee of five called the *Directory*.

When Adams became President, he found France an enemy to the country. The Directory had ordered the American Minister to leave France. The news of this, coming by sailing-vessel across the sea, did not reach Philadelphia until Adams had been in office some days. There was great anger in the country, and some Americans said that we ought to go to war with France. But it was the part of wisdom for the young nation to hold to peace, and to gain strength, rather than to fight and lose it.

President Adams sent Marshall, a strong man, yet to be known as a very great one, with Gerry, to join Pinckney, who had been ordered from France. The three were to meet the Directory and, if possible, arrange for peace. Upon reaching Paris, they were called upon by agents of the Directory, and told that America must loan France a large amount of money and must give bribes to the members of the Directory, or further talk was useless.

It now seemed that war with France was near at hand, and the Nation began to prepare for it. Washington was made commander-in-chief. It was then that the Government created what is known as the Navy Department. Naval vessels were built and strong merchant-vessels were bought and made into warships. As soon as the Americans got ready, and that was very soon, the French began to see that they were likely to have serious trouble. After a show of force, the French became reasonable and promised to receive any minister the President might send, and to treat him with proper respect.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

By this time, about 1800, the French Republic had been overthrown and a young man, Napoleon Bonaparte, destined to become one of the

leading men in history, was in power. A treaty of peace was soon made.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON

In 1799, George Washington passed away.

THE CENSUS

In 1800, the second census was taken. The Nation had a population of nearly five and a half millions. There had been ten years of prosperity. During this time the town that is now the city of Cincinnati was founded. Carding, spinning, and weaving by machines run by water power, had begun, though home weaving was yet to be the method of cloth manufacture in America for many years. In those times, the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom were parts of the furniture of nearly all households of well-to-do people. Farmers raised their own wool and flax, and their wives made the family clothing from them.

In 1791, the first American whaling ship entered the Pacific Ocean. She sailed from Nantucket, Mass. In 1792, Captain Gray, of Boston, sailed his good ship, the *Columbia* around South America and into the mouth of a great river of North America, flowing northwesterly into the Pacific. He gave the river the name of his vessel, and it is called the Columbia River to this day. On Gray's voyage, the United States, many years later, based a claim to the great Oregon country which now forms several States.

In 1793, at Newburyport, Mass., crackers were first made in this country. Carolina rice was, by this time, beginning to be known as the best in the world, and was sent in large quantities across the sea for sale. In 1795, the first gold coins were sent out from the United States Mint, at Philadelphia. In the year following, type-making became a business in Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh began its great glass-making industry. Wooden plows

had been used up to this time, but now those made of cast-iron were coming into use.

Immigrants began coming to this country in 1800, and they have been coming ever since.

In 1800, there were two hundred newspapers and magazines in the country. "Away out West," then, and for many years later, meant western New York State and Ohio.

By this time Washington had been laid out as the capital city, but nearly all of what is now known as the city was forest. The Capitol was being built and, during the term of President Adams, Philadelphia ceased to be the Capitol and Congress was held in its new home. But it was fifty years later when men saw the building completed. The City of Washington had about five thousand population.

ELECTION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

In 1800, the presidential election occurred, and Thomas Jefferson was elected. This election was a victory of the common, every-day people over those who were inclined to be aristocratic. Jefferson was of the common people. He carried on the affairs of government in a very simple manner. Instead of riding from the White House, to the Capitol in a stately carriage, as Washington and Adams had done, he walked; and perhaps he was liked all the better for it. There was an absence of court form and ceremony at the White House, while Jefferson was President.

Jefferson believed in cutting down expenses. He said that a nation, like a business firm, or a man, should save its money and pay its debts, and should practice economy to that end. "What need is there of spending so much on the army and navy?" said he. "We are not at war, and we are not likely to be, if we are peaceable and well-behaved as a nation. The trouble

with France is over, and we can now do with a very small navy." This was not the spirit that Washington had shown, when he said, "In time of peace, prepare for war." Jefferson made the Nation weak, as a fighting power, but he kept down expenses, and paid off a large part of the national debt. It might have been wiser to build up a powerful navy, for use in case of need. The United States had once been saved from a terrible war with France, and perhaps from destruction, by being prepared to fight, and such a state of things might come again.

THE AFRICAN BARBARIANS

The half-civilized people that live along the African shore of the Mediterranean Sea, in the countries called the Barbary States—Tunis, Algiers, Tripoli and Morocco—are Mohammedans and of a race called Moors. From before the time of Columbus, down to the days of Jefferson, it had been the practice of these Moors to capture the ships of the people of Europe, and make slaves of the sailors and passengers. So long had these pirates had their way in this, that they began to think that they had a right to such spoils as they could thus gain. So little spirit had some of the nations of Europe, that they regularly paid money every year to the robbers—that their ships might be let alone. Even the United States paid tribute to these pirates, to get them to cease plundering American ships, and murdering and enslaving their crews.

As early as 1785, two American vessels had been taken by the Moors, and twenty-one men of the crews were sold as slaves. Since then, many other American vessels had been taken. Many Americans would have been pining in slavery, in the Barbary States, had not more than a million dollars been paid to buy their freedom.

This was worse taxation than any that England had ever laid, and the American Nation was in no mood to bear it.

In 1801, Tripoli demanded, in a very insolent manner, that a larger tribute be paid by the United States. This insult was resented, and the Bashaw of Tripoli declared war. A fleet was sent in 1803, under Commodore Edward Preble, to teach the Bashaw of Tripoli what manner of men the Americans were.

There was sharp fighting during the two years following, for the Tripolitans were a sturdy foe to deal with. On one occasion, an American frigate, the *Philadelphia*, struck a rock in the harbor of Tripoli, and with her officers and crew was taken by the enemy. It was too bad to lose the ship, but it was worse that the Moors now had a vessel, better than they could build, with which to fight us.

Young Stephen Decatur, of Maryland, a naval lieutenant in one of the other ships, set out to destroy the *Philadelphia*, where she lay in the harbor, protected by the guns of the enemy's forts. With a small vessel that he had captured, he ran into the port one night and, before the Moorish crew of the *Philadelphia* could stop him, he was on board with his men. After a few minutes of fierce fighting, the crew were all killed, except those who had jumped overboard. Then Decatur set fire to the ship and retreated without losing a man. The *Philadelphia* was completely destroyed. By 1805, the Bashaw had had fighting enough, and, for the time being, a treaty of peace was made.

In 1803, Ohio came into the Union as a State, the first to be made out of the Northwest Territory.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

The Spanish on the south and west were not pleasant neighbors. It was

felt that, sooner or later, there might be war with Spain; but the people were not very much worried about that, for the days of Spain's great military strength had passed. The Spanish tried to stop the flow of American commerce from the great Ohio Valley, by way of the Mississippi River, which, near its mouth, ran for a hundred miles through their country. The people of the Mississippi Valley would not allow this, and soon trouble was brewing. The farmers of Kentucky and Tennessee were ready to go down the river, and fight their way through.

But before the time for war came, it so happened that Spain sold the country west of the great river to France. It was now France, under Napoleon Bonaparte, that was to be dealt with, in the matter of the right of way to the sea. The great country was still called Louisiana, just as it was when La Salle found it and claimed it for France. France had lost it; but now, under the great Bonaparte, she had regained it, and Bonaparte meant that, after all, there should yet be a great New France in America. France was now, under Bonaparte, one of the strongest nations of Europe.

There was no reason why the United States should object to a French province as a neighbor, on the far side of the Mississippi, and no objection was made. But Jefferson thought it a good time to try to settle the question of the right of way, down the river, to the sea. He sought to buy the city of New Orleans from France, to settle this question. If the United States could have that city, the Nation would have one bank of the river and France the other, and both could sail their boats upon the waters that flowed between. But if France continued to hold both banks near the sea, she could, in case of war, shut off the Nation's outlet. Jefferson picked out

James Monroe who, as a young soldier years before, had helped Washington to capture the Hessians at Trenton, and who was to be President himself one day. He sent him to France to try to buy the City of New Orleans. It is doubtful whether Bonaparte, if his plans had carried well, would have sold the city or in any other way have loosened his grip on the mouth of the river. But, as it happened, there was grave danger that France would soon be at war with England; indeed the war soon came.

Bonaparte knew that, as soon as war was declared, England might seize the great Louisiana country and that with her command of the sea, she could hold it in spite of all that France could do. He was a far-seeing man, and he knew that France must part with Louisiana, or it was likely to fall into the hands of his enemy, England. Bonaparte, also, for another reason was willing to let the province go. He needed money for the coming war, and he saw a chance to get it by making the sale. So he told his Minister of State to offer to the American Commissioners not the city alone, but the whole territory, and to sell all of it, at a low price.

The offer was made, and the American Commissioners accepted it, at a price of fifteen millions of dollars. For this sum, the United States thus gained a new country as large as all they had before. Now the domain of the United States was bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains and the Rio Grande River, and every foot of both banks of the Mississippi River, from its source to its mouth, and of all its branches was owned by our Nation. The cost of this land was about two and a half cents an acre.

"I have, by this act, made the United States so great, that that Nation will some time humble the pride of Eng-

land," said Bonaparte. Think of it! From that purchase have sprung Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, part of Kansas, Montana, Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, and nearly all of Minnesota, and large parts of Wyoming and Colorado. It was a great bargain.

THE OREGON COUNTRY

A vast country, great enough for an empire, lay north and west of the Nation's boundary line, in and beyond the region of the Rocky Mountains. It had never been explored. Indeed, much of the Louisiana Territory, especially in the north, had never been trodden by the feet of white men. Nothing was known of it, except what had been told by the Indians.

"Let us search out our new country," said Jefferson, "and even that which lies beyond." Parties were sent out to visit the unknown lands and to report. One band of explorers, known as the Lewis and Clarke party, started from St. Louis, a little log cabin town, on the Mississippi, lying a short way below the place where that great stream is joined by the Missouri. Setting out in 1804, they made their way up the Missouri, which had been unexplored ever since it was seen by La Salle. Paddling against its swift and muddy current, they passed a point, on one side of the stream, where there were high bluffs of very fine sand. Here Indians used to meet, to hold their councils. These hills they named Council Bluffs. There is a city there now. On the other side, among hills less high, they found a tribe of Indians, called the Omahas. There is a city there, too, in our day. Between the two there is a great bridge, over which pass countless trains of cars, running to and from the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Not many miles farther up the stream, they came to the

lands of the Sioux Indians, where there stands, in our time, another city.

Even as Father Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle had toiled up the Mississippi and its eastern branches, returning from their quests for their king, so Lewis and Clarke and their men worked their way to the north and west against the sturdy flow of soil-bearing water that came from the mountains, searching for the sea. Three thousand miles from where the river finds the salty tide, these hunters found its rising place, a little brooklet in the Rocky Mountains.

They were on the great divide. They were on the ridge of the continent. As they stood facing the north, the streamlets on their right all sought the Gulf of Mexico, through the Missouri. On the left, all wound in and out among the mountains, never ceasing their flow, until their fresh current fell into the salt water of the Pacific Ocean.

There were Indians in the mountains. There were Indians almost everywhere in North America, in those days. The Indians among the mountains had horses. They told the travelers that horses were new to the country, never known, until, far to the south, they were brought by Spanish soldiers, who years ago conquered the natives of Mexico. "Now," said they, "wild horses are common and we catch them and tame them." All this was true, for then as now, the plains of the great West were roamed by herds of wild horses, descended from the horses of Cortes and his men.

The party bought horses from the Indians, and went on down the western slope. At length, they came to a river which, fed by many branches, grew larger as it flowed. Turning their horses loose to become wild again, they floated down the stream in boats that they had made. It was the Columbia

River, the same into whose broad mouth Captain Gray of Boston had sailed his ship, years before. Going on with their boats, they found themselves in the Pacific Ocean.

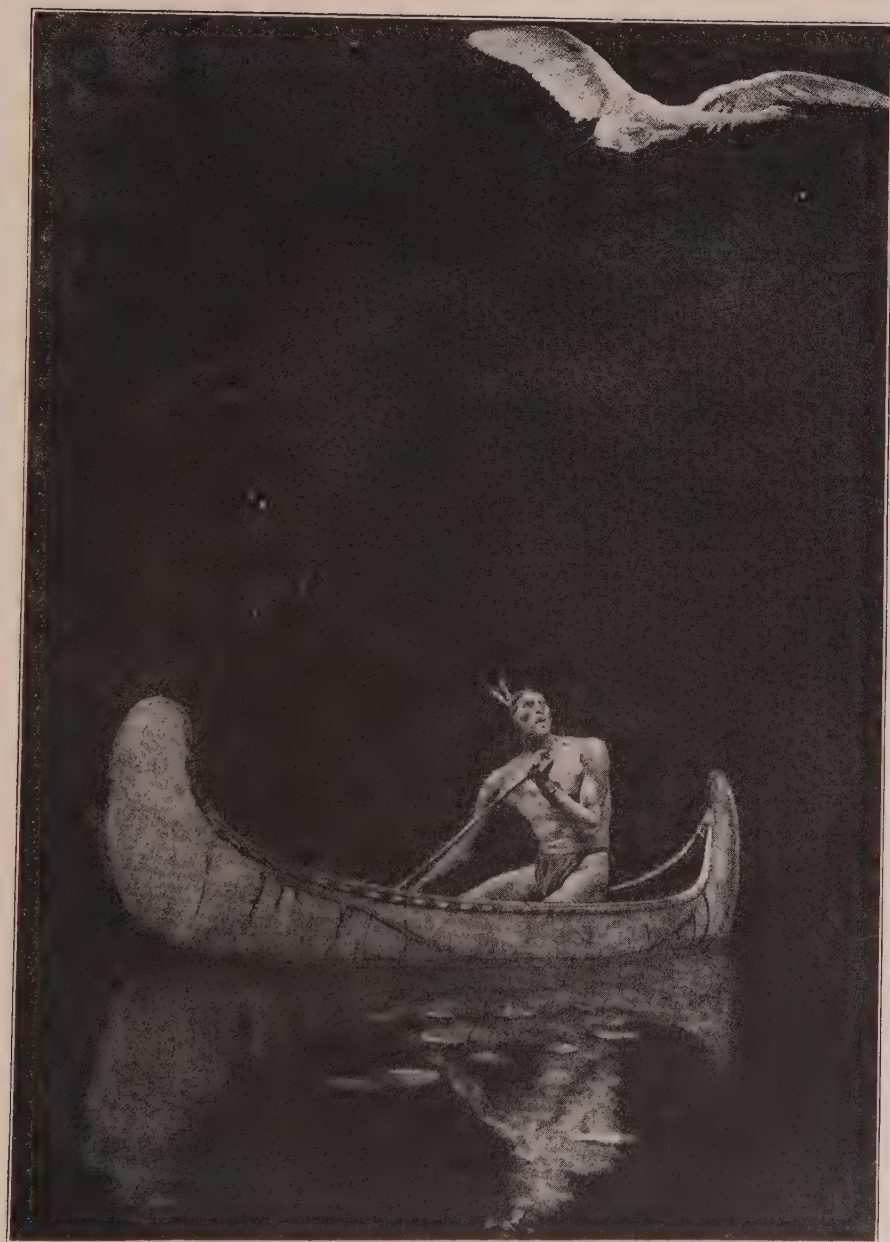
After crossing the divide, they were beyond the bounds of the Louisiana Territory, and in a country belonging to no kingdom. It could rightfully be claimed by the United States by right of discovery, even as lands had been so claimed for centuries, by the exploring nations of Europe. The youngest nation in the world was seeking lands to claim, and was finding them, as England and France had done, so long before.

On the voyage of Captain Gray to the Columbia, and on this journey of Lewis and Clarke, was based the claim of the United States, which, in later years, brought the Nation ownership of the great Oregon country. From it have been made the States of Washington, Idaho and Oregon. The explorers were gone two years and a half, returning with their wonderful story, in 1806.

In 1804, Jefferson was elected to serve a second term as President. The country had prospered and he was greatly liked by the people.

TROUBLE ON THE SEA

The war with England, that Bonaparte foresaw, came and was waged fiercely. On the land, France gained; on the sea, England, with her great navy, had the advantage. Each nation tried to injure the other by ruining its trade. They took each other's vessels; they declared ports to be closed against each other. Neither England nor France had any respect for such a weak nation as ours. France insulted us and England bullied us, while Spain was insolent. They knew that we were weak. People in the United States now began to doubt the wisdom of being without a navy,



Painted by George de Forest Brush

THE SILENCE BROKEN

THE SILENCE BROKEN

BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH, PICTURING THE POETRY OF THE
PRIMITIVE INDIAN NATURE

MR. BRUSH is known as a painter of other subjects than those to be found in the Far West. It is, however, as one of the painters of the Great West that he is considered here, and in that field of art he ranks among the very first.

He was born at Shelbyville, Tennessee, in September, 1855. He studied in Paris, and was a pupil of the great Gèrôme. Some say that his work shows the influence of his master, especially in the trim finish of his technique and in his fondness for embodying a story in his pictures. Unlike Gèrôme, however, Brush did not search the classics nor the life of the Far East for subjects. We find no Roman chariot races nor scenes from Scripture on his canvases. His thoughts were always of his country, and he found his material in the North American Indians. In doing so he took a position among painters of western life that is peculiarly his own.

Mr. Brush is a thoughtful student, with a fine, poetic imagination. Interest drew him to the Indians. His

desire was to discover, "in their present condition a clue to their past." As one appreciative critic has put it, "he attempted to recreate the spacious, empty world in which they lived a life that was truly primitive, unmixed with any alloy of the white man's bringing; and to interpret not only the externals of their life, but its inwardness, as with mingled stolidity and simplicity these men-children looked out upon the phenomena of nature, fronted the mystery of death, and peered into the stirrings of their own souls."

In "The Silence Broken," a goose has burst from a bank of foliage immediately above the head of an Indian in a canoe. We are conscious of the rush of sound, vibrating through the vast isolation. The Indian looks up, but does not cease his paddling. He kneels in the boat, "a figure of monumental composure." It is in pictures like this that Brush conveys in eloquent terms on canvas an impression of the solemn romance of those primitive human creatures.

that money might be saved, and hence of being unable to protect ourselves from ill treatment.

Our nation was prospering. If we could remain at peace, we could gain strength and wealth, for the war in Europe gave the commerce of the ocean to our ships. We took no part in the war. As a people we attended strictly to our own affairs, following Washington's advice to keep clear of European quarrels. So well did the shipping business pay, that American captains gave higher wages to sailors, than they could get for service in any other ships. Seamen began to desert from English merchant-ships and even from English warships, to engage in American vessels. English sea-faring men were good sailors, and the American captains were glad to get them. They encouraged such desertions. It may not have been neighborly to entice England's naval tars away, but it secured good men, and that was the main thing in the mind of the American skippers.

England still complained that Americans were hiring English deserters from her navy, and said that she would take them wherever she found them, even if it were on board American warships. Her naval officers kept up their practice of searching American vessels on the sea, and taking by force such deserters as were found aboard.

England needed seamen very much; so much so that her officers used to send gangs through the streets of her cities to kidnap men, to serve on vessels of war. Wanting men so much, the temptation was strong for her officers at sea to claim as deserters, fine-looking men on American ships, who had never served in the English navy and therefore could not be deserters. Hundreds of manly American sailors were thus seized and made to serve

in English warships against their will, and tortured by the lash if they hung back.

But what could the United States do about it? No matter how much they might want to fight, to put a stop to such barbarous and insolent doings, they could not, because they had no strong navy. They had been *economical*, and had saved the money, that should have been spent for warships, and now they had to suffer insult and abuse without daring to resent such treatment by fighting.

Both England and France, while they fought each other, tried to break up the shipping industry of the United States. The American people took for their motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights." It meant the right to trade freely on the sea, and the right to have their sailors protected from English outrage.

One day, in 1807, the frigate *Chesapeake*, one of the very few warships our Nation had, was met not far from our own shore, by the British warship, *The Leopard*. The British captain declared that there were four British deserters on the *Chesapeake* and said that they must be given up. The captain of the *Chesapeake* refused to give them up, and *The Leopard* opened fire. It was a time of peace for the United States, and the *Chesapeake* was in no shape to fight. Her captain made no attempt to resist *The Leopard* and the ship was boarded and the men taken off.

This act was one of the worst insults ever offered by one nation to another. But what could our Nation do? It had been *economical*, and therefore it was unable to fight. Americans from one end of the country to the other were angry. But their anger was like that of a small boy against a strong man. We were helpless.

Matters grew worse. American ships were carrying goods to England and France alike. France said, "You must not send goods to our enemy, England," and England said, "You must not send goods to our enemy, France." Then each nation began to seize such American ships, as it could catch going to the other with goods. Soon the business of carrying goods by sea became very risky and unprofitable. It had to be given up, largely, because our Nation was too weak to fight and protect it.

EMBARGO ACT

At this point, Jefferson and some of his advisers, thought of a scheme to bring both France and England to terms. "They both of them need our products so badly," it was said, "that if we shut them off from getting them, they will soon be glad to promise us better treatment." So, an act was passed by Congress, called the "Embargo Act," which forbade American vessels to leave our ports.

This scheme of shutting off the French and English, from needed American supplies, hurt both of those peoples, but it hurt the Americans too. The great business of the New England part of the United States was the shipping trade; and the outlook was very gloomy when all the vessels owned by the New England people lay rotting in idleness at the wharves, with thousands of sailors out of work.

Just as New Englanders before the Revolution had disobeyed the laws of England, and had sent out their ships, so they did now, in spite of the law, and of the President, and of the Congress. This course led to more severe laws, and then the New England people, began to talk about taking their States out of the Union.

ELECTION OF MADISON

At the close of Jefferson's second term, he might easily have been elected

again. But, like Washington, he believed that no man ought to hold the office for three terms and, like Washington, he retired to private life. James Madison followed Jefferson, as President, beginning his term in 1809.

NON-INTERCOURSE ACT

Very soon after he took the office, the hated Embargo Act was repealed, and a new law took its place. This was called the Non-Intercourse Act. It allowed American vessels to trade with all the world except England and France. Soon our ships were on the seas, laden with our goods. But both England and France kept seizing the ships of the country that could not defend itself because it had no navy.

THE THIRD CENSUS

The census for 1810 showed that the population was about seven and a half millions. By this time, there were half a million people living west of the Alleghanies. They were but very few compared with the number which that region could support. Jefferson was a wise man, but he was unable to foresee the greatness of our country. He said that it would be a thousand years, before the country would be well peopled to the Mississippi River.

In 1802, a few people began to use steel pens. Up to that time, the writing of the world had been done with pens made from the quills of the wing feathers of geese. That was the year when the Military Academy at West Point was founded. In 1804, some cabins were built on the western shore of Lake Michigan, and thus the city of Chicago was founded.

In 1805, the first trade-union was formed in America. It was started by the tailors of New York City. This year saw the beginning of the great export ice-trade, between Boston and cities in the torrid zone. A great business now began in the way of driving cattle, from beyond the Alleghanies to

eastern towns. Thus, the grain and forage of that rich country was marketed.

They were turned into beef by feeding, and the beef was made to walk to market.

In 1806, coal was being mined at Mauch Chunk, Pa., and at Philadelphia a saw factory was started.

In 1807, Fulton in his steam-driven boat, made his first trip up the Hudson River to Albany. What would he think of the steam-driven vessels of New York harbor to-day! His inven-

tion was one of the most important ever made by man.

In 1808, began the steel-making industry of the United States, and during the same year the first Temperance Society was formed.

In 1809, there was a steamboat on Lake Champlain and the first machine to turn out screws was working in Massachusetts.

In 1810, King George III of England, he who had driven the colonies into rebellion, became insane and was put under restraint.

TROUBLE WITH ENGLAND IN 1812

ENGLAND and France held to their evil course toward our country during Madison's first term. England was very abusive. By this time, fully a thousand of our trading vessels had been taken by the English navy, and thousands of good American sailors were serving against their will in English warships. They were like slaves, compelled to fight for their masters, and flogged if they did not do their work well. Insults and outrages from England could be borne no longer, and, though the United States was in no condition for fighting, war was declared against England, in June, 1812.

It was a mistake. It was a case in which righteous anger overcame judgment. Some hot-blooded young statesmen from the Southern States, among whom were Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and John C. Calhoun of South Carolina urged that war be declared, and they had their way. Much against his wish, Madison yielded, and the War of 1812 against England began. Had there been less haste it would have been better, for, no doubt a peaceful settlement could have been made. Older men with cooler heads, though angry with England, felt that it would be wiser to wait.

In 1812, the State of Louisiana was admitted to the Union. It was only a very small part of the great Province of Louisiana, that had been bought from France.

The country was even less prepared for war than had been supposed. It lacked skilful officers to plan and direct the fighting. The great man of America was in his grave, and the country sadly missed his counsel in peace, and his genius in war.

The war went much against the Americans at first, and, as failure after failure marked the progress of the earlier campaigns, the Federal, or Republican party, that had opposed it, taunted the Democratic party, that had brought it on. During the war, a presidential election, 1812, took place and Madison was reelected.

Among the army commanders were a few able men, such as Generals Scott, Harrison, and Andrew Jackson. The army was small and made up largely of volunteers. The navy, too, was small, but it was good. Taught by sad experience the need of a navy, Congress, since Jefferson's time, had provided for the building of some vessels. We had nearly twenty warships now, some of which, if not the best in the world, were as good as any

afloat. For sea-fighting commanders, we had men such as Preble, Rogers, Decatur, Bainbridge and Hull, who had made themselves famous in the war with the pirates of the Barbary States, in the Mediterranean Sea.

The young statesmen who had so rashly brought on the war were equally rash in causing it to be pushed with vigor. They said, "In setting a navy of twenty vessels to fight one of a thousand we can do but little on the sea, but we can conquer on the land." They made the same mistake that was made by the colonies in the first year of the Revolution. They thought that if Canada was invaded the Canadians would join them, and would rebel against England. But the Canadians of 1812 were like those of 1775. They were satisfied with English rule, and they opposed the army that invaded their country.

It was quite as hard to raise money for the War of 1812, as it had been, years before, to raise money for the war of the Revolution.

HULL'S SURRENDER

On July 12, 1812, the American Army, led by General William Hull, a veteran who had fought under Washington, crossed the Detroit River into Canada. Hull told the people there that he would not harm the Canadians if they remained quiet; that his fight was against England and not against them. Many of the Canadians soldiers deserted and joined Hull's army. He was about to march against a fort on the Detroit River, when, suddenly changing his mind, he retreated to the American side of the river. Some one had told him that a large force of British, with many Indians was coming to attack him. He had been tricked by the British by a false story, much as the British general St. Leger was, when Arnold scared him away during the Revolu-

tion, by a tale of advancing forces. Not long after this, Hull surrendered his entire force to a British army coming to attack him, much to the disgust of his officers and men. For his shortcomings he was tried and sentenced to death, but he was not executed. It appeared later that he had not been so watchful as he should have been, and that he acted in good faith but with bad judgment. This was a bad beginning of the war. With Hull's surrender we lost an army, and all the country from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, which stood where now stands Chicago. We also lost control of the great lakes. A second attempt to invade Canada was made during the year and that too, was a failure.

OUR NAVY IN 1812

The army failed in the first year of the war; but the navy made up for it by a season of success. The United States Frigate, *Constitution* was one of the best vessels in our navy, and one of the very best that sailed the sea. Her commander, Isaac Hull, was a nephew of the General William Hull, who had surrendered at Detroit, and he was as good a fighter as his uncle had been, when under the command of Washington.

Hull sailed from Chesapeake Bay for New York, with the ship, and on the way, he was chased by a fleet of English war vessels. In war, there is a time to fight, and there is often a time to run away and, like a good commander, Hull knew it. This was a time to run. One vessel, however good, could not stand in a fight with several, so Hull did his best to get away. The British fleet gave chase and were gaining on Hull when the wind went down.

It was a trying time for Hull. If the enemy gained on him a little more, their ships would be near enough to riddle his ship with cannon shot, and



Painted by Alonzo Chappel

DEATH OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE
"Don't Give Up the Ship"

DEATH OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE

PAINTED BY ALONZO CHAPPEL

“DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!”—STORY OF THE BATTLE AS TOLD
IN ORIGINAL RECORDS

CAPTAIN BROKE, commander of the Shannon, a frigate mounting fifty-two guns, hearing that the Chesapeake was ready for sea, stood in the mouth of the harbor, and dispatched to Captain Lawrence a courteous invitation to single combat, “to try the fortunes of their respective flags.” But before this message could be received, the American Captain, seeing the British vessel lying close into the lighthouse, with colors flying, determined to chastise its commander for so daring a defiance, and weighing anchor, on the 1st of June, went gallantly down, with three flags flying, on one of which was inscribed, “Free trade and sailor’s right.” Numerous barges and pleasure boats, amidst loud cheers, accompanied her some way out, to what they deemed a certain victory.

It was twelve, meridian, when the Chesapeake weighed; and Broke, deeming his challenge accepted, at once stood out to sea. When about thirty miles from the light, at about five p. m., the Chesapeake signalled the Shannon to heave to, and with three cheers, ran up alongside her, at the distance of about two hundred yards. As she passed not more than a stone’s throw off, the Shannon’s guns, beginning with her cabin guns, were fired in succession, from aft forward; and as they were heavily loaded, with two round shot, and a hundred and fifty musket balls, or one round and one double-headed shot, in each, they did fearful execution. The Chesapeake did not fire until all her guns bore, when she delivered a very destructive broadside. Two or three broadsides were then exchanged; and so far as the general effect of the fire was concerned, the

Chesapeake had the best of it; but some of her rigging had now been shot away, and in attempting to haul her foresail up, it fell on board the Shannon; and she lay exposed to a raking fire from the enemy, who swept her decks with the contents of two thirty-two pounder carronades, beat in her sternposts, and drove the men from their quarters. The boatswain of the Shannon lashed the two ships together, while the marines exchanged a sharp and galling fire of musketry.

The word was passed for the boarders to come on deck; but at this very instant, Lawrence fell with a ball through his body. No other officer, higher in rank than a midshipman, remained on the upper deck, and when the boarders came from below, such was the confusion, that they were unarmed. The enemy was now in possession of the vessel, for the British were prepared to board as soon as the vessels were made fast. Broke, at the head, leaped upon the Chesapeake’s quarter-deck, quickly followed by his boarding party to the forecastle; whilst the sailors of the Shannon’s foreyard forced their way into the Chesapeake’s tops and cleared them.

This action was one of the most sanguinary. It lasted only fifteen minutes, and yet, in that time, forty-eight were killed and ninety-eight wounded on board the Shannon. Lawrence’s dying words, “Don’t give up the ship,” became consecrated in the eyes of his countrymen, and have many a time since been used to animate the spirits of our brave seamen. Lawrence died a few days after the battle, and was buried in Halifax; but subsequently his remains were removed to New York, and now reposes in Trinity churchyard.

they would surely sink her; so he tried hard to escape. He put out his boats filled with his strongest oarsmen that they might tow the ship along. When the British saw this, they did the same. It was a strange rowing match, and the men pulled for a big prize. The British began to gain, and it seemed that all would soon be over with the good ship *Constitution*.

But Hull thought of another trick. "Heave the lead," he shouted. "See how deep the water is." It was as he hoped; the water was shallow. Now he put an anchor in a boat at the end of a long cable and told his men to row the length of the cable. Then they dropped the anchor. As it caught on the bottom the men on the ship began to wind in the cable with the windlass, and thus the ship was pulled ahead to where the anchor lay. Again and again was this done and steadily the ship gained on her pursuers.

Soon Hull saw a wind-and-rain squall coming, and he saw, too, that it would strike his ship before it did the ships of the foe. Calling in his boats, he spread his sails and when the squall struck them, the noble vessel plunged ahead like a race-horse. Before the squall reached the British ships, Hull was making good headway. The thick rain hid his ship from the British crews, and when the storm cleared, she was out of sight.

Of course the British fleet was searching for him, and it lay between him and New York, the port he wished to make. He gave up his purpose of going to New York, and squared away for Boston harbor which he reached safely.

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIERE"

Hull stayed at Boston just long enough to take on some needed supplies. Then, before an order to

remain at Boston could reach him from Washington, he set out in hope of catching one of those pursuing ships alone. He wanted to give its crew the chance to fight that they seemed to wish. A few days later, while cruising in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he sighted one of the very ships that had chased him. It was the *Guerriere* the largest of all of them. It was a chance for a fair fight, and Hull took it.

In thirty minutes, the fire of the *Constitution* had so badly smashed the *Guerriere* and had killed so many of her crew, that she surrendered. She was so badly shattered, that she could not be taken to port, so Hull blew her up and sank her. Hull lost seven men in the fight, while the British loss was seventy. The *Constitution* was so little damaged that she was ready for another fight. From that day the *Constitution* was known as *Old Ironsides*.

OTHER NAVAL BATTLES

Captain Hull soon after retired from command of the *Constitution* and Capt. William Bainbridge, a man well worthy of the honor, took his place. On the last day of the year, 1812, Bainbridge, while cruising near the coast of Brazil, met the British frigate *Java*. In two hours, he shot her to pieces so badly that she surrendered. He took off such of her crew as were left and destroyed her. His loss was small.

The American war-ship *Wasp*, while sailing toward the West Indies, fell in with the British naval vessel, *Frolic* and gave her battle. Scarcely had the fight begun, when the *Frolic* lay, a shattered hulk, with her crew nearly all killed or disabled. Unfortunately for the *Wasp* however, a big British battleship came up and took both the *Wasp* and her victim to Bermuda.

The *Hornet* under Capt. James Lawrence, while cruising off the coast of South America, met the British Brig, *Peacock*, and sank her.

Soon after that, Lawrence, in command of the *Chesapeake* was dared by the commander of the British ship, *Shannon*, to sail out from Boston and fight. It was in June, 1813. In the battle that followed, Lawrence was badly wounded and his ship was surrendered after very fierce fighting.

Out of eighteen fights the Americans had won fifteen. The world was surprised at the victories won by American vessels over English ships, for England had long been called "The Mistress of the Seas."

The sea swarmed with American privateers. Before the war was ended, they had taken twenty-five hundred British vessels. This was paying England for her own evil deeds, for she lost more merchant ships during the war than all she had taken before war was declared. The Americans lost some merchant ships however while the war went on. Before the war was ended, England, by massing her navy in American waters, was able to prevent many American ships from leaving port.

PERRY'S VICTORY

There was naval fighting on the lakes, as well as on the high seas. Oliver Hazard Perry, twenty-seven years old, a skilful naval officer, was ordered to go to Lake Erie, to build a fleet of ships with which to fight the British, and to drive them from the lake. This was to regain control of the lakes, that had been lost by Hull's surrender. With a force of workers, Perry went to the shore of the lake, and from trees that grew in the forest there he built, in the fall of 1813, a number of small vessels. These, with a ship he took from the British,

and three small schooners that he had bought, made a fleet of nine vessels.

Sailing in search of the British fleet in September, he soon found it. After a desperate fight he captured all of the vessels of the enemy, and thus regained the lakes for the United States. Never before in all her history had England lost a whole fleet. This victory made the British quit Detroit, and the entire country along the southern part of the lake.

MCDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

A year later, September, 1814, there was another lake victory won by the Americans. A British army marched south from Canada, along the west shore of long and narrow Lake Champlain. With it along the lake, sailed a fleet of English war vessels. The Americans had a few war vessels on the lake under command of Commodore McDonough. He skilfully arranged his few ships in such a way that when the British fleet came, it would fight at a disadvantage. It came; and in not much more than two hours it was defeated. Without the fleet, the British army could not go on, so it turned about and made its way back to Canada. McDonough's victory saved New York State from invasion.

THE BRITISH AT WASHINGTON

The war dragged along, neither side making any great gain. Late in the summer of 1814, the British landed five thousand men on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, and made a dash for Washington. Six thousand Americans, untrained in arms, tried to stay the advance of the British, but they were quickly put to flight by the trained British veteran soldiers. The fight and pursuit became a race. The British entered the city and at once set fire to the Capitol and destroyed it. Then they burned the President's



ACTION BETWEEN THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE



MCDONOUGH POINTING THE GUN
Battle of Lake Champlain

house, the Treasury Building, and other government buildings. They said that they destroyed these government buildings to punish the Americans, who had, early in the war, burned some public buildings in Canada.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

The British soon left Washington. The next move of the enemy was an attempt to take Baltimore. The fleet attacked Fort McHenry which defended the city. Though they bombarded it furiously, they could not take it, and they withdrew with some loss. During the fighting at Baltimore, Francis Scott Key, held as a prisoner on one of the English vessels, wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," which soon became and has since remained, one of America's favorite patriotic songs.

THE DESIRE FOR PEACE

The war, as it went on, became more and more burdensome. The cost of carrying it on was very great. Many of the American people believed it to be a needless war, into which the country had been drawn by those who had not had the foresight to count the cost, or judge of the outcome. Many who had been keen for a fight at first, had now tired of the strife, and there was a general desire for peace. England, too, was tired of the war and, with a strong feeling for peace on both sides, there was a good prospect that the nations would come to an understanding.

By this time, England had defeated France, and crushed the power of Bonaparte. She could now turn all her strength against the United States. At the greater part of her vast navy crossed the sea to the American coast, and her ships prevented American war-vessels from leaving our ports. There was now no chance for ship-to-ship fighting. If an American

naval vessel went out, she was sure to meet half a dozen British warships.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

Very bad management, as a rule, had been shown by the leaders of the American armies. Badly commanded as they were, the American soldiers had been unable to hold their own against the troops of the enemy. In but one instance did the Americans win a glorious victory, and that was so late in the war that peace had been concluded before the battle was fought. It was the battle of New Orleans.

England was tired out by her great and victorious war with France, and her people wanted peace as much as the people of the United States did. But while arrangements for a treaty of peace were going on, both nations kept up the war. In the fall of 1814, the British sent a very strong fleet, bearing an army, to take New Orleans and to gain command of the Mississippi River. General Andrew Jackson commanded the American forces in the South, and upon him fell the duty of defending the city.

On December 24, 1814, the treaty of peace was signed at Ghent, in Belgium, and the report, with orders to stop all fighting, was sent at once to America. In our day, such news would cross the sea in a minute, by an ocean cable message; but in those days, news could cross the ocean only so fast as sailing vessels could be moved by the wind. After the treaty of peace, but before word of it reached this country, the battle of New Orleans had been fought, January 8, 1815.

The army that came to take New Orleans was twelve thousand strong, and was made up of some of the very soldiers that had defeated the great Bonaparte's armies in Europe. They were the best soldiers that England had. The six thousand men commanded by Jackson were nearly all

raw militiamen, many of whom had never been in a battle. Man for man they were as good fighters as could be found anywhere, for they were mostly hardy woodsmen and planters, all well used to shooting. They had that kind of courage that would make each man stand and fight, no matter how many others might run away.

The land is low and swampy around New Orleans. The only way by which the British could make the attack, was along a narrow strip by the river. Jackson posted his men across that narrow strip just back of a small canal. To flank his force, that is, to pass around it, was impossible. The attack must be made in front. In some respects it was such a fight as that of Bunker Hill during the Revolution. The British troops had to attack American raw troops posted behind breast-works.

On Jackson's earth-works he had about a dozen cannon. His men were placed behind the breast-works, which were heaps of earth thrown up as high as a man's breast. There, only their heads could be seen as they aimed and fired at the fully exposed bodies of the advancing foe. It was simply a question whether the green fighters would stay or whether the advancing masses could scare them out. If they stayed and fought, no army on earth could dislodge them, for men could not come within range of their fire and live. There was no danger of running out of powder and ball as the patriots did at Bunker Hill. All that it was necessary for the Americans to do, to win a victory, was to hold their ground.

For several days the British were busy in getting ready to make their grand attack, and during that time there was more or less firing. At daybreak, January 8, 1815, a beautiful Sabbath, while the laggard winds

were pushing along the ship that was on her way with tidings of peace, the grand assault was made.

The invaders came on like British soldiers, and, like British soldiers, they came again and again, those that were not dead. For three hours they endured that deadly fire, and offered up their lives for their king. Then they gave up the hopeless task, for they saw that to perform it was beyond the power of man. The British lost twenty-five hundred men and many officers, among whom was the gallant General Pakenham, their commander. The American loss was very small.

It was a wasted battle; it was a needless victory; it counted for nothing, for the war was over.

CLOSE OF THE WAR

The war closed without either side being victorious. It left things much as they would have been had there been no fighting. The same result could probably have been reached by peaceful agreement before the war.

Under the treaty of peace, England did not agree to stop the practice of searching our vessels for deserters. But she did stop it, and never, from that day, has a British captain stopped an American vessel at sea, for such a purpose.

In some ways, the War of 1812 was of great good to the United States. It made our people feel that this Nation was able to take care of itself among nations. It made other nations respect our vessels on the seas. During the war, articles that we needed were made at home, and the Americans turned more than ever before to manufacturing. Our manufactures have grown rapidly ever since the war of 1812.

The greatness of Lowell, Fall River and Lawrence, Mass., as manufacturing cities, had its beginning in that war.

DEATH OF PANKEN AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS





CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS
Fleets passing forts on the Mississippi. Mortar vessels in the distance shelling forts

FROM 1815 TO CLOSE OF MEXICAN WAR

PRESIDENT MONROE

IN 1816, James Monroe, of Virginia, who had fought for his country with Washington, and who had done good work for the Nation in the purchase of Louisiana, was elected President. In 1817, he moved into the White House, as the President's mansion at Washington is called, though there was much to be done to it yet, before it would be really finished. The bitter wranglings between parties had now ceased; the country was prosperous; it was a period of good feeling.

FLORIDA

Between our country and the sea upon the south, lay what is now the State of Florida, which at that time was owned by Spain.

The country was part of that through which early Spanish explorers wandered, and thus in the beginning it belonged to Spain. After the French and Indian War, Spain granted it, with other land reaching west to the Mississippi, to England by treaty and, at the close of the Revolutionary War, England gave it back to Spain by treaty.

Spain now held it. It was worth but little to Spain, for it had no mines, nor were its inhabitants worth plundering. Spain neglected it, and it was very badly governed.

There was war between the United States and some of the Indians in the South, and, whenever our soldiers went after them, these Indians ran across the line and escaped into Florida.

According to the law of nations, the soldiers of the United States could not rightfully pursue these Indians into a country owned by another power. There was so little of law and order in Florida that criminals from all quarters fled there to escape justice,

and the country became peopled by a very bad class of inhabitants. Some of the white men there helped the Indians in making up war parties to cross the line into the United States on errands of murder.

General Jackson, he who had commanded in the South in the War of 1812, had no love for the people of Florida, for they had helped the English against him in that war. Now being again in command, in the war, with the Indians, he did not hesitate to follow the savage war parties into Florida. He did not care what Spain might say or do about it. He took the town of Pensacola, and caught and hanged two Englishmen who were helping the Indians there. Jackson was not a man to be trifled with. His headstrong course offended Spain, and there was some danger of war.

President Monroe and his advisers saw that it would save much trouble if Florida belonged to the United States. It would make things safer for the Southern people, and would round out the country. If we could make Florida a part of our country it would cease to be the home of runaway Indians and slaves as well as of criminal white men. Under good government, Florida would be valuable as one of the United States. If it could be got peacefully, even by paying a large price for it, the purchase might prevent war which would be much more costly. So the Government bought Florida from Spain, in 1819, for five million dollars. After this purchase our coast line stretched from the mouth of the Sabine River, along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, around Florida, and northward to the St. Croix River, at the eastern end of Maine. This was a reach of thousands of miles of coast with many harbors. We now

had a longer coast than any nation of Europe.

The country was fast recovering from the War of 1812, and many people moved to the West. Before Monroe's term ended, Illinois, Mississippi and Alabama were admitted to the Union as States. Illinois was a free State, while Mississippi and Alabama allowed the ownership of slaves.

RISE OF SLAVERY QUESTION

There had by this time grown up a great difference of opinion with regard to slavery. Those who opposed it felt it to be very important whether each new State was to be a slave or a free State. So far, the number of slave States was equal to that of the free States.

Power to decide for or against slavery lay in the two branches of Congress. By the call of States in the Senate, slavery and freedom stood evenly matched, two senators to a State. In the House of Representatives, however, the free States had many more members than the slave States, for they had grown so fast in population that they had many more congressmen. Wise men saw that there was a struggle coming between those who favored slavery and those who opposed it. Hence there was a desire on the one side, to have new States come into the Union as free States and on the other to have them come in with slavery.

In 1818, the people of Missouri Territory asked that a part of the territory, where there were many slaves already, be made a State of the Union. No one anywhere, had anything to say against making the new State, but there was much said as to whether it should be a slave State or not. Congress was divided and the people took sides. Thus began that contest over slavery, which grew until it ended, nearly half a century later, in a terrible war.

The people in the North, generally, opposed slavery, while those of the South were solidly in favor of it. The question was not so much as to whether slavery was good or bad, as it was whether it should be extended into States yet to be. Its enemies hoped, and its friends feared, that if it was not allowed to spread, slavery would die. So the struggle was as to whether it should spread or not. Unhappily, this difference of purpose set the people of one part of the country, against those of the other.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE

After much strife, Missouri was made a State with slavery, and Maine was made a State without slavery. Thus the number of slave States and that of free States remained equal. An agreement was made which became a law, that, forever after, all States made from territory in the Louisiana Purchase lying north of an east-west line across the country, even with the southern boundary of Missouri, should be free. The law was called *The Missouri Compromise*.

It was thought now that the slavery question was settled; but it was not. Hatred of slavery grew stronger than ever in the North, while in the South the people became more and more firmly fixed in the belief that slavery was a good thing, both for the black race and the white. Southern statesmen, sure that slavery brought prosperity, made all questions give way to it, holding it to be the very life of the welfare of the South. Thinking that the North meant to destroy slavery in the end, the Southern people began to do all that they could to save and strengthen it.

After Missouri came in as a slave State, the course of Western settlement changed. Before, many people of the Southern States had gone to Illinois, a free State. Now, those of

the South who went West sought homes in Missouri, where they could keep slaves.

THE CENSUS

In 1820, the fourth census was taken. It showed that the country held nearly ten millions of people. Since the last census there had been great progress made in the art of navigation by steam. In 1811, men saw the first steamboat on a Western river. It ran between Pittsburgh and New Orleans. Soon after that, the first steam ferryboat in America began running, between New York and Hoboken. In 1819, a steamship, the *Savannah*, crossed the ocean from Savannah to Liverpool. She made the voyage in twenty-six days, which was then thought to be wonderfully quick time. Her wheels were on the sides of the boat, as were those of Fulton's first steamboat.

Gas had now come into use for lighting purposes, and iron stoves began to be common, taking the place of the old-fashioned fireplaces. The cloth-making industry was rapidly growing in the New England and Middle States.

By this time, the country east of the mountains was becoming well-peopled and the Mississippi Valley was filling with farms and towns. Public lands could be bought at a dollar and a quarter an acre. The cheap land drew people from the eastern part of the country, and from Europe. From thirteen States the Nation had now grown to twenty-four. The area of the country was three times as great as it had been at first. The building of wagon roads was going on. On one, running from Potomac to the Ohio, more than a thousand freight wagons ran to and fro, mainly between Washington, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The wagon trains on the rough country roads did in their time,

in a feeble way, what the railroad trains are now doing with wonderful results. The cost of moving goods between the eastern cities and Pittsburgh was from sixty to a hundred dollars a ton.

THE GROWTH OF NATIONAL PRIDE

As the country grew in years and greatness, the people began to take pride in it. At first, patriotism seemed bounded by State lines, but those colony-bred people who had been devoted to their States, more than to their Nation, were passing away. Their children, familiar with the Nation and its greatness, were taking their places. Men going abroad, especially those from the Northern part of the country, no longer called themselves citizens of Massachusetts, or of New York, or of Pennsylvania, but of the United States. The pride of the people of the new States was in the Nation, as a Union of States, rather than in the State in which they lived. Emigrants left Europe for *The United States*, and not for Connecticut, or New Jersey, or Indiana, or any other mere State. The broad patriotism that loved the great Nation was growing and was strong, especially in the free States.

In the Southern States, the people clung to the idea that each State was a little nation. State pride and a firm belief that slavery was a glorious and good system was handed down from father to son.

IMMIGRATION

Immigrants kept coming to America. They came faster and faster; but they shunned the slave States. They felt that a State wherein labor was thought to degrade a man, was no place for those who had left Europe to raise themselves and their families, by labor, to comfort and prosperity. These new-comers, who had found prosperity and happiness beyond their

wildest dreams, loved the young Nation that had welcomed them, and whose laws protected them. They delighted in its growing majesty and power.

MONROE REELECTED

In 1820, Monroe was elected for a second term as President.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE

It was about this time that Mexico, and some provinces in South America, broke away from Spain and became republics. By 1815, the power of Bonaparte in Europe was gone, and France was again a republic. The idea of self-government was spreading. Some of the rulers of nations in Europe became alarmed lest this new idea should weaken their hold upon their thrones. To check government by the people, the kings of Austria, Russia and Prussia banded together in defense of kingly power. This union was called *The Holy Alliance*. It was believed that the Alliance would soon become active, and that it meant to restore to Spain the provinces she had lost in America. It was feared that Russia was to be helped in gaining more hold on North America than she then had. In those days Alaska belonged to Russia and was called Russian America. The Holy Alliance was a danger to the United States.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

President Monroe knew what was going on in Europe, and saw that the scheme of the three monarchs, if it should be carried out, might in the future work great harm to the United States. In his message to Congress in 1823, he stated that our Nation should take no part in the wars of European countries. He said that we would at all times look upon any attempt of European powers, to colonize any part of the Western Hemisphere, as threatening our welfare. He also stated that any such attempt

would show an unfriendly feeling to the United States.

He knew that what he said would be known in Europe. This was a quiet way of saying to the nations in the Holy Alliance, and to the other nations of Europe, that they must keep their hands off from the countries of the American Continent, except such as they already controlled. It meant that there was to be *no setting up of government by kings in the New World*. Such is the famous *Monroe Doctrine*.

No law has ever been passed that states the Monroe Doctrine, but the people of the United States believe in it and stand ready to fight for it. Once, an emperor of France had dared to set up a monarch, in this part of the world, in Mexico. He made haste, however, to give up his scheme, when he saw that the United States was massing an army to drive his forces from Mexico, and that country remained a republic. Once, England moved as though to conquer Venezuela, in South America, and again the United States was ready to fight. The nations of Europe know that before they can gain provinces in the New World, they must defeat the United States in a war.

THE TARIFF

England always tried to help her own merchants and manufacturers, by means of laws that hindered other nations, and even her own colonies, from getting their trade away from them. Her favorite way of holding trade was to tax the goods which came into England from other countries. A tax on goods brought or imported into a country, is called a *tariff*. In Monroe's time, England tried to help her colonies in India, in their purpose to raise cotton. So she laid a tariff on American cotton, to keep it out of English ports. At the same time, she let the cotton from India come into

England free from revenue duty, so that it might have a better chance to be sold. This tariff hurt the cotton growers of the Southern States. They had been raising cotton, sending it to England, to be sold, and then buying in England, the very cloth made from that cotton. Now they had to pay a tax to England, before they could sell their cotton to the English mill owners. They were shrewd enough to see that if factories could be built in America, their cotton could be sent to them to be made into cloth, just as it had been to those in England. They could sell their cotton to American mill owners and also buy their cloth from them. They would thus escape the high prices they had been paying England for cloth. To keep the English cloth from our market, just as the English kept American cotton from their market, a tariff was laid, higher than before, on cloth brought to this country for sale. Since this tariff was to protect American planters and manufacturers, rather than to raise money, it was called a *Protective Tariff*.

This Nation has always had more or less of a protective tariff. Since ours is such a large country, with such varied interests, it has never had a tariff, that has in all respects, pleased all the people.

The South at first liked this tariff, for it helped the cotton industry. The North disliked it, because it hindered ocean commerce and hurt the shipping business.

The tariff was in one way a good thing, however. Soon the ship-owners of New England began to put their money into factories instead of ships, and began to make money from factories, even faster than they had from ships. Both ends of the country were gainers by the protective tariff. The streams of New England that for thousands of years had poured over the

rocks in idle play, as they flowed to the sea, were now set at work driving the busy wheels of the spinning-frame and the loom.

More than ever before, the forests in the South gave place to cotton fields, and it seemed that at no very distant time the streams of the South, would be made to work, in turning into cloth the cotton that grew on their very banks. People began to say, "When we need not buy a yard of cloth in Europe we shall be a stronger people than we were before. Let the Nation learn to support itself within itself. We could live and prosper if there were no Europe." From that time, not only cloth but hardware, and other needful things have been made more and more in this country. Formerly, we bought much more in Europe than we sold there, and we had to pay the balance in cash. Now, we sell to Europe much more than we buy, and Europe sends us money.

MANUFACTURES AND INVENTIONS

As manufacturing has grown, so have towns sprung up and grown. The growth of towns is good for a country. When people come together to live in towns they have improved schools, churches, societies. They have new needs and they make new efforts. Better roads, houses, halls, streets, parks, amusements, and other things to make life better, come with the growth, in a country, of towns and of manufacturing. There was so much work to be done in America, new country that it was, that there were not hands enough to do it. Americans began to invent faster ways than were known before of doing work. They were, as they are now, very intelligent and earnest. In the Old World, a man might plod at his trade all his life, as his father and his grandfather had done, without thought as to how the work might be done better or faster.

Not so with the American. He was, and is, always trying to think out a better and quicker way to do things, as Whitney did in the picking of seeds from the cotton, and as Fulton did in the moving of boats.

The inventive ability of the American people has been encouraged by the Government. The giving by the Nation of patents to inventors began as early as 1780. These patents secure to the inventor the profits of his invention. From then till now, our Nation has led the world in great inventions. Under protective tariffs, often changing, sometimes unwisely, the manufacturing interests have grown, until in the making of an endless variety of goods, and in the prosperity that comes from being busy, our country very much excels any other country in the world.

IMPROVEMENTS

As a wise farmer tries to make his farm better every year, now by building a barn, now by putting up a wall, now by removing some rocks, now by draining a swamp, now by leveling a road,—so do a wise people improve their country. Under Monroe, the work of building great highways, between cities and across States, went on. The best known means of moving goods in Monroe's time was by boats, and by wagons drawn by horses.

Railroads were unknown. Much money was spent by the general government in great highways. More was expended by States and towns, and the beginning then made, has been well followed up, even to our time. Canals were not new. They had been used for centuries in the old world. It was seen that they were needed in the New World. The State of New York had begun work on a great canal that was to run from Lake Erie, one of the Great Lakes, to the Hudson River. In Monroe's time, this work had been nearly finished.

A NEW PRESIDENT

In 1824, John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, a former President, was elected to succeed Monroe. General Andrew Jackson was a candidate, and came very near to being elected. Indeed, many of his friends thought that, but for unfair dealings, he would have been elected, and they at once set about preparing to elect him at the end of Adams's term.

The time of good feeling in politics was over. Hard feelings had begun in the struggle of the election, and there was more or less bitterness between the parties all through Adams's term. There was a great difference of opinion as to the tariff. Calhoun of South Carolina, who had favored the protective tariff because he thought it would favor his beloved State, now saw that it would not. He had hoped to see cotton-mills spring up along its many streams, so that much of the white staple need not be carried a mile to be turned into cloth. He had thought to see villages and towns throughout South Carolina. He now saw that slavery killed enterprise and industry, and that it was useless for his State to hope to ever be anything but a farming country. He was the great leader of the South, and from the time that he took his stand against a protective tariff, to this day, the South has been in favor of *free trade*; that is, the letting in of foreign goods without a tax, or, at most, the admission of such goods at a low tax, laid only to get money to pay the expenses of government.

The South was not in power. Though its statesmen tried to have the tariff made lower, it was made higher.

THE ERIE CANAL

In 1825, the Erie Canal, three hundred and sixty miles long, was finished. It had cost a vast sum of money, but it proved to be worth many times its

cost. Before the canal was completed, freight on a barrel of flour from Buffalo on Lake Erie, to Albany on the Hudson River, had been ten dollars; afterward it fell to thirty cents. Every man, woman, and child along the sea-board felt the good effects of the Erie Canal. It added many millions of dollars to the value of the farms along its course, for now the farmers could send their products to a good market.

The Erie Canal was the making of New York City. It was the only way by which the commerce of those great inland seas could reach its port. Goods could now be brought down the lakes, from the country about Lakes Michigan and Superior, to Buffalo. From there, they could be moved by canal to the Hudson, and could be floated down that river to New York. From that city they could be sent to the whole world. New York City began to grow, and soon became the largest city on our continent. It will soon be the largest city in the world. Peter Minuit was right when he bought Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars, and said that it would one day be covered by a great city.

A stream of canal boats, drawn by mules and horses, kept pouring the wealth of the West into New York, and a counter stream carried a wealth of manhood to people the great West. Land, the best in the world, was to be had at almost nothing an acre, and from the Eastern States and England poured the home-seekers to the West by way of the Erie Canal. As, in the colonial days, people came from Europe to escape ill-usage; so, in later days, after our Nation was founded, others kept coming to our land. They wished to escape poverty and to improve their condition, and nowhere else on earth were such chances offered to honest industry, as in the Northern and Western parts of the United States.

THE RAILROADS

A new means of moving goods and men, one that was to advance the Nation wonderfully, *the railroad*, was in use before the close of Adams's term. A road with iron rails was built from Baltimore, thirteen miles westward. From it has grown the great Baltimore and Ohio System. Other railroads were soon to follow, one in New Jersey and one in South Carolina. Early locomotives weighed, some of them, as much as seven tons; a hundred tons is now a common weight for a locomotive. Steam-cars upon the land and steamboats on the rivers, were the coming agents of greatness for the country. In colonial days, it took six days to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. Steam has reduced the time to a little more than as many hours. Commerce, in the early days, was the exchange of goods across the sea between the American coast region and Europe. Now, an American commerce, greater than that of all the world then, and greater than all that now crosses the Atlantic, plies shuttle-like, by boat and car, all within the limits of our own country, east and west and north and south.

ANDREW JACKSON

Ours was no longer an Atlantic slope country. A great part of our country lay west of the mountains, and many of our people lived there. Until this time the Presidency had been given to men who lived near the sea. It was now claimed that that great honor should be given to a man of the West. Andrew Jackson was of the West. He lived in Tennessee. Four years before this time, he had barely missed election. This time his friends rallied for him and he became President.

He was a Democrat, voted for by the Democrats of the North and the South. He was against a high tariff.

During Jackson's term, the question whether the Nation was superior to the State was brought to the front by the course of South Carolina. In 1832, a new protective tariff bill was passed, which did not please the people of that State. Calhoun declared that the National Government had no right to so tax goods coming from Europe to the people of his State.

He began to talk about the right of a State to declare laws of the Nation, such as it did not like, to be *null*, that is, of no effect. This was the *Nullification Doctrine*.

The people of South Carolina proceeded to put in force the theory of Calhoun, and to carry out the threats they had made. They declared, in convention, that the tariff law as passed by the Congress was of no force in South Carolina;—that it was null and void. They said that no duties laid by that law should be collected on foreign goods coming into the State, and that, if force was used to collect them, the State would leave the Union.

This was the theory of States Rights carried very far. It meant that South Carolina had the right to say what laws of the general government she would obey and what ones she would not. The people of all the slave States, followed the lead of South Carolina, more or less, as that State supported the stand of its gifted son.

The same old claim that had wrought such mischief when the Nation was forming was now again urged, that this country was a band of nations acting together by mutual consent, instead of a great and solid Nation, one and indivisible.

From that day, until war settled it forever, *States Rights* was a question in politics that went hand-in-hand with the purpose of the slave-holding South, to spread slavery.

THE NULLIFICATION DOCTRINE

The President is the chief executive officer of the Nation. It is his duty to *execute the laws*. He makes oath that he will do that, when he takes his office. Jackson was President. He hated such a tariff as South Carolina complained of. He wished it to be done away with. *But it was the law*. As an honest man, he must keep his oath and execute the law, whether he liked it or not. He publicly declared that South Carolina must obey the law, and he sent troops and naval vessels to that State to compel the people to obey. The duties were collected in Charleston, as in all other seaport cities, and South Carolina did not leave the Union;—at least not then. Many years later South Carolina did leave the Union, or thought she did, but that is a part of a story to be told later.

JACKSON REELECTED. THE UNITED STATES BANK

In 1832, Jackson was elected for a second term. Jackson believed in himself. If he thought that he was right, he cared nothing what others might think. Most people thought the National Bank, which had branch banks in many cities, and in which the Government money was kept, was a good thing. He thought otherwise. He believed that the men controlling the bank might and did use their great power in politics. He even believed they had used the power of the bank to defeat him, when he failed to be elected before, and that they had sought to prevent his last election. He ordered that the Government money be withdrawn from the bank. This was done and the bank afterwards went out of business.

THE SPOILS SYSTEM

Jackson believed that when a great political party had won an election, so that it controlled the public offices,

the men of the other party, who were in office, should be turned out. Only those of the party that had won the election were to enjoy the honors and the profits of holding office. The salaries of offices were, he thought, in a sense, spoils, won by the victorious party, as spoils might be won in war; and he said, as had been said before, "To the victors belong the spoils."

So he put men of his own party in office, throughout the country. It was a bad thing to do, for it set an example which was followed by all parties for many years. It caused elections to become largely mere scrambles for office, and caused the offices to be filled by men who, while shrewd politicians, were unfit for their duties.

THE UNITED STATES BANK AND THE SURPLUS

In breaking up the Bank of the United States and in causing the Government money in that, and its branches, to be deposited in various State banks, he made another mistake; for some of the money was lost.

The Nation was out of debt, and there was a large amount of money in the Treasury, for which there seemed to be no use. Unwisely, this surplus of money was divided among the States, and some of it was wasted. In a very few years the Nation badly needed that money.

While Jackson was President, two new States came into the Union, Arkansas, in the South, as a slave State, and Michigan in the North as a free State.

The States were still even, thirteen for it to thirteen against it.

FIFTH CENSUS

It was about the middle of Jackson's first term, when the census for 1830 was taken. The Nation had then nearly thirteen millions of people. Steam printing-presses were running

at this time and thus the power of steam was in use to spread knowledge. The people were reading more than ever before; therefore they knew more than ever before. The Nation had begun the great work of improving the harbors and of putting up light-houses. Charts of the coast were being made, and this work has gone on ever since.

The country was still so new that there were plenty of wild animals in the woods. The State of New York was paying thousands of dollars every year, to hunters, for killing wolves.

Those were the days of hard work. Fourteen hours was a day's work, but people had begun to think that fewer hours and higher pay would be better. At this time, a lad of sixteen, named Abraham Lincoln, was working on the Ohio River at six dollars a month. The pay was small, the days were long and the work was hard. What he did, he did well, however, all through his life, whether as boatman or President.

Those who were opposed to Andrew Jackson now began to call themselves *Whigs*. The Whig party was to oppose the Democratic party for many years.

A small thing, but a very important one, the match, now came into use. Matches cost at first two cents a dozen. They were whittled out by hand. Circular saws came into use about this time, and there were machines for planing boards, one of which could do the work of many men. The making of pen-knives now began in this country. They were so called because they were used in cutting quills into pens for writing. Up to 1830, the only thing in the way of a pencil, was a strip of lead by which a mark could be made on paper. Hence the name, lead pencil. Now began the making of pencils from plumbago, or, as it was then called, black lead.

TWO WINGS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. SLAVERY

The Democratic party, Jackson's party, had its great strength in the South, where people believed in slavery and States Rights. There were two wings to the party. One of these believed with the people of South Carolina, that a State might at any time leave the Union and become an independent republic. The other wing held to the belief of Jackson, that this is a Nation with power greater than that of any State. "The States," said Jackson, "are in the Union and have no right to withdraw from it." In those times of danger, Jackson also said, "The Union; it must and shall be preserved." Jackson in his time had hanged men for their misdeeds. He once said that had South Carolina made war on the United States troops, sent to that State, at the time her people talked of leaving the Union, he would have hanged some of the leaders.

During Jackson's two terms, the people of the South and those of the North drifted apart. A bitter feeling sprang up between the people of the two parts of the country. The cause of this feeling was slavery and the difference of opinion about it. There was much talk in the South against the Union. Jackson said that there was treason in the hearts of many in the South. He was also right in saying that the time would come, when the Union would be broken because of slavery. In the South, the citizen was likely to say: "What business is it to a man in the North, whether or not, we have slavery in my State, which is my country?" The Northern man would say: "The whole United States is my country and slavery in any part of it, disgraces me."

ELECTION OF VAN BUREN

In 1836, Martin Van Buren, of New York, was elected President. He was

descended from one of the old Dutch families, and had been Governor of that State. He had been one of Jackson's officers, and was the first Democrat to be elected from a Northern State.

THE PANIC

In 1837, the results of one of Jackson's mistakes began to appear. The dividing of the Nation's money among the States, and the placing of the Nation's cash in the banks owned by some of the President's friends, had made money so plentiful that people could borrow it easily. This had led to unwise dealings, and now, in Van Buren's time, came the panic that such foolishness had been sure to bring. People blamed Van Buren for it, when they should have blamed Jackson.

THE SOUTH WANTS TEXAS

There was a growing demand among the friends of slavery for more territory in the South, from which to make slave States. They meant that, in some way, there should be more slave States than free States. In this way, there would be more senators in Congress for slavery than against it. They wanted the Nation to take Texas as a territory. They knew that when it came into the Union it would be a slave State. Van Buren opposed the taking in of Texas, and the Southern people disliked him for that. But he was a good President; such is the judgment of those who have lived in later times.

SIXTH CENSUS

In 1840, came the year for the sixth counting. Fifty years had passed since the first was taken, and it had been a half century of advancement. We had now more than seventeen millions of people. No other nation had ever grown so fast. There were now more than four times as many people as the Nation started with, and the people were all much better off.

The inventors had been busy. The McCormick Reaper was in use. It

saved labor for the farmer in the grain fields, as the cotton-gin had done for the planter in the cotton-fields. Curious machines were now knitting stockings by water power. The click of the steel knitting needles, in the hands of the busy housewife could still be heard, however, in thousands of homes, just as it was when the grandfathers of 1840 were boyish soldiers in Washington's armies. The makers of iron in Pennsylvania had now learned to use hard coal in melting their ores. Charcoal had been in common use before this time for that purpose.

By 1837, there were two hundred and fifty steamboats paddling up and down the Mississippi and its branches. The Cunard Steamship Company was running a great ferry line across the Atlantic Ocean. One of its ships made the passage in the then wonderfully short time of less than thirteen and a half days. The passage is made in about a third of that time now.

Chicago was growing to be a town of some size. It had mail from the East, once a week. A man on horseback brought it. There were no express companies in those days; but in 1839, a man went into the business of carrying small articles for pay between Boston and New York. From that has grown the great express systems of our time. The first picture taken by the action of light, the Daguerreotype, was made in 1839. From that beginning, has grown photography.

ELECTION OF HARRISON

In 1840, the Whig party won the Presidency from the Democratic party, and elected William Henry Harrison of Ohio. Van Buren had been nominated by the Democratic party but was defeated. Perhaps the Democrats would have won, had not the Whigs named for Vice-President, John Tyler of Virginia, who was really a

Democrat. He was named that the party might gain votes from the Democrats.

Harrison, like Jackson, was a man of the people, who had shown himself to be a good fighter in warfare against the Indians.

The Whigs had won; but they were soon to lose. After a month of service as President, Harrison died. Tyler then became President; and the country had a Democratic president, after all. Instead of acting as a Whig, Tyler acted as a Democrat, and the victory of the Whigs proved to be a barren one.

PUBLIC LANDS

There were yet lands for many thousands of farms in the West. On this rich soil grew only the trees of the forest, and the grass of the prairies, as they were growing when Columbus set sail on his voyage of discovery.

In 1841, Congress passed a law that land might be sold to settlers, at a dollar and a quarter an acre, provided the buyer would live upon the land and raise crops from it. This offer, together with the fact that there were hard times in Europe, gave a new start to immigration. Every ocean steamer, and hundreds of sailing vessels, brought stout-hearted men and women to this country. Their sons and grandsons are now prosperous and honored citizens of the Western States that they helped to build. By this time nearly all the public land east of the Mississippi had been taken, and the Louisiana Purchase region was filling up with people.

THE TELEGRAPH

For a long time after Franklin told the world that lightning was a result of electricity, people had thought that electricity was a curious thing, and had thought no more about it. But one ingenious man, named Morse, had been trying to make this strange force useful

to man. He found a way to send messages by electricity, through long distances, so quickly that their passage would take very little, if any, time. During Tyler's term, Morse went to Congress, and asked the Government to give him money enough to put up a line of wires from Washington to Baltimore. He said that, with such wires, and the instruments he had invented, he could send messages from one city to the other, in a few seconds. So well did he state his case that the money was furnished, and he put up the first telegraph line in the world. He did all that he had promised to do, and from that beginning have sprung the telegraph lines now in use. More than that, messages are now sent through the air without wires, across the ocean. By wireless telegraphy, captains of ships can talk with each other, though they are hundreds of miles apart.

TEXAS

The Republic of Mexico, once a province of Spain, consisted of several states, of which Texas was one. Texas adjoined the United States, and many Americans went there and settled on lands granted to them by the general government of Mexico. These settlers were mainly from the Southern States and they took their slaves with them. So well did they prosper that soon there were more Americans in Texas than there were Mexicans.

At length, Mexico passed a law putting an end to slavery in all the Mexican states. When Mexico sought to put the law in force in Texas, these Americans would not give up slavery. They rebelled against the Mexican government and, under their control, Texas seceded from Mexico and set up as an independent republic. The Mexicans thought that this was a poor return for their kindness in allowing Americans to settle in their country.

Mexico tried to put down this rebellion, but the Americans under General Houston defeated the Mexican troops and, in 1837, Texas was recognized as a nation by the United States. Houston was the first President of the new republic.

Other nations of the world had as much right to be friendly with Texas, and to try and direct her affairs, as the United States had. It was feared that England might try to get control of Texas. The people of the South were alarmed, as England was opposed to slavery and might cause it to be abolished there. Schemes that had already been made to make Texas a part of the United States were kept up.

ELECTION OF POLK

In 1844, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, Democrat, was elected President. The chief question then was whether Texas should be annexed to the United States. Texas was annexed and made a State in 1845.

Now, Mexico had never admitted that Texas was an independent republic, and, as a nation, felt that the United States had acted very unfairly in causing Texas to secede, and in afterward taking it in, as a part of the United States. The Mexicans said that the United States, although a republic, was as bad as the robber kingdoms of Europe were.

It was the people of the Southern States, rather than those of the North, that had brought about the secession and annexation of Texas. Slavery needed more room in which to spread, and the far-seeing statesmen of the South thought that they could make of Texas several slave States. In this plan, they failed, for the people of Texas refused to have their great republic cut up into small States. Texas came into the Union as one State only. That State is larger than any nation of Europe except Russia. That part

Printed by Douglas York

THE PIONEERS' REST



THE PIONEER'S REST



PAINTED BY DOUGLAS VOLK



Ay, this is freedom!—these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind that through them flies
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.

Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

of the original territory of Florida, purchased during President Monroe's term, was made a State during the same year that Texas came into the Union (1845). Both Texas and Florida were slave States. Soon after, Iowa and Wisconsin came in as free States, and thus there were still as many free States in the Union as slave States. Texas was the last slave State that came into the Union. From that time on, freedom gained over slavery.

THE OREGON COUNTRY

During Polk's term, there was a strong desire that the northwestern boundary of the country should be defined. It had not yet been settled where the line between the Oregon Country and British North America ran. The land between latitude 46 degrees north and 54 degrees, 40 minutes north was claimed by both England and the United States.

There was an agreement of long standing that the people of both nations might live there. This agreement was to end after one year's notice given by either party to the other. By 1845, there were more than seven thousand Americans in this region, and notice was given by the United States that the agreement was to end in 1846. A settlement was made by which the parallel of 49 degrees north latitude was to become the boundary line.

Jefferson, in his day, thought that the Alleghany Mountains would always

be the western boundary of the United States. Afterward, it was thought that the Rocky Mountains would be our western limit. Now, it was settled that our country extended to the Pacific, and later still, in our own time, we have territory on the other side of the Pacific Ocean.

When the territory of Oregon was given a territorial government, in 1848, the slavery party tried to have it declared open to slavery. But Congress declared that there should never be slavery within the limits of the new territory.

THE NEW TARIFF

The Democratic party, for slavery, for States Rights, for low tariff, was in power, and in 1846 the tariff was changed. It was no longer a protective tariff, but one for revenue only. That is, the taxes on imported goods were laid for no other purpose than to get money for carrying on the Government. The industries of the country were left to take care of themselves. Now, if the owner of a factory could not sell his goods here as cheaply as the owner of a factory in England or Germany could, he had to go out of business. This tariff remained in force as long as the Democratic party remained in power. While it was in force, there were few factories running in America, for most of the manufactured goods used in this country came from England.

MEXICAN WAR AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION

After Texas was made a State of the Union, the United States, controlled by the South, made a claim that the western boundary of the State was the Rio Grande River. Mexico said that the claim was wrong. Mexico declared that it was the *State of Texas*, one of the states of Mexico, that had seceded, and that the State of Texas never extended west of the Rio Grande.

"The land you claim," said Mexico, "was not a part of Texas. You have robbed us of Texas; do not try now to rob a sister republic of any more of its land."

Little real attention was given to Mexico. President Polk ordered General Taylor to march troops to the land in dispute. Taylor obeyed. This was an invasion of Mexico, an act of

war. A strong nation was taking by force the land of a weak neighbor nation.

Mexico resisted the invaders. There were some slight clashes of small bodies of troops. A small Mexican force defeated a small American force, killing a few men.

Now the President, who had long been getting ready for a war and who was waiting for an excuse to begin it, sent a message to Congress. He said that Mexico had shed the blood of Americans; and Congress declared war against Mexico.

There was a great difference of opinion in the United States concerning the war. It might result in gaining more slave territory. The South favored it. The people of the North were generally opposed to it.

Mexico fought bravely and did all she could to oppose the invaders, but she was overmatched. General Taylor, with his stronger army, better prepared for fighting, was too powerful for the home-defenders of Mexico, and he won every battle. After the Battle of Buena Vista, he came home with glory enough to gain for himself the Presidency at the next election.

While Taylor had been active in Mexico with one army, General Winfield Scott had been busy with another, and he too was a victor in every battle. The Americans finally captured the City of Mexico, the capital in the fall of 1847, and the war was ended. For the second time, Mexico had been conquered by invaders, to whom she had done no harm.

By the treaty of peace, 1848, Mexico yielded the strip of land first claimed; and, partly by conquest and partly by purchase, then and later, the United States gained a great country north and west of Texas, extending westward to the Pacific Ocean and northward to the Oregon Country.

The country thus gained, and some bought later, is now included in California, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and parts of New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming.

THE WILMOT PROVISIO

All the territory that came to the United States from Mexico came as free territory, for Mexico had made it so by law. The question now was, whether it should remain free. As early as 1846, when it seemed that much territory would come from Mexico, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, named Wilmot, proposed a law. It was that the Ordinance of 1787, that made the Northwest Territory free, should apply to any territory, that might come from Mexico. This bill was called "The Wilmot Proviso."

The Wilmot Proviso was opposed by the slavery party, and it failed to become a law. The South meant that new States made from that territory should be slave States. Nearly all the people of the North were strongly in favor of barring slavery from any and all new States that might be admitted. The people of the South, on the other hand, said that slavery should be extended. Talk about the matter divided the people into two parties;—one for slavery in the territories, and the other against it. The question was now a political one.

ELECTION OF GENERAL TAYLOR

In the election of 1848, General Zachary Taylor was elected. He was a Whig and a slaveholder.

ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA

Of the thirty States, fifteen were in favor of keeping slavery from spreading, and fifteen were for letting it spread into the territories; to remain there when the territories should become States. California wanted to come into the Union. All said, "Let her come in." The question

was, whether she should be a slave State or a free State. California would turn the scales for or against slavery. The South wanted slavery; the South was in power. The women of the North prayed that some Power, greater than that of man, would give the coming Queen State of the great Pacific to human freedom. Their prayers were heard.

There were but few people in that part of California which was to become a State; and a vote taken by them would have been for slavery. There was nothing known that would call to California such immigrants as had been the making of the new Northern States; nothing to attract a freedom-loving people. It appeared that slavery was to win.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD

Not very far from that famous San Francisco Bay, into which Drake and other rovers sailed, hundreds of years before, Mr. Sutter had built a mill. His hired men were digging a ditch in the gravelly soil. One of them saw a little lump of something of a dull reddish-yellow color. He picked it up; it was heavy. He pounded it; it was soft. They gathered around him and tested it. It was gold.

More gold was found. It was found in other places. The word went forth to the world:—“*Gold is abundant in California.*” Men flocked to California from all parts of the world, but mainly from the Northern States. California was to be a free State. By 1849, there were a hundred thousand men, mostly from the free States, in that part of California that was to be a State. The Californians wrote a constitution for a State, which shut out slavery; and asked for admission to the Union as the State of California. There were many debates in Congress as to whether California should be admitted as a free State, or not.

Finally, by the Compromise of 1850, it was settled, among other things, that California should come into the Union as a free State. It was also settled that the question of slavery in other parts of the territory acquired from Mexico should be left to the people who might be living there when the territory was made into States.

THREATS OF SECESSION

Now some of the people of the South began to talk of taking their States out of the Union. Answering them, some of the people of the North said that it would be better for free States to be out of the Union than to continue in the Union with States disgraced by the wickedness of slavery. There were foolish people, in both parts of the country, who babbled of secession, whenever they could not have their own way.

THE SEVENTH CENSUS

Every year whose number ends with a naught is a census year. The count, in 1850, showed that we had more than twenty-three millions of people.

Harvesting machines had been used then for ten years. In 1841, the first steam fire-engine was built and used, in New York. Matches were being made by machinery. The first wire-rope was made. The first silk cloth in America was made, at Paterson, N. J., where they are still making it. Men began to dig copper on the shores of Lake Superior, where it is still mined. Petroleum was found in Pennsylvania, though but little use was made of it for many years.

In 1846, Elias Howe invented a machine which would sew cloth. It was thought to be a wonderful invention, and it was. Every garment worn in the civilized parts of the world is cheaper to its wearer because of Howe's invention. Telegraph lines were getting common. In Massachu-

setts began the making of watches by machinery. American-made hardware was now on the market, and people had their choice between that and the hardware made in England and Germany.

In 1850, there was great debates in Congress. The ablest statesmen of the North met the ablest statesmen of the South. Speeches that still stand as models of oratory on the great question of the day, slavery, were made on both sides. Old statesmen passed away and new ones came. Calhoun, the great champion of the South, died and to take his place as leader for the rights of the States, came Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi. President Taylor died, in July, 1850, and thus Millard Fillmore, the Vice-President, became President.

During the great debates, California became a State; and now the free States had the lead, never to lose it.

SLAVE LAW

Two important laws were passed in 1850. One was, that in the rest of the territory gained from Mexico, the question of slavery should be decided by the people living there, when new States were admitted. The other was, that the State government of any State, even a free State, should arrest and return any run-away slaves, that might be found within its bounds. Many of the people of the North, pitying poor black wretches escaping from slavery, had been in the habit of aiding them as they fled through Northern States to Canada. Canada, as English soil, was a land of freedom. It was the proud boast of England, at that time and since, that no slave could live on English soil; for the minute he set foot upon it he became free, and all of England's power stood by, to keep him free.

The slavery-haters of the North, despised the Fugitive Slave Law. So general was the feeling against it then,

that but few black fugitives were caught and sent back into slavery.

Slavery was losing ground. It was likely that other States coming into the Union, as California did, would come in free, as that State did. Those who were for slavery were getting desperate.

IMMIGRATION

There had been a great famine in Ireland. Irish people came by tens of thousands from that land of want, to this land of plenty. Others came from other parts of Europe. Population was growing very fast. The northwestern part of the Louisiana Purchase was filling with people. Few of the newcomers went to the Southern States. Population in the South did not grow. It became less; for thousands left the South to go to the North and West. The industry of cotton-growing was about all there was in the South to yield wealth and comfort; and only slave owners could profit by it. The slave owners were about one-seventh of the people there. The other six-sevenths could hardly prosper. There was nothing there to attract free men and their families coming from Europe. The slavery-hating North grew in numbers and power; the slavery-loving South stood still. As slavery had been destroyed in all other civilized nations, it was to be destroyed in our own.

STEAM

By 1852, the use of steam for power was growing general. There were ten thousand miles of railroad, and hundreds of steamboats were busy on the rivers and lakes. There were many great steamships running from our harbors to those of Europe. Business felt the effects of steam and electricity.

A PRESIDENT FROM THE NORTH

In 1852, the Democrats elected, as President, a Northern man, Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire. He was opposed by the Whigs, in what proved

to be their last contest. Political lines were changing. A new party was coming; to be the great opponent of the Democrat party. Two great Whig leaders, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, passed away while the contest for the Presidency was going on.

CUBA

The North and the West were gaining on the stagnant South. They had more States, more people, more wealth, more schools, more factories, more roads, more canals, more shipping, greater crops, more of everything that goes to make a great and happy country. Every day the power of the North in the Nation grew. The North was now furnishing the Presidents.

Slavery could not spread in the North; the Southern people cast about to see how it could be increased in the South. "There *must* be some more slave States," they said; but from what were they to be made?

Several slave States could be made from Cuba, if it could be made part of the United States. Texas had been taken from Mexico for slavery; why could not Cuba be taken from Spain? Such thoughts ran in the minds of the people of the South; and the South controlled the Government, as it did when a quarrel was picked with Mexico, so that Mexican territory could be seized. Schemes were put on foot in the South to have a rising in Cuba against Spain. This, it was hoped, might lead to the United States taking such action as would bring on a war with Spain. It was believed that such a war would give us Cuba, and that island, once gained, could be made to give slavery new power.

Parties were sent from Southern ports to help others in Cuba to start a civil war; but they failed, and the Cuban leaders were shot, by order of the Spanish government.

There was a great area, a part of the Louisiana Purchase, lying on both sides of the Platte River, called the Platte territory. It was the north of the line established by the Missouri Compromise, and was therefore safe for freedom, when it should be made into States. At least, the people of the North thought so.

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA ACT

But, in 1854, a law was passed by Congress, controlled by the friends of slavery, which divided the Platte Territory into two organized territories, called Kansas and Nebraska. *This bill repealed the Missouri Compromise*, and threw all the territory of the United States not already admitted as States, open to slavery. It left the people living in such territory free to decide for themselves, when they asked for statehood, whether they would have slavery or not.

The passage of this part of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, was considered by most of the people of the North, those who were opposed to slavery, as a breach of faith, on the part of the Democratic party, the party controlled by the South. They were angry. Some Democrats were angry. Some Democratic members of Congress declared that their party had violated a sacred pledge. The repeal was a plot, said thousands of clergymen, to put the blight of slavery on one of the fairest parts of God's earth, so that settlers from Europe and the North would shun it. Many Democrats, feeling themselves dishonored by the course of their party, left it. The Whig party became the Republican party and many Democrats joined it. From this time on, there were two wings to the Democratic party. It was a most desperate move on the part of the friends of slavery; one that led to others more desperate still; one that led to their ruin.

KANSAS

One of the next States to join the Union was Kansas; "the garden spot of the world." The people living there, when statehood should be asked for, were to settle for themselves the question of slavery. There was no gold in Kansas to tempt the wealth-seekers of the world, but there was land worth more than gold. The South began to send settlers to Kansas, so that men in favor of slavery might at the proper time out-vote the men who wanted it to be a free State. The North began sending men there to out-vote the slavery men. There was a race between the North and the South, to see which could get the more men into the new territory.

As the day drew near for the settlement of the question by vote, there were murders and fighting in Kansas. When election day came, large numbers of slavery men came in from Missouri and Arkansas, and cast votes for slavery; then they went back home. Their votes made it appear that slavery had won, and that when admitted, Kansas was to be a slave State. The friends of freedom would not yield, however, and, at last, after years of violence and murder, slavery was overcome both in Kansas and in Congress. Kansas at length became a State of the Union, free from slavery. The Kansas contest made the Republican party stronger, and very greatly weakened the Democratic party. Thousands of Northern Democrats became Republicans, and thousands more declared that the party should no longer be led by the slavery wing.

JAPAN

The Kansas excitement did not prevent the National Government from attending to other things. Japan had always held aloof from all other nations. Its people would trade with no other people. In those days any

article made in Japan was a great curiosity, so few of such ever got out of that country. Our people wanted to trade with Japan; and in 1852, Commodore Perry, son of the hero of Lake Erie, was sent to Japan with a fleet to pay a friendly visit. A treaty of commerce was made, and from that day, Japan copying American ideas and methods, has advanced, until it is now the foremost nation of Asia.

ELECTION OF BUCHANAN

In the election of 1856, the new Republican party opposed the Democratic party and was defeated. James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Democrat, was elected. The new party showed great strength. The power of the North began to appear.

THE DRED SCOTT CASE

The United States Supreme Court is a very important part of the National Government. In cases of dispute it declares the law; and its decisions, unless set aside by itself, must stand. The Democrats controlled the Government, and the South, as yet, controlled most of the Democrats. The Judges of the Supreme Court were Democrats; all but two of them Southern men.

For some time a case had been pending in the Supreme Court, concerning a slave named Dred Scott. Very soon after Buchanan became President, the Court decided the case, and in doing so laid down some new points of law. One of these was that a slave could neither sue in the courts, nor be sued. Another was, that a slave was the property of his owner, and that the owner could take him anywhere in the United States, and keep him as a slave. Yet another was, that the Missouri Compromise Law never had any force, even before it was repealed. Of the nine Justices of the Court, the seven from the South made the decision; the two from the North would not agree to it.

The Dred Scott decision seemed to put an end to the slavery question by making slavery lawful everywhere. The enemies of slavery were shocked. The friends of slavery declared that now all States and Territories were open to slavery, and that, by the decision of the highest court, they had won everything.

The Supreme Court had spoken. There was nothing for the enemies of slavery to say, but this: "The Court has the power to make a decision. That decision stands until the same Court reverses it. We will not give up the fight against the spread of slavery."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Stephen A. Douglas, Democrat, Senator from Illinois, was the leader of such Democrats as believed that the Union could not be broken. He was the author of the Kansas-Nebraska Act that repealed the Missouri Compromise. In 1858, he sought a second election to the Senate. Also seeking the office, was a man of the people, a Republican, named Abraham Lincoln. The two men met each other in debate, at various places, in Illinois. They discussed whether the people of a territory should decide for themselves the question of slavery. Douglas wanted to be the next President, elected by Democrats, and felt sure that he would be their candidate. In the debate, Lincoln put some questions to him. If he answered in one way, he would make friends of the Southern disunion Democrats, but enemies of the Northern union-loving ones, and would lose the senatorship. If he answered the other way, he made enemies of the Southern and friends of the Northern Democrats, and would be elected to the Senate. He favored the Northern Democrats in his answer, and was elected to the Senate. Lincoln was beaten, but

Douglas had made enemies of the Democrats of the slave States, so that they would never vote for him for President.

The wonderful skill and statesmanship shown by Lincoln in the debates made him known to the Republicans everywhere; and many began to say that he should be their candidate for President in the election of 1860.

JOHN BROWN

The people of the South were always in more or less fear of a rising of the slaves to fight for freedom. There were a few people in the North, whose hatred of slavery carried them so far beyond bounds that they favored the idea of slave-risings in the South. Of these few, was John Brown.

Brown was first a farmer in New York State. Then he went with his sons to Kansas, to help make that a free State. In Kansas, he and his sons fought those from the South who tried to carry the territory for slavery by force. It is thought that he became somewhat crazed through brooding over slavery, and through his struggles against it.

Brown had an idea that, if he could stir up the slaves of Virginia to fight their masters, the Southern people would be so horrified at the thought of further risings that they would be willing to do away with slavery. The old man, with a small party, went to Harper's Ferry, in the fall of 1859, and tried to start an uprising of slaves. He failed; and was soon afterwards tried for murder and hanged. Brown's wicked and foolish act made the people of the South furiously angry. Many of them believed that this was only the first of many such attempts, and that a large part of the people of the North, especially the Republicans, believed that such deeds were right. The South began to hate the North,

and there was much talk that, unless the South could control the Government as it had been doing, it would break away from the Union and make a nation for itself. Now came a time of misunderstanding and bitterness between the two parts of the country. Each part angrily and unjustly accused the other. But Abraham Lincoln and the Republicans generally condemned Brown's act.

ADMISSION OF NEW STATES

During Buchanan's term Minnesota, Oregon, and Kansas became States of the Union, without slavery. Even with the Dred Scott decision to help slavery, it could spread no farther. It must stay where it was, and if so confined, it must die. The States now stood nineteen to fifteen, against the spread of slavery.

THE EIGHTH CENSUS

1860 was census year. There were then thirty-one and a half millions of people in the United States. In 1851, a steamer crossing the Atlantic made the passage in less than ten days. It could hardly be believed. By 1853, a man might start at New York and ride by rail to Chicago. He might start at Bangor, Me., and go by rail to New Orleans.

Americans began to buy American-made watches, because they were better than those made in Europe. There was a bridge built across the Mississippi from Rock Island, Ill., to Davenport, in Iowa.

In 1857 a great panic swept the country; many banks failed, and much business was destroyed. A great improvement in the way of pegging shoes by machinery came into use, and the shoe-making business of Massachusetts began. Imports were now nine times as great in the States of the North as in those of the South.

By 1859, the shipment of iron-ore from the Lake Superior region, down

the Great Lakes, was going on. It now amounts to many millions of tons a year. The time from New York to Chicago by rail was thirty-eight hours. It is now eighteen. Silver was discovered in the Rocky Mountains. Petroleum was found, in Pennsylvania, by drilling wells. Thus began the great petroleum industry.

THE ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Democratic Convention, to name a man for the Presidency, met at Charleston, S. C. For the first time in a National Democratic Convention, the Southern States-rights, disunion Democrats found that they were not in control. Northern Democrats no longer did their bidding.

The North, in the convention, wanted Douglas for President. The South would not have him. The South broke away and nominated Breckenridge, of Kentucky. The Northern Democrats, in convention, nominated Douglas.

The party was now split in two, and neither wing could win in the coming election. The Republicans were sure to elect their man. The next President would be an enemy to the spread of slavery. As old members of the National Supreme Court dropped out, by death or otherwise, enemies of slavery would fill their places. In time, the court might reverse the Dred Scott decision.

It is likely that had the Democrats named Douglas at first, and all voted for him in the election, he would have been elected. But the South was now at the "rule or ruin" point. It said, "If a Republican is elected, we will break up the Union."

The Republican Convention was held at Chicago. Abraham Lincoln was named, and in the election following, he was elected. The Republican party, enemy to the spread of slavery, was to rule the Nation.

SECESSION

Lincoln was elected in November; he was to take the office in March. Until then Buchanan remained in office. He was a weak man, a Northern Democrat, elected by Southern votes, and fearful of offending the South. Southern Government officers, even those in the Cabinet, at once began measures of disunion, and plotted treason.

The people of the South firmly believed that they had the right to take their States out of the Union. They had been so taught by their statesmen. The people of the North as firmly believed that no State had a right to leave the Union, and that secession was treason. They had been so taught by their statesmen. It has been said that no man is so dangerous as a good man who is wrong, but honestly believes he is right. The people of the South were good men who were wrong but believed they were right. Like good men, they were ready to fight and willing to die for the right, as they understood it.

South Carolina took the lead, as she had done before, whenever there had been talk of disunion. Without waiting to see what the Nation would do under its new President, South Carolina declared, in convention while yet Buchanan was President, that she was out of the Union and was an independent nation. Her people thought they were out of the Union; they spoke of the United States as a foreign country. But they were not out, as future events were to show.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

While Buchanan was yet President the people of Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas took action that they thought took their States out of the Union. By the time Lincoln became President, the seceding States had formed a new Union of their own, which they called the *Confederate States of America* and, as they thought, had set up as a nation. They made Jefferson Davis President; him who, since the death of Calhoun, had been the great leader of the slavery wing of the Democratic party. They declared that the new Nation was founded on slavery.

The people of the South thought that they were acting toward the Nation much as the colonies had acted toward England, when they broke away and formed a nation. They were rebels in the same sense that the colonists were. The term rebel, is not always one of reproach. Men may rebel in a just cause. Some of the best men who have ever lived have been rebels.

Whenever a State seceded, the rebels in that State at once seized all the forts, arsenals, ships, money, and all else that they could find that belonged to the general government. And there were many such things at hand to seize, for Buchanan's officers, with rebellion in mind, had been busy for months sending such things south. After the States had seceded, it was found that a large part of the war supplies of the whole Nation was in the hands of the rebels.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION—1861-1865

FORT SUMTER

FOR the defense of Charleston, S. C., the Nation had, years before, built a fort. It stood upon an island which had been built by the Government in the harbor. This was Fort Sumter, named after a Revolutionary hero of the State. At the time of the secession of South Carolina, a time of peace, the forts of Charleston harbor were manned by only a few United States soldiers. As soon as little South Carolina seceded, and set up for a nation, it demanded that the United States give up these forts, including Fort Sumter.

When an unarmed vessel, sent by the Government with food for the soldiers in Fort Sumter, drew near the island, she was fired upon by the batteries on the shore. Thus the State had not only set up for a foreign nation, but had begun a war on the United States. Mr. Buchanan, the President, weakly failed to respond to this act of war upon his country.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln, avoiding those who lay in wait to slay him, at Baltimore, reached Washington and became President. In his address, he said that he had no right to interfere with slavery where it was, directly or indirectly, and that he had no purpose to do so. He said that no State could of itself get out of the Union. He said he would use the power placed in him as President "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government." He told those present who were known to be in favor of secession, that the Government would not assail the South; that there could be no conflict unless it was forced on the Government.

There were many in the North who thought it would be wise to let the seceding States go, without trying to

hold them in the Union by force. "They are ready to fight," said some Northern men, good Republicans. "Let them go, for the sake of peace." "But," said others, "if they go, there can be no peace. Between the two nations will rise questions of boundaries, of the navigation of rivers like the Mississippi. There will be quarrels about fugitive slaves, about tariffs, and many other things. The two nations could not long stay at peace. One would have to conquer the other. If there must be war, let it come now, when the world knows the Nation is in the right." Said others, "Two weak nations cannot exist in America. Foreign powers would attack and conquer one, when they would not dare make war on the two, in one. In union, there is strength; in disunion, there is ruin."

THE SOUTH MAKES WAR

The North under the insolent threats of the South had been brow-beaten so long that it was now hard for all of its people to agree and take firm ground against disunion. Major Anderson, commanding Fort Sumter, was calling for food for his men, and all but two of the President's cabinet voted against sending it. General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, advised that the seceding States be allowed to go out of the Union. Then the great President decided for himself that the Nation's soldiers, in the Nation's fort, should have food. He was peaceable, mild, gentle, merciful; but he was also brave. The honor of the Nation was safe in his hands.

As soon as the President's order to feed the soldiers was made known, the President of the Confederate States demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter and, on Major Anderson's refusal, the shore batteries began firing on the fort. Within two days the

weak garrison was overcome, and the American flag was hauled down in surrender. The so-called new nation had made war on the United States, had invaded its soil, had hauled down its flag.

If the Confederate States were really a separate nation, it had wantonly begun a wicked war on a neighboring and friendly nation. If they were not a separate nation, but just a number of States in rebellion, they had equally made war. Invasion or rebellion, no matter which, war must be met by war; and war it was. Four years, to a day, from the lowering of our national flag at Fort Sumter, the same shot-torn emblem of greatness was raised again in victory. The rash provokers of war, though they had fought as never men fought before, were vanquished and ruined, their States were desolated, the flower of their youth were laid in early graves, and slavery was dead.

The South had misunderstood the North. "They are mere money-makers in the North," said Southern orators. "They are not natural fighters there, such as we are. As soon as they see that we mean war they will let us go. Now that we have taken the fort, they will think twice before they dare to face us in the field." They were mistaken. It is one of the lessons of history that, through all time, the rugged, steady enduring courage of the North overcomes in war the fiery valor of the South.

EFFECT OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT SUMTER

As the news of the capture of Fort Sumter flashed over the country, North and South, patriotism broke into flame. In the South, the young men rushed to camp. In the North, the President called for seventy-five thousand volunteer soldiers, and

he took his pick from ten times that number. From Maine to Texas, men made ready for war.

More States went through the form of seceding: Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina declared themselves as out of the old Union and into the new. There were now eleven States in rebellion against the United States Government. Secession could not win the border States of Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware. Though these were slave States they did not leave the Union.

Richmond, capital of Virginia, became the capital of the Confederate States. Jefferson Davis comforted his followers by saying that, in the war, the fighting would be on Northern soil; and that the South would carry the war, "where food for the sword and torch await our armies in the densely populated cities." He called for volunteers, and proposed that privateers be sent out from Southern ports, to prey on the ocean commerce of the North.

CONDITION OF THE SOUTH

The South was unfit for war. It takes more than men to carry on a war. Those who go to the field to fight, must be armed, clothed and fed, by those who stay at home. The South could raise cotton, and that was about all it could do. It was not a manufacturing country. It had always depended on trading cotton for all the things that it needed. It had traded with Europe. It meant to trade cotton for arms, clothes, and everything that its soldiers needed in the field.

THE BLOCKADE

To get supplies and to send out privateers, the South must use its harbors and ports. It must reach the open sea. Lincoln saw that the great Rebellion would be smothered if the ports of the South were closed. So he sent warships to block the ports

against commerce. No vessel could go into or out of a Southern port, except by running through the fire of the Union war-ships, that kept guard just outside. This blockade soon brought the South to severe want for things needful for the war, or for even home comforts. Some vessels got in and some got out; but not many. Many were captured; some were sunk. More than fifteen hundred were taken or sunk during the war. Because it could not be gotten out of the country, cotton, the best sea-island grade, was as cheap as five cents a pound in Charleston, while English manufacturers were offering two dollars and a half a pound for it in Liverpool, England. The blockade, begun thus early, was the means that finally broke down the Confederacy and made its war a failure.

It was not Fort Sumter alone that had been taken. All the Nation's property in the South had been seized. There was no reason why Fort Sumter alone should be recaptured. The war was growing. It was covering a great area, so no move was made for the time against that fort. The plan of the Nation was to surround the Confederacy, great as it was, and press inward on it and crush it.

PREPARATION

Now came a period of getting ready. Troops were drilling—North and South. The people on both sides grew restless. "Why do not our soldiers fight the rebels?" asked those of the North. "Why do not our soldiers whip the Yankees?" asked those of the South. "On to Washington!" said one. "On to Richmond!" said the other. Both were over-sure; both had much to learn.

BULL RUN

July, 1861, came. General McDowell with a Union army was in front of Washington. General Beaure-

gard with a much smaller Confederate force stood guard over Richmond, about thirty miles southwest of Washington, near a little stream called Bull Run. A small stream, larger than a brook, and less than a river, is called a *run* in the South. From this point he could defend Richmond, or strike at Washington.

McDowell marched against Beauregard and engaged his force at Bull Run. General Johnston came to the aid of Beauregard with his army, and McDowell, badly defeated, fell back on Washington. The battle settled nothing beyond the fact that both armies were made of good fighters; for valor was a quality common to both parts of the great American country.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS. GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN

President Lincoln at once called for half a million volunteers. It was clear now that there was to be a great war.

In the early days of the war, General Scott, who had won fame in the Mexican War, was in command of the Union armies. But in November, 1861, a younger man, fresh from his studies of war in Europe, General George B. McClellan, was placed in charge of the armies. He, like many others of the soldiers of the Union, was a Northern Democrat. The men of the Union Army were Republicans and loyal Democrats, while those of the Confederate Army, the rebel army, as it was called in the North, were all Democrats.

The Democrats of the Union Army were such as had voted for Douglas; those of the rebel army were such as had voted for Breckenridge. As soon as the war broke out Douglas took a firm stand for the Union, while Breckenridge became a general in the Confederate Army.

It had been the first care of the President to see that the slave States that had not seceded, were made safe for the Union. They were soon made secure. In each of these States, however, were many who favored secession and from each many men went to join the Confederate Army. Missouri, for instance, sent men to both armies by thousands. Union control of the border slave States was not gained without much fighting. This was very true of Missouri. By the end of 1861, the Confederacy was beset by land and sea and was struggling to defend itself.

WEST VIRGINIA

Virginia was tricked into seceding by unfair means. The people of the State as a whole were Union people, but the politicians dragged them into the Confederacy. In the mountainous part of the State, the western part, slavery was not profitable, the climate and soil not being good for such crops as required slave labor. There the people would not be Confederates, so they seceded from Virginia after Virginia seceded from the Union. West Virginia was made a State by itself in 1863.

MASON AND SLIDELL

The South could not get its cotton out of the country to sell it, and thus was crippled for want of means. As the colonies had gained the help of France against England in the Revolution, so now the Confederate States, in their struggle for independence, sought the help not only of France, but of England also. They had counted, before the war began, that those nations *must have cotton*. Their orators said, "Cotton is King." They thought that France and England would want cotton so much that they would be ready to fight the United States to get it; and that they would send their warships to break up the

blockade. The South sent two of her ablest men to Europe, as the colonies had sent Franklin during the Revolution, to get help.

The men sent were Mason and Slidell. Before these statesmen reached Europe, the English vessel on which they sailed was stopped in mid-ocean by an American warship. They were taken from the English ship and held as prisoners. In thus removing men from a British steamer, the United States did what England had done, before the War of 1812.

England was as angry now as America had been years before. Steps were taken in England toward making war on the United States. Mason and Slidell were set free, however, with the understanding that, thereafter, neither nation was to search the vessels of the other, and the English people became calm.

FORTS DONELSON AND HENRY

It takes time for a nation like ours to turn from the ways of peace to those of war. But events were following each other rapidly. In the north-western part of Tennessee there were two rivers, the Tennessee and the Cumberland, which were very important, because they were great routes of steamboat traffic. The Confederates controlled these rivers by means of two strong forts. One, on the Tennessee River, was Fort Henry, and the other, on the Cumberland River, was Fort Donelson.

The Union armies, after some severe fighting, drew near to these forts, and took them early in 1862. They were taken by a general who was beginning to show his fitness. His name was Grant,—U. S. Grant. Much help was given to him by the Union gunboats in the rivers commanded by Commodore Foote. With the forts, were taken more prisoners than were ever before taken in a battle in America. Great stores

of war supplies which the Confederates much needed, for such supplies were hard to get, also fell into the hands of our army. Losing these forts made the Confederates give up Columbus on the Mississippi, not far away.

The command of the Mississippi and its branches was as important, in this war, as that of the Hudson had been in the war of the Revolution. In gaining these two branches the Union Army had won a great victory. The whole of the great river was not won yet, for, farther to the south, was another strong fort known as Island Number Ten. Grant's victories caused the Confederates to quit thousands of square miles of ground which they had hoped to hold. The outside pressure of the Union Armies was forcing the Confederacy back within itself.

CONTROL OF THE MISSISSIPPI

To understand the war, we must keep in mind that it was the purpose of President Lincoln to keep the South from getting materials from the outside. The Confederacy was blockaded along the coast, but there were ways for arms and other war supplies, to be brought in by way of Mexico and from the country to the west, across the Mississippi River. To shut off these supplies, and to shut off cattle from Texas, it was needful that the whole Mississippi should be held by Union soldiers and Union gunboats. As soon as the Mississippi could be gained, the Confederacy would be cut in two. It would be hard for the Confederates to move their men and supplies, for there were but few railroads in that region. Whichever party in the war held the Western rivers, had a great advantage over the other. Both parties were therefore fighting to hold them.

BATTLE OF SHILOH OR PITTSBURG LANDING. CORINTH

Next to the rivers, in importance,

were the railroads. To get control of the railroads, was now the purpose of General Grant. Up in the northeast part of the State of Mississippi was Corinth, where several railroads centered. He began to move toward Corinth.

The Confederates had good generals. They knew what Grant wanted; and they meant to block his movement. When Grant started up the Tennessee toward Corinth, General A. S. Johnston, one of the ablest generals the Confederacy had, started toward Grant's army. As Grant halted to rest his men and wait for General Buell to join him with his army, Johnston, with a greater force, fell upon him with furious attack. Every Confederate soldier knew as well as his great leader did how much depended on victory. Grant's army was driven back, but Johnston, in the moment of apparent victory, was killed.

Now Beauregard took command, he who had whipped the Union Army at Bull Run in the East,—and night came. "We will finish our victory in the morning," said Beauregard. "Our hardest fighting comes to-morrow," said Grant. That night Buell came up to help Grant, and in the morning, April 7, 1862, the fight went on again. By nightfall the Union Army was victorious. It was the hardest fought battle in the West during the whole war.

Next day, seeing that after the defeat at Pittsburg Landing the fort could not be held, the Confederates gave up Island Number Ten. Now, the Mississippi was a loyal river as far south as Vicksburg. Beating the Southern army at Pittsburg Landing made the fall of Corinth sure, and in May it surrendered.

THE DUEL OF THE IRONCLADS

In the early days of the war, General Scott took measures of defense against

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON, TENN.
Charge of General Smith's Division





BATTLE OF SHILOH
Charge of General Grant

the South. He caused forts to be built around Washington, and he saw to it that Fortress Monroe, in Virginia, was well manned with national troops. He should have taken care of the great National Arsenal at Harper's Ferry and the great Navy Yard at Portsmouth, both in the same State. When Virginia seceded, the State government seized the Navy Yard and the Arsenal, but not until both had been destroyed as far as could be done, by the national officers in charge.

The amount of plunder that fell into the hands of Virginians at the Navy Yard was very great. Several war-vessels were sunk to prevent their capture, among which was the steam frigate *Merrimac*, one of the best vessels of the United States Navy. The Confederates afterwards raised the *Merrimac*, and made her over into a war-vessel of a new kind, intending to use her to break the blockade, and to destroy Northern cities. Those were the days of wooden ships. "We will have an iron-plated ship," said the naval men of the South, "so strong that cannon balls cannot break her sides, and we will give her an iron prow with which she can crush any wooden ship afloat. No vessel ever built can stand against her."

Forthwith they built to the *Merrimac*, sides of heavy iron, which sloped upward from the water like the roof of a house. No cannon ball could strike them squarely; every shot that might hit would glance off and be harmless. When the craft was done they named her the *Virginia*. She was the strongest fighting-vessel in the world. She could work such havoc in a fleet of wooden warships as a tiger might work in a flock of sheep. Nothing known could stop her from sailing into the harbor of New York or Philadelphia, or any other seaboard

city, and laying the town in ashes with her fire-shells. As far as could be seen, the Confederacy, through the *Virginia*, had the United States at its mercy.

But the building of the *Virginia* had been no secret. The officers of the national navy knew what was going on and knew how grave the danger was.

While the South was building an iron monster, the North was building an iron-sheathed dragon of its own, to meet her when she should come forth. There was to be a greater duel than the world had ever seen.

THE "MONITOR"

The *Monitor*, the invention of Captain John Ericsson, was a vessel lying so low in the water that her flat deck was but two or three feet above the water level. She could not be hit below water, and the slight extent of side, that showed above water, was made of timber several feet thick, covered on the outside with heavy iron plates. No cannon ball could pierce her sides. Her deck was plated with iron. It lay so flat and low that no shot could do more than graze it and slide off. Built upon the deck, was a great round body like a cheese box, made of iron so thick that it could stop the heaviest cannon ball known. Within this turret, as it was called, were two heavy guns. The turret could be made to turn, by machinery in the vessel, so that the guns might be pointed in any direction. The revolving turret was the idea of a skilful inventor of New York, named Theodore R. Timby.

It was known that the *Virginia* was about ready, and that she would make short work of the wooden warships lying near Fortress Monroe, when she came out of her harbor; so the building of the *Monitor* was pushed with great haste. At length the little craft was finished, and she sailed for

Hampton Roads, there to wait for the *Virginia* to come forth from her lair. But she was too late.

On March 8, 1862, the *Virginia* came down from Norfolk and fought the wooden ships at Hampton Roads. Cannon balls struck her sides by dozens and rattled off like peas thrown against a stone wall. She struck the noble *Cumberland* with her iron prow, and cut the vessel half-way through. She set the *Congress* on fire and destroyed her. She showed her power; nothing could withstand her: She could take her time and, at her pleasure, follow up her work of ruin. Like a wolf, tired of killing for the time, she ceased to destroy, and went back to Norfolk to rest, intending to come again next day and sink more ships.

The *Virginia* came down next day, but, during the night the *Monitor* had arrived. The two vessels met. It was iron against iron, now. The *Virginia* limped back to Norfolk, a whipped monster. She fought no more. Wonderful as had been the skill that had produced her, that skill had been matched by the North, and in the fight of the ironclads the Northern craft had proved the better vessel. The *Monitor* saved the rest of the navy; saved the cities; saved the blockade; saved the Union. A little later, when the Union armies marched for Richmond, Norfolk was taken; but before it fell, the Confederates destroyed the *Virginia*.

The fight at Hampton Roads taught the nations of the world that wooden warships were now useless. The day of iron warships had come. The fight of the two sea-monsters stands as one of the most important sea battles in history.

NEW ORLEANS

The South still held the lower part of the Mississippi River. With that

river lost, the Confederacy would be a cripple. It was now 1862, the second year of the war. Grant, with the armies and the gunboats was gaining the river from the north; another force must enter at its mouth and work up-stream.

In the spring a fleet under Commodore Farragut, bearing an army, sailed for New Orleans. That city must be taken. The Nation must do what England was unable to do, in the war of 1812.

The Confederates knew what was coming. They made skilful plans for defense. They thought that they could hold the river and save the city. So they could, against any such force, and any such means, as had ever been used in war before. But this was a war between Americans, and both sides were giving lessons in warfare, that made the world wonder. After four days of fighting the North prevailed, and after another four days New Orleans surrendered.

The loss of the outlet of the Mississippi Valley hurt the Confederacy, not only in American but in Europe. France and England would now think twice before siding with the South, while the South was thus losing. When they heard of the terrible disaster that had fallen on the Confederacy, Mason and Slidell, begging for help in Europe, were almost in despair.

Now the South had but two strongholds on the river, Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Farragut moved up the stream with his vessels to attack them, but it was necessary for him to wait for the army. They could be taken only by the navy and the army fighting together.

THE DRAFT IN THE SOUTH

By the spring of 1862, no more volunteers for the Confederate armies were to be had. Now the Confederacy

MERRIMAC AND MONITOR ENGAGED IN HAMPTON ROADS





BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND No. 10
Gun and mortar boats on the Mississippi

made a law which drew into the army all men between eighteen and thirty-five years of age. By the fall of the same year, all men up to forty-five years of age were made to join the army.

THE BLOCKADE GOES ON

The Nation was pressing the blockade. There were not ships enough to watch properly all the ports of the Confederacy. Besides, it was dangerous for vessels to lie outside, on the ocean, exposed to the terrible storms of the Atlantic with no near harbors to run into in case of need. It was thought best to capture some of the seaports along the Southern coast. These might then be used by Union vessels as harbors of refuge. The ships blockading them might then be sent to watch other ports. So, one after another, the seaports were taken.

PRIVATIONS OF THE SOUTH

By this time, every Southern seaport except Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington had been taken. The South could have no trade with Europe, but such as might be made by means of steamers, stealing by the watchful Union war-ships, that lay in wait for them off these three ports. The blockade bore heavily upon the Southern people. Tea and coffee and salt were very hard to get. There were but few medicines to be had, either for the armies or for the people. The soldiers had to find themselves clothing, as best they could; and thousands of them wore captured Union uniforms.

The Southern people gave their carpets to be made into blankets for the soldiers. Coarse homespun cloth, woven on hand-loom as in colonial times, became common; and so did wooden-soled shoes like those worn in Europe by the peasants. Matches were scarce. Newspapers were printed on wall-paper, and old envelopes were turned inside out and thus used again.

Meat became very scarce and costly, especially after the Union armies and gunboats had taken the Mississippi River, so that cattle from Texas could not be had. There were bread riots in some of the Southern cities which were put down by military force. In Richmond, President Davis himself, by threats of having the troops fire on it, scattered a mob which was demanding bread. The courage of the Southern people during these hard times was marvelous.

THE NORTH

The North felt no pinch of poverty or famine; times were good there. The North was a land of plenty. Volunteers had been called for, again and again, and they kept coming. Every year brought a new host of youths to the proper age for service, and these took their places willingly, to fight for the Union. Immigrants kept coming from Europe, and many of them entered the Union armies, to fight for their adopted country. The Nation had many more men in the field than the States in rebellion, as it needed to have. It took more men to surround the Confederacy, and drive it back, than it did to defend it.

RICHMOND. MCCLELLAN

The Nation had done well in the West. What had been done in the East? It was time for another move against Richmond. The Confederacy stood at bay; it must be attacked from all sides, from the East as well as from the West. McClellan, with a hundred thousand men, went to Fortress Monroe and from there set out for Richmond. It was this movement that made the Confederates abandon Norfolk and destroy the *Virginia*. They tried hard to save the vessel, but she lay so deep in the water that they could not get her to Richmond.

The Confederate generals were more active than McClellan. The last day

of May and the first day of June, 1862, saw a vigorous attack on his force which had marched toward Richmond. This attack ended much to the advantage of the Confederates.

McClellan, cut off from his supplies, now had to fight to get away. For seven days the Confederates kept after him, but they were checked at last at Malvern Hill, July 1, and McClellan's army reached the James River, where the gunboats could help keep back the foe. From there the army was moved to Washington; and thus the second attempt to take Richmond ended in failure. McClellan had shown that, while weak in attack, he was a genius at defense, for his retreat was masterful. But what the Nation wanted in the East was a general who could make the enemy retreat.

"Our Western generals have done well," said the President. "Let us bring some of them East and give them a chance here." So Halleck, who had been in command over Grant in the West, was called to Washington to be General-in-Chief. General Pope, who had a good record, gained at the taking of Island Number Ten, and elsewhere, was put in command of the army that was to make the third attempt to take Richmond.

SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN

Pope was as much too rash as McClellan had been too cautious. Long before he could get to Richmond, the Confederate "Stonewall" Jackson slipped in behind him and got his supplies of ammunition and food. The two armies came together very near the old Bull Run battle-ground, and for the third time, the Union Army was defeated, and it fell back to Washington.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY ADVANCES

Now the Confederate commander, General Robert E. Lee, son of Light Horse Harry Lee, who fought so well

in the Revolution, thought it time for his army to advance. "Maryland is a slave State. There must be many friends of the South there. Perhaps they are ready to join a Confederate Army, if it comes to them victorious. If we rush through Maryland with an army growing stronger every day, and can win a Northern city or two, we may end the war." So said the wise men of the Confederacy, as Lee set forth with sixty thousand men.

ANTIETAM, FREDERICKSBURG

McClellan's army was thrown across Lee's front to check him, and there was a battle at Antietam, Maryland, September 17, 1862. Lee's army was defeated in a terrible fight, and fell back. McClellan failed to follow and complete his victory, and Lee's army marched back into Virginia. The President now set McClellan aside, and gave the command to General Burnside.

Next began the fourth march on Richmond, and at Fredericksburg, December 13, the Union Army was beaten again, as it seemed fated to be whenever it started toward Richmond.

THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three came, with the war still on, and but little done in the East toward putting down the Rebellion. Richmond must be taken; but who was the general that could take it? General Hooker was placed in command in January and Burnside went back to his corps. Nothing was done now toward attacking Richmond until spring.

General Hooker determined to make the attempt to take Richmond by marching up the Rappahannock River. He had a much larger army than Lee, and the two forces met at Chancellorsville, a short distance west of the fateful field of Fredericksburg on the south bank of the Rappahannock. The National forces met with another

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM



BATTLE OF ANTIETAM AND THE EMANCIPATION

THE battle of Antietam had a most important effect in determining the promulgation of the war policy which the national government had at this time under consideration. President Lincoln himself tells the story. "It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we were pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game. I now determined upon the emancipation policy; and without consulting with, or the knowledge of, the cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a cabinet meeting on the subject. This was the last of July or the first part of the month of August, 1862. This cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. . . . Nothing was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government—a cry for

help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last shriek on the retreat. 'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case, now, upon the greatest disasters of the war.' " Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the secretary of state struck me with great force. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, waiting for a victory. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home. Here I finished writing the second draft of the proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday. *I made a solemn vow before God that, if General Lee was driven back from Maryland, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves.*"

crushing defeat through a masterly attack on their flank by "Stonewall" Jackson, who was killed in this fight—a severe loss to the Confederates.

COPPERHEADS

The Union Army was made up of Republicans and War Democrats, as they were called, Democrats of the Douglas kind, who loved the Union. But there were many Democrats of the Southern kind in the North, whose hearts were in the Southern cause. They, among the patriots of the North, were like the Tories of the Revolution. Many of them plotted for the South. They were sad at news of Union victories, and their faces shone with joy when news came of Union defeats. They were called Copperheads, as a name of disgrace, there being a venomous snake of that name. When Lee made his march into Maryland it was with a strong hope that the Copperheads of the North would help him. They were very troublesome to the Union cause, all through the war, and after it.

SLAVERY

The Nation went into the war plainly stating that the war was to save the Union, and not to destroy slavery. Most of the Democrats of the North who had enlisted as soldiers were believers in slavery, and did not want it disturbed. All through the South, slaves were doing such work as enabled white men to serve as soldiers. They built forts; they did the work of the camps; they raised the crops at home that fed the Confederate armies; they raised the cotton that the South meant to trade for arms and other war supplies. The Rebellion was kept up very largely through what the slaves were made to do. Yet nearly all Democrats in the North, from the vilest Copperhead at home to the gallant soldier in the ranks, said that slavery must not be harmed.

In 1862, the President asked Congress to propose to pay for the slaves and set them free. By act of Congress, the slaves in the District of Columbia were paid for, and set free. The Republicans in the North begged the President to declare all slaves in the rebellious States free. He replied, saying that his great object was to restore the Union, and neither to save nor to destroy slavery. He said that he would save the Union without freeing any slaves if he could; that if by freeing all the slaves he could save the Union he would do that; or, that if by freeing some, and leaving others in bondage, he could save the Union, he would do that.

The Republicans said, "Southern men are in arms fighting the Nation. Treat all their property alike, slaves and all. Set free the slaves as a blow at the Rebellion. When the slaves are free, the Rebellion will fall, and the cruel slaughter of good men on both sides will cease."

"But," said the patient and wise President, "if we free the slaves we may offend the people of the slave States that have not left the Union and may thus strengthen the enemy."

What to do with slavery was a grave question. When Lee marched into Maryland, and it seemed that, with the help of the Copperheads, he might succeed in invading the North; when things looked very dark for the Union cause, the President made an important decision. He said that, should the invader be cast out from fair Maryland, he would declare that the slaves in all the rebellious States were free. Lee was driven back. The President at once proclaimed that, if the people in the rebel States did not lay down their arms and become good citizens of the Nation, by the first day of the year 1863, he would declare that all their slaves should be forever

free. When the old year went out and the new year came in, the South was still in rebellion.

EMANCIPATION

On the first day of January, 1863, Lincoln did as he had said, and declared that, in all parts of the country where there was war against the Union, slavery should exist no more. His proclamation was no less a blessing to the white people of the South than to the black. The world took notice now that the North was fighting for humanity, as well as for the Union, while the South was battling in behalf of "the great crime against civilization."

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION

The Nation gained friends in Europe; the South lost them. The slaves in the South became restless. As fast as they could, they ran away into the Union lines. Those that were left did not work as well as they had done before. Confederate soldiers now had to do much of the work about the camps, and on the march, and at the breast-works, that before this time had been done by slaves. There were fewer Confederates now on the firing line. In another way emancipation helped the Union cause, for by tens of thousands, the negroes, North and South, became soldiers in the Union Army.

While the white soldiers fought for the Union, the black men fought for their race, and for the Nation that had freed them. They fought well.

CONFEDERATE WARSHIPS ON THE SEA

It was beyond the power of the South to build ocean warships. The Confederacy depended on England and France for those. Both of those nations took a selfish view of the struggle in America, and both were watching for chances to gain by it. France was controlled by a nephew of the great Bonaparte. He hoped and

believed that the Union would be broken up, and he did all he could, in a stealthy way, to help the South. He had a contempt for the Confederacy, but thought to use it as a means to further his plan to plant again the French flag in America.

In England two very powerful war-vessels, the *Florida* and the *Alabama*, were built for the Confederacy. These were to be used to destroy American merchant ships on the sea. There was a profit for the English in building them, and a great profit was to come from their work, for the more American ships they burned, the more chance there was for English ships to make money.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

It was against the laws of nations, as it was against the spirit of fair play, for England to allow these vessels to be built and to sail from her ports to prey upon American ships.

In the fall of 1862, it became known that English statesmen meant to recognize the Confederate States, as France had recognized the United States in the time of the Revolution. The United States began to get ready to fight both England and the South. We should have had a war with England, and then France would have attacked us, had not Queen Victoria, the best ruler England ever had, set her face sternly against any movement that might bring on a war.

The *Alabama* and the *Florida* did great damage to our commerce, by destroying our merchant ships. Both avoided our armed vessels, but, in the end, the *Alabama* was sunk by our *Kearsarge* and the *Florida* was captured.

Some strong naval vessels were built for the Confederacy in France; but they never got out of port to do any damage to the ships of the United States.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS

The South was angrier now with the North than it had ever been before. "What! Put arms in the hands of those who have been our slaves, and set them to kill their masters in battle! It will go hard with any such runaway slaves as may be taken prisoners. We will treat them as slaves that have committed crime, not as Union soldiers. Any white man that we take in battle, who has been commanding negro soldiers, will be put to death."

Up to this time, it had been the custom for either party in the war to exchange prisoners taken in battle, man for man. Said the South: "We will not exchange runaway slaves that we have taken prisoners in Union uniforms, but we will hold them as slaves." In the course of the war they took, as prisoners, both negro soldiers and their white officers. But no officers were put to death.

The South would not give negro prisoners in exchange for white prisoners. The North said that in the exchange there must be no difference shown between negro soldiers and white ones, and that, if there were, there should be no exchanges.

For many months, there were no exchanges of prisoners. There were great prison camps, North and South, in which thousands of captive soldiers were kept under guard. Soon, another reason appeared why the Nation should not exchange prisoners. Union prisoners, held in Southern prisons and prison pens, were made to suffer from overcrowding and lack of proper food and water. Those that did not die from exposure and other causes soon became mere wrecks of men. They were thus unable to serve as soldiers should they be exchanged. To give to the Confederacy a well-fed, well-kept, rugged, strong soldier, able to take the

field and fight at once, in exchange for a famished, sick, half-dead Union soldier, fit only for the hospital, was only to strengthen the enemy.

THE DRAFT

Business was never better in the North than it was in 1863. The government was paying many millions of dollars every month for war supplies; the factories were busy; property seemed to be rising in value; wages were high. Men were making money so fast that they were not inclined to go into the army, and, as had happened in the South long before, volunteering became slow. Now the Nation and the States began to pay bounties to men who would enlist in the army and navy.

The bounties did not bring recruits fast enough; and a draft was made. A draft is the drawing of men into the army by lot, whether they want to be soldiers or not. A list of all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years was made, and from those so enrolled, men were thus drawn. It made no difference whether a drafted man's heart was for the Union or for the Confederacy; if drafted, he must serve as a soldier, or furnish a man in his place.

The draft was carried through, though it was opposed by those who favored the South, and by those who tried to escape it. There was very serious danger of a civil war in the North. By this time there were secret societies in the North made up of men who favored the South. Their purpose was to aid the South, and they worked to stop enlistments, oppose the draft, and break down the credit of the Nation.

Urged on by the secret agents of the Confederacy, and by members of these secret societies, the ignorant and vicious part of the people of New York City, began rioting against the draft. The mob was guilty of much



FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THE CIVIL WAR

murderous brutality, but was at length put down by the militia, after more than a thousand people had been killed.

It was desired by the leaders of the Rebellion that the war should be carried into the North. The Northern friends of the Confederacy reported that the people were tired of the war, and that a great victory won by the South, *in the North*, would cause the Nation to beg for peace. Then, too, it seemed sure that such a victory would cause England and France to come to the aid of the Confederacy. "We must take a great Northern city, even though in doing so, we lose Richmond," said the wise men of the South.

So, Lee swung his army into Pennsylvania, and the hopes of the South ran high. There was now a chance coming to plunder "the land of milk and honey," and to feed with its abundance the famishing South. "Now for Philadelphia or Baltimore," shouted the ragged, gaunt, but eager and fearless Confederates, as they struck their marching gait and left the South behind them.

GETTYSBURG

As soon as the Union commanders could see what Lee's plan was they moved the Union forces to break it up. The two armies came together at Gettysburg, the Union forces under General Meade, the Confederates under General Lee. The battle began on the first day of July, 1863, and lasted for three days. On the third day, the Confederates made one of the most desperate charges known in the history of war. On that charge hung the fate of the Confederacy, and those devoted heroes in gray knew it. It failed.

A monument now stands at the foremost point reached by the charging host, which shows the high-water mark of the tide of rebellion.

Lee was defeated; and his shattered army made its way in sorrow back to Virginia.

VICKSBURG

Gettysburg was a great victory in the East. While Meade was winning it, Grant was also winning in the West. For two weeks he had laid close siege to Vicksburg, which commanded the Mississippi. On July 4, 1863, while Lee was retreating from Gettysburg, Pemberton, the Confederate commander at Vicksburg, was surrendering to Grant. More prisoners and war supplies were taken by Grant, at Vicksburg, than were ever before surrendered at one time in any war. Lee lost thirty thousand men, and Pemberton more than that. Four days later, Port Hudson on the Mississippi surrendered to the Union Army and the whole river, from its source to its mouth was now in the hands of the Nation.

CHATTANOOGA AND CHICKAMAUGA

Next to Richmond, in importance to the South, was the city of Chattanooga, Tenn. It was a railway center and the gateway to eastern Tennessee. Rosecrans, with his Union Army took Chattanooga in September, forcing the Confederate Bragg and his army back to Chickamauga, Georgia. There Bragg was joined by another army and turning on Rosecrans who was pursuing him, he defeated him and drove him back to Chattanooga. Bragg's victory cheered the Confederates in their season of defeat.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE

Bragg besieged Rosecrans in Chattanooga, as Grant had besieged Pemberton in Vicksburg. It seemed that starvation would compel the surrender of the Union Army, as all its supplies were cut off. Thousands of horses and mules died for want of food, and there was not enough powder and ball for a day's battle.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.

Close at his elbow all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;

Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there.

—*Bret Harte.*

John Burns, soldier, was born in Burlington, N. J., September 5, 1793. He was among the earliest volunteers in the War of 1812, and was a member of Colonel Miller's regiment, which turned the tide of battle in favor of the Americans at Lundy's Lane. He served during the Mexican war, and again volunteered his service in 1861, and when not accepted, owing to his advanced age he became a teamster in the army, in time of battle taking a place in the ranks. He was constable of Gettysburg when Early's troops occupied the town, and single-handed assumed his official prerogative, and was promptly locked up by the confederates. While the battle was at its height he escaped, took musket and ammunition from a wounded soldier and kept up a deadly fire during the whole day; finally he was wounded and captured, narrowly escaping execution as an ununiformed combatant. As the Confederates retreated he was left behind.

He afterwards made his home on the Gettysburg battlefield, and was placed beyond want through the generosity of the thousands of visitors. The "hero of Gettysburg" finally lost his mind and in December, 1871, was found wandering the streets of New York City, nearly frozen. He died February 7, 1872.



Painted by Gilbert Gault

JOHN BURNS AT GETTYSBURG

Up to this time, one general in the Union Army had never failed. Whatever task had been set for Grant had been carried through. He was now placed in command of all the armies of the West.

Hurrying to Chattanooga, he very quickly found a way to get supplies to the starving army. Late in November, Bragg's forces were defeated in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and driven into Georgia. Fate was, indeed, unfriendly to the Southern cause. The Confederacy was doomed.

The courage of the Southern soldiers began to fail. The men in the ranks saw, what their leaders well knew, that there was no use in farther fighting. They began to desert by thousands. The mountains of the South were full of Confederate deserters. Before the end of 1864, there were a hundred thousand of them. Whole regiments were sent from the front, back to the States, to hunt deserters and force them back to the field.

As the hopes of the South went down, those of the North were raised. Victory was in sight, and now the danger that the peace party in the North would win the fall elections began to pass away.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH WAR-VESSELS FOR THE SOUTH

In England, more war-vessels were being built for the Confederacy. Our minister in England told the English government that the sailing of those ships meant war for England. Other war-vessels were being built in France but when the emperor saw that their leaving port meant war, he held them back. Germany and Russia were friendly to the United States all through the War of the Rebellion.

It was now 1864; a President was to be elected. During this year the main issue was, whether the war should go

on, or whether the South should be allowed to go out of the Union. The fate of the Nation was at stake. The election was more important than any battle of the war. To save the Union, Lincoln must be elected again. To elect Lincoln, more victories must be won, that the hearts of those who were despondent might be strengthened. Early in the year General Grant was put in command of *all the Union armies*; and the hopes of the loyal people were in the general who never yet had failed. It was now Grant against Lee.

GRANT'S PLANS

The Confederacy had now been battered back from the outside until its fighting area was confined to Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Said Grant to Sherman, "You attend to Johnston and his army in the West, and I will attend to Lee and his army in the East. Each will be kept so busy with his own troubles that he cannot help the other."

Richmond and Atlanta were now the most important points in the South. Early in May, Grant set out to fight Lee and to capture Richmond. He telegraphed Sherman to go after Johnston's army, and to take Atlanta.

THE WILDERNESS. A FIGHTING GENERAL

Both Grant and Sherman were quite successful in finding the enemy. May 6 and 7, 1864, saw Grant's force in a death grapple with Lee's army in the "Wilderness," Grant with nearly twice the force of Lee. There was severe fighting, and Grant did not win. "The Yankees are whipped again," said the Confederates. "They will now fall back to Washington, as they always do." But, to their surprise, the new general did not seem to know when he was whipped. He did not fall back, as McDowell, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker and Pope had done, when



MAJOR DIX AT THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA



BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

they were whipped. He swung around to the left and came on again.

SPOTTSYLVANIA

This time the fighting was at Spottsylvania Court House. Lee was waiting for him, and again Grant did not win, though, as before, the fighting was fearful and the harvest of death was great. Baffled twice, Grant still kept on fighting. He seemed to know that war is fighting; and he kept on fighting. He sent this despatch to President Lincoln: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

COLD HARBOR

Again he swung to the left and, at Cold Harbor, he again found Lee in his way. What was left of the two armies again grappled, and again, after fearful slaughter, Grant failed to win.

PETERSBURG

Once more Grant swung to the left, this time crossing the James River. He entrenched before Petersburg which was the key to Richmond, and here again Lee faced him.

In the six weeks of fighting, since Grant started, he had lost fifty thousand men. Lee, having the advantage of fighting behind earth-works, had lost less, but had lost more than he could afford. The two armies were grinding each other down; and now, as they stood face to face at Petersburg, it was a trial of strength, to see which could hold out longer. Grant's army could be kept up by recruits to take the places of the slain; Lee's could not for the Confederacy was drained of men, even of those too young to fight and too old to fight. The South was tired out, starved out; and could not last much longer.

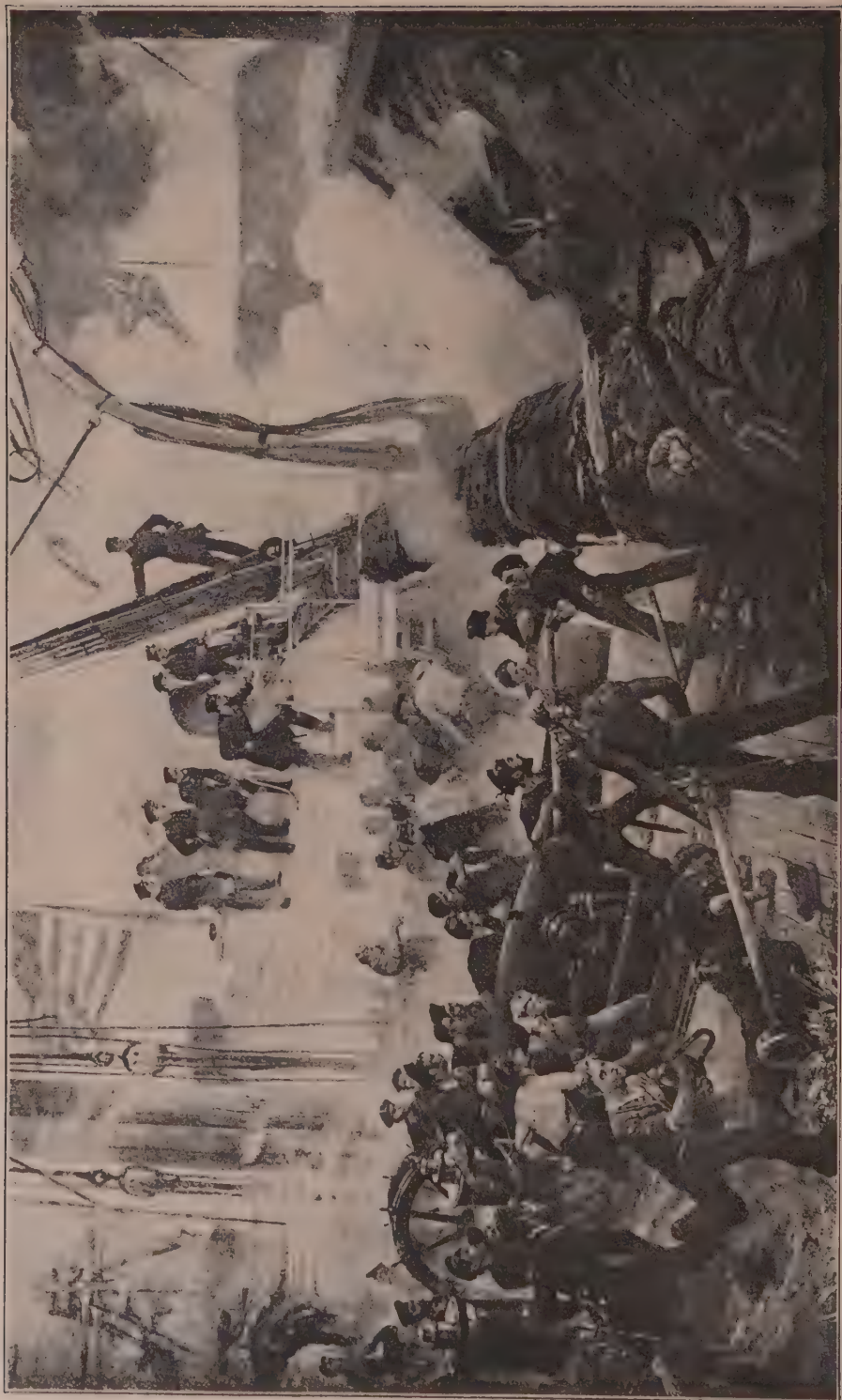
THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Lee's wonderful skill could not make up for the lack of men. He missed "Stonewall" Jackson. For want of him he sent a less able general to try

the old trick of threatening Washington by a movement through the Shenandoah Valley. General Early went there with a force, hoping to draw troops away from Grant. He did draw troops from Grant, and they, under General Sheridan, drove him back, but still Grant kept his pressure on Lee. He was holding Lee's force in check while Sherman was fighting Johnston in the West. Thus, the winter of 1864 went by. Grant's army was in front of Petersburg, threatening Richmond; Lee's smaller force was in and about Petersburg, defending Richmond. The South, stricken by poverty and want, was robbing its homes to feed and clothe Lee's soldiers, while the North, the home of plenty, was supplying Grant's men, without feeling it. Sooner or later the South must give way. Every night saw deserters coming into Grant's lines. "It is of no use," they said, "we have fought for the South until hope is gone. Our leaders are now merely wasting our lives in a forlorn hope. We will fight no more."

DESPERATE MEASURES

The Confederate leaders, baffled at every point, grew desperate. They were ready to try any scheme, however wild, that gave even a faint hope of success. They sent disguised men to Canada to arrange for raids into the Northern States, where Copperhead secret organizations were to help them. They thought thus to set free many thousands of Confederate prisoners. They sent men to take passage on steamboats on the Great Lakes, and kill the unarmed crews and seize the vessels. They sent men to burn Northern cities. An attempt was made, late in the year, to burn New York. The plan was to set fire to about a dozen hotels and theaters, all at once. Had the plan succeeded, hundreds, if not thousands, of women



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AT THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY IN 1864

and children would have lost their lives. Fortunately the fires started were all put out. There was a plot to burn Cincinnati and Chicago.

THE NATION'S CREDIT

The Copperheads talked down the credit of the Nation. The notes of the Government went down in value until it took nearly three dollars of greenbacks to buy as much as could be bought for a dollar in gold. The Copperheads railed at those who bought Government bonds. They said that they were fools who were throwing away their money; and they declared that the bonds would soon be worthless.

TAXES IN THE CONFEDERACY

In the South, the notes of the Confederacy, the States, and the cities, for they all had put out notes, were worthless. The tax-gatherers no longer took such notes in payment of taxes. They went around among the people, seizing one-tenth of all the crops raised. The Governor of Virginia, in his message, asked that something be done to prevent starvation in the State. Many of the soldiers had not been paid in two years. There was danger of war in many parts of the South because of the oppression of the people.

ATLANTA FALLS

While Grant was fighting Lee and holding him at bay, Sherman was busy in the West. Atlanta, center of railroads, and city of factories, was helpful to the Confederacy; and it must be taken. Sherman set out to take the city. Johnston with his army stood in the way. He was a great general, but his army was weak, too weak to face Sherman's force in a set battle. He fell slowly back, forced by Sherman from point to point; and Sherman drew nearer and nearer to the city he sought. Said President Davis to the able Johnston, "Why don't you fight? Fight! Fight!" But Johnston, who

knew better than to fight, still fell back.

Then Davis displaced Johnston with General Hood, who loved fighting. He was only too willing to fight, and he did fight. As Johnston had foreseen, he was defeated in every battle, and Sherman took Atlanta, early in September, 1864, after its defenders had set the city on fire. While Sherman was taking Atlanta, Farragut, with his fleet, and a force of soldiers took Mobile. Thus, while Grant kept Lee from helping Johnston, Sherman was tearing down the Confederacy and destroying railroads that Lee would need, sooner or later, in running away from Grant.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA

After losing Atlanta, Hood made what both President Davis and he believed to be a master move. He put his army behind that of Sherman so as to cut off Sherman's supplies from the North. "Now," said Davis, "Sherman will lose his army."

But Hood had done just what Sherman and Grant had hoped he would do. The army of General Thomas attended to Hood and his force, while Sherman cut loose from his line of supplies and, with his sixty thousand men, started on a long march across the enemy's country, "From Atlanta to the sea." His men helped themselves to food as they went, and proved even harder tax-gatherers than those of the Confederacy had been. The Confederacy had been pressed back into a small compass; it was now to be torn up at its very heart. Factories and railroads were destroyed throughout a strip sixty miles wide across the State of Georgia. Reaching the sea-coast, Sherman took the city of Savannah about Christmas, 1864.

THE ELECTIONS

It was now the fall of 1864; the election of a President was to be held

in November. The Peace Democrats of the North had nominated General McClellan, long out of army service, and the Republicans and War Democrats were going to vote for Lincoln.

To the long list of Union victories, that had come to cheer the North, more were added by Sheridan who had been sent to sweep the Shenandoah Valley. On the nineteenth of September, 1864, there was a victory at Winchester; on the twenty-second, another at Fisher's Hill; and on October 19, another at Cedar Creek. The Confederates were driven from the valley, never to return.

In the election, the Nation won the greatest victory of the war, for Lincoln was again made President. Andrew Johnson, a War Democrat, was elected Vice-President. Enough Republican Senators and Congressmen were elected to pass an amendment to the Constitution that killed slavery, thus making good the President's Proclamation of Emancipation.

THE SOUTH FIGHTS THROUGH PRIDE

The Confederacy lost the war when its great charge at Gettysburg failed. From that day, the war went on because the leaders were too proud to yield. The saying was common in the camps of the South, "This is a rich man's war and a poor man's fight." It was now late in 1864; only two ports were left to the Confederacy, and it had but two armies. Lee was still shut up by Grant, while Johnston was beset by Sherman, against whom he could not hold his ground. The Nation had more than a million men in the field; and it was only a matter of weeks when the Confederacy must end from sheer weakness.

SHERMAN MARCHES NORTH

Scarcely had the new year, 1865, began when Wilmington was taken. Charleston now remained, and though it had resisted more than one attack

by sea, it could not withstand the attack that Sherman was prepared to make by land; as its defenders well knew. On the first of February, 1865, Sherman set forth from Savannah to march through the Carolinas, as he had marched through Georgia. On the seventeenth, he took Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, the birthplace of secession. Now Charleston could be starved out; but without waiting for that, the city surrendered, and Fort Sumter was given up to the Nation, from which it had been withheld four years.

It was now proposed in the South that negroes should be made to serve as soldiers; but though the proposal met with favor from General Lee, it was not put in force.

Sherman went on from Columbia and, by the middle of March, had reached Raleigh and Goldsboro, N. C. Here he was joined by troops from the coast and, with his hundred thousand men, he rested and waited for what might happen. He was expecting a movement by Lee's army. He waited for news.

GRANT AND LEE AT PETERSBURG

Grant was watching Lee, ready to spring upon his army at the first sign of a movement. Sheridan, having swept the Shenandoah Valley, was now with Grant. On the first day of April, 1865, by Grant's order, he seized the last railroad by which Lee's army could receive supplies. Lee must now attack Grant, and be defeated with dreadful slaughter; or retreat from Richmond, which would give his men a chance to desert by thousands; or stay where he was, and let his men starve.

LEE ABANDONS RICHMOND

On April 2, Grant pressed Lee all along the line, breaking through and forcing him back toward Richmond. By the morning of the third, Rich-



SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS RIDE JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK

mond had been abandoned, and Lee's army was in full retreat toward Lynchburg. The Union Army followed swiftly, to overtake it and bring it to battle, for it was known that Lee hoped to join Johnston and prolong the war.

On the sixth of April, the rear part of Lee's army was overtaken, and several thousand prisoners with several miles of wagon train were captured. On the ninth of April, the Union troops under Sheridan blocked the way, and held the Confederate force, what was left of it, until the rest of the Union army came up. Most of Lee's men had left his columns and started for their homes, feeling that all was lost.

LEE'S SURRENDER

To fight was hopeless, and Lee surrendered the weak remnant of his army to General Grant, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House, Va.

The soldiers in blue and those in gray, who an hour before had sought to kill each other, now mingled in fellowship. The haversacks of the well-fed boys in blue were opened freely for the famished boys in gray. A gallant victor is always generous to a defeated but gallant foe. "Keep your horses," said Grant to the Confederate soldiers, "you will need them in planting your fields."

Sherman's army was still resting and waiting for news, in North Carolina, when the soldiers noticed that the people seemed strangely sad. "Have you not heard the news?" said a gentleman to General Howard. "No; what is it?" asked Howard. "Our Army of Virginia, Lee's army, has surrendered to your General Grant." Thus the news that Sherman waited

for came to him. In a few days Johnston surrendered his army to General Sherman, and the Great Rebellion was over.

WHAT THE WAR HAD COST

Of those who entered the Union armies, three hundred and sixty thousand lost their lives. Two-thirds as many died in the Confederate armies. The Nation, from Maine to Texas, was full of men maimed and crippled from wounds or disease; for several times as many were wounded as were killed. Almost every home in the land was a house of mourning. The loss and waste of property, including the slaves, were more than eight thousand millions of dollars. Each year of the war had cost the Nation a sum greater than had been spent by it in all the years from the time of Washington down to that of Lincoln.

WHAT THE WAR DID

The South had spent all it had and all it could borrow. Its money, its credit, its property were all gone. The hand of war had lain heavy on its homes; for they had been ravaged by the march and the battles of contending armies.

The war settled the slavery question forever, for it brought about the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, forbidding human bondage. It opened up the South to the influence of the white man's industry. Under free labor, the southern part of our country has made a wonderful advance in prosperity, and has gained vastly more than it lost. It made the United States truly a Nation and finished the work of the men who made the Constitution; for since the war it has been known by all men, that no State can leave the Union.

MEMORY TESTS ON PERIOD FROM 1781 TO 1865

Why were the Articles of Confederation passed? 163

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THE GREAT REBELLION

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Who was the first Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces? Who after him? 208

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What famous sea-fight took place in Hampton Roads? With what results? 211

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What was the decisive battle of the war? Give an account of it. 219

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did he surrender? Where? 224
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 What questions did the War of the Rebellion settle forever? 226

SUGGESTED SUPPLEMENTARY READING ON THE UNITED STATES

Adam's *History of the United States*.
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NATIONAL GROWTH TO CLOSE OF CIVIL WAR—1781-1865

Period of the Confederation	Period of the Confederation
<p>1781. The "Five per cent Amendment" to the Articles of Confederation is proposed but is later defeated by Rhode Island.</p> <p>1781-1802. Cession to Congress of the claims of various states to western lands.</p> <p>Peace signed with Great Britain, Sept 3.</p> <p>1783. The revenue amendment is proposed. Is defeated later by New York.</p> <p>Washington resigns his command December 23.</p> <p>1784. Congress passes the Jefferson ordinance for the government of the West.</p> <p>Dispute between Connecticut and Pennsylvania over the Wyoming Valley.</p> <p>Organization of the Methodist Episcopal church in America.</p> <p>1784. Congress adopts the decimal system of coinage.</p> <p>1785. Passage of the ordinance for the survey and administration of the Western territory.</p> <p>Disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Virginia by the passage of the Religious Freedom Act.</p> <p>1785. Benjamin Franklin returns from his post in France, and is succeeded by Thomas Jeffer-</p>	<p>son. John Adams is appointed minister to England.</p> <p>1786. Shays's rebellion in Massachusetts.</p> <p>The craze for paper money results in its issue in seven states.</p> <p>Culture of sea-island cotton introduced into Georgia and South Carolina.</p> <p>1787. A convention at Annapolis to adjust the commercial difficulties between the states leads to the call for the Philadelphia Convention of 1787.</p> <p>Commercial treaty is concluded with Prussia.</p> <p>1787. The "Ordinance of 1787" guarantees to the Northwest religious freedom, freedom from slavery, encouragement of education, civil liberty, and the admission into the Union of new states from that section.</p> <p>The Philadelphia Convention, in session from May 25 to Sept 17, formulates a new Constitution and sends it to the states for ratification.</p> <p>1788. The new Constitution is ratified by a sufficient number of states to put it into force.</p>

PRESIDENTIAL ADMINISTRATIONS

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
<p>Geo. Washington, John Adams, 1789-1797. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i></p> <p>1789. Organization of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the new government.</p> <p>The first Congress meets in New York.</p> <p>1790. First decennial census is taken.</p> <p>Congress decides to locate the national capital on the banks of the Potomac.</p> <p>Assumption of the public debts previously contracted by the several states.</p> <p>Passage of the first excise law.</p> <p>1790-1795. War with the Indians north of the Ohio.</p> <p>1791. Organization of the First National Bank.</p> <p>Ratification of the first ten amendments to the Constitution.</p> <p>Admission of Vermont into the Union.</p> <p>1792. Admission of Kentucky.</p> <p>Formation of the first political parties under the Constitution.</p> <p>1793. The first proclamation of neutrality as to the war in Europe issued, April 22.</p> <p>First fugitive slave act passed.</p> <p>Cornerstone of national capitol laid by Washington.</p> <p>Case of <i>Chisholm vs. Georgia</i> decided.</p> <p>Genet's meteoric career as minister from France.</p> <p>1794. Whiskey insurrection in Western Pennsylvania.</p> <p>Jay treaty concluded with England.</p> <p>Ratified the next year.</p> <p>Wayne defeats the Indians at Maumee Rapids.</p> <p>1795. Treaty of the Escorial with Spain.</p> <p>Treaty at Greenville with the Indians north of the Ohio.</p>	<p>Anti-Federalists opposed the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and, later, objected to a liberal construction of its terms.</p> <p>The Republican Party, the outgrowth of the Anti-Federalist, favored strict construction of the Constitution, opposed Hamilton's financial measures, and sympathized with the French Revolutionists.</p>	<p>1789. Control over foreign commerce passes from the states to the federal government.</p> <p>North Carolina establishes the first of the state universities.</p> <p>1790. Samuel Slater sets up first complete cotton machinery at Pawtucket, Rhode Island.</p> <p>First patent law is passed.</p> <p>Organization of the "Pennsylvania penal system."</p> <p>1790-1799. Rapidly increasing demand for cotton.</p> <p>1791. Alexander Hamilton's Report on Manufactures.</p> <p>Formation of the New York Society for promoting Agriculture.</p> <p>1792. Founding of Williams College.</p> <p>Formation of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture.</p> <p>1793. Whitney invents the cotton gin; cotton production greatly stimulated.</p> <p>Establishment of a mint at Philadelphia.</p> <p>Appearance at Cincinnati of the first newspaper north of the Ohio, <i>The Sentinel of the Northwestern Territory</i>.</p> <p>Rapid expansion of American carrying trade, resulting from American neutrality.</p> <p>1794. Mail boats and passenger boats are established on the Ohio from Wheeling to Limestone (Maysville).</p> <p>Founding of Bowdoin College.</p> <p>1795. Jacob Perkins patents a machine for cutting and heading nails.</p>

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
1796. Admission of Tennessee. Washington issues his farewell address, September 17. The French Directory issues a decree against American commerce.		1796. The first permanent type-foundry is established at Philadelphia. The New York Insurance company is incorporated.
John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, 1797-1801. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i>	The Republicans denounced the Alien and Sedition Laws, favored freedom of speech, and opposed centralization of power.	1797. The first patent for a cast-iron plow is granted Charles Newbold of New Jersey. A financial panic.
1797. Special session of Congress to consider relations with France. The X. Y. Z. overtures.		1798. "Hail Columbia" is composed by Joseph Hopkinson. First salt manufactory established in Ohio. Merino sheep are introduced from Spain.
1798. Adoption of the Eleventh Amendment. Passage of the Alien and Sedition laws. The Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions. The navy department is established. Naval quasi-war with France.		1799-1800. The "Great Revival" of evangelical religion.
1799. Second set of Kentucky Resolutions. Death of Washington.		1800. An act passed to permit the sale of small tracts of public land on credit. India rubber is first imported into the United States.
1800. The capital is removed from Philadelphia to Washington. Treaty with France abrogates the treaty of alliance of 1778.		1800-1825. Beginning of labor organizations.
Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, 1801-1809. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i>	The Federalists opposed Jefferson's dismissal of Federalist officials.	1801. New York <i>Evening Post</i> is founded by Alexander Hamilton. Beginning of sheet-copper manufacturing at Canton, Mass.
1801. John Marshall is appointed Chief Justice. The "party revolution" by which the Republicans displace the Federalists.	Louisiana Purchase, Twelfth Amendment and Embargo Act.	1802. The Du Pont powder works established.
1801-1805. War with Tripoli.		1803. Tobacco is exceeded by cotton as an export crop. South Carolina opens her ports to the foreign slave trade. First shipment of anthracite coal from Lehigh to Philadelphia. Grain-cradle is patented.
1802. Spain withdraws the right of deposit at New Orleans.		1805. Robert Fulton originates the marine torpedo.
1803. Louisiana is purchased from France for \$15,000,000. Admission of Ohio. Case of Marbury vs. Madison is decided.		1806. Passage of a bill for the construction of the Cumberland Road. Gas for lighting is first used by David Melville, Newport, R. I.
1804. Adoption of the Twelfth Amendment. Hamilton killed in a duel by Aaron Burr.		1807. Gallatin's famous report on Roads, Canals, Harbors, and Rivers. Successful trip of Fulton's steamboat, the <i>Clermont</i> , from New York to Albany.
1804-1806. Lewis and Clark expedition.		1808. American Fur Company founded by J. J. Astor.
1805. Failure of the Chase impeachment.		1810. Exhibition at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, of Merino sheep. is called the first country fair.
1805-1807. Conspiracy of Aaron Burr.		Metallic pens first made by Peregrine Williamson of Baltimore.
1806-1808. The European "Continental System" brings distress on American shippers.	The Federalists opposed Madison's measures for avoiding war as well as the War of 1812. They opposed the internal taxes of 1814. They disappeared as a party after the Hartford Convention and were absorbed by the Republicans.	1811. The first steamboat leaves Pittsburgh for New Orleans via the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Wooden shoe pegs invented. Beginning of an era of state banking activity.
1807. The Embargo Act passed. Chesapeake-Leopard affair. Congress prohibits foreign slave trade after January 1, 1808.		1812. First metallic pen factory is established in New York. Invention of stoves built with grates to secure draft.
James Madison, George Clinton, 1809-1817. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i>		
1809. The Embargo Act is repealed and a non-importation act passed.		
1810-1814. The United States takes possession of West Florida.		
1811. Battle of Tippecanoe with the Indians. Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun first appear in the House of Representatives.		
1812. War declared against Great Britain. Admission of Louisiana.		
1812-1815. Algerine War.		

THE WAR OF 1812, 1812-1815 (For Description of War, see Page 179).

Causes

Violation of the American flag on the high seas.
The blockade of American ports.
Impressment of American seamen.
The destruction of American commerce by the Orders in Council.
Aid given by the British traders to the Indians of the Northwest, thus inciting them to war.
The desire on the part of the westerners to get possession of Canada.

Results

Treaty of Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, provided:
For the cessation of hostilities.
For the appointment of commissioners to settle boundaries.
Restoration of conquests.
The war developed a consciousness of nationality.
It gained fame for Jackson and Harrison, thus affecting our later political history.
It promoted the growth of American manufactures.

Principal Land Battles

1812. Aug. 15, Surrender of Hull to Brock at Detroit.
Oct. 13, defeat of Van Rensselaer by Brock at Queenstown.
1813. April 27, York is taken by Gen. Dearborn and the Parliament House burned.
Oct. 5, Harrison defeats Proctor at Thames, Canada.
Nov. 11, at Chrysler's Farm, near Montreal, the Americans are defeated and driven from Canada.
1814. July 25, Battle of Lundy's Lane, claimed by both sides as a victory.
Aug. 24, capture of Washington and burning of public buildings.
1815. Jan. 8, Battle of New Orleans.

Principal Naval Battles

1812. Aug. 19, The *Constitution* destroys the *Guerriere*.
Oct. 18, the *Wasp* captures the *Frolic*. Both are afterwards captured by the British frigate *Poictiers*.
Oct. 25, the *United States* captures the *Macedonia*.
Dec. 29, the *Constitution* captures the *Java*.
1813. Feb. 24, the *Hornet* captures the *Peacock*.
June 1, the *Chesapeake* is captured by the *Shannon*.
Sept. 10, Commodore Perry with a fleet of nine vessels destroys the British squadron of six vessels on Lake Erie.
1814. Sept. 3, naval attack on Fort McHenry by the British fails.
Sept. 11, Captain Macdonough destroys a British fleet on Lake Champlain, resulting in retreat of British from the U. S.

National Events

- 1813-1814. War with the Creeks.
1814. The Hartford Convention proposed seven amendments to the Constitution.
1815. Captain Decatur forces Dey of Algiers to renounce tribute.
Treaty of peace with England ratified.
1816. Second Bank of the United States is chartered.
Admission of Indiana.
American Colonization Society formed.
It founds Liberia.
Increased agitation for internal improvements.
First tariff primarily for protection is passed.
James Monroe, D. D. Thompkins, 1817-1825. *Pres.* *Vice-Pres.*
1817. Admission of Mississippi.
Congress prohibits foreign vessels engaging in the United States coasting trade.
1817-1818. Seminole war.
1818. Fisheries and boundary convention with Great Britain.
Admission of Illinois.
1819. Admission of Alabama. Florida purchased by the United States.
Financial panic.
Maine separated from Massachusetts.
Dartmouth College case, and case of *McCulloch vs. Maryland* decided by Supreme Court.

Political Parties

There was no organized opposition party but during this administration there still existed the belief in a broad construction of the Constitution and progressive employment of the government's powers. Out of this spirit developed the party designated as National Republican.

Social and Industrial Events

1814. "First complete factory in the world" established at Waltham, Massachusetts, by Francis Cabot Lowell.
Francis Scott Key composes "Star Spangled Banner."
1815. First ocean steam-boat trip, New York to Norfolk.
North American Review begins publication.
1816. Inception of the "Auburn penal system."
Church of the Disciples is formed.
The first steamer on Lake Ontario appears.
The first savings bank in America is opened at Philadelphia.
1817. Ground broken for the construction of the Erie Canal.
First instruction of deaf mutes in America by T. H. Gallaudet, at Hartford, Connecticut.
1818. First steamer on Lake Erie, the *Walk-in-the-Water*.
Congress grants increased protection to the iron industry.
1819. Combination sail and steamship *Savannah* made trans-atlantic trip.

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
<p>1820. African slave-trade made piracy. Admission of Maine. Tenure of Office Act passed. The Missouri Compromise adopted.</p>		
<p>1821. Case of <i>Cohens vs. Virginia</i> decided. The second Missouri Compromise and the admission of Missouri.</p>	<p>Adamites supported John Quincy Adams for the presidency (1821-1832).</p>	<p>1821. Credit sales of public lands stopped. Statistics of immigration first kept. Daily meeting with regular call of stocks begun on "Change" in New York.</p>
<p>1822. The independence of South American republics recognized. Reciprocity treaty with France concluded.</p>		<p>First public high school in United States opened in Boston. Publication of Edward Livingston's reformed code of laws for New York.</p>
<p>1823. President Monroe states the "Monroe Doctrine" in his annual message to Congress.</p>		<p>1822. Gaslight introduced into Boston.</p>
<p>1824. Protective policy greatly extended by an act of Congress. Case of <i>Gibbons vs. Ogden</i> decided. Visit of La Fayette to the United States.</p>		<p>1823. Champlain canal, connecting the Hudson at Albany with Lake Champlain, opened.</p>
<p>John Q. Adams, J. C. Calhoun, 1825-1829. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i></p>		<p>1824. Glazed-ground wall-papers are first made. Hemlock tanning factory established in Greene County, New York.</p>
<p>1825. Presidential election is thrown into the House of Representatives and results in the choice of Adams. Treaty of 1824 with Russia regulating navigation and fisheries in the Pacific is ratified.</p>	<p>The opposition party designated as Democratic-Republican, opposed the growing spirit of Nationalism. It was known thereafter as Democratic.</p>	<p>1825. Erie canal is completed. Appearance of <i>The Workingman's Advocate</i>, the first representative of the labor press in the U. S.</p>
<p>1825-1831. Dispute with Georgia over Indian land cessions.</p>	<p>Anti-Masons originated in New York in 1826 and were hostile to the Masonic body.</p>	<p>Isaac Babbitt of Taunton, Mass., invents babbitt metal.</p>
<p>1826. Death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, July 4th.</p>		<p>1826. The Quincy tramway, sometimes wrongly called the first railroad in the U. S., is built from Quincy to tidewater, three miles away.</p>
<p>1827. Convention between U. S. and Great Britain to settle northeastern boundary. Anti-Masonry has its rise.</p>		<p>1827. Baltimore and Ohio railroad is chartered. First rail laid July 4, 1828.</p>
<p>1828. Tariff of Abominations passed. Publication of Calhoun's "Exposition" in protest.</p>		
<p>Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, 1829-1837. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i></p>		<p>1829. The steam locomotive is first successfully used. Process of manufacturing galvanized iron is perfected.</p>
<p>1829. The Postmaster General made a member of the President's Cabinet. Sweeping changes in the civil service.</p>	<p>Nullifiers claimed the right of any state to suspend within its borders the operation of any law of the United States.</p>	<p>1830. Organization of the Church of Latter Day Saints (Mormons). Baldwin Locomotive works established in Philadelphia.</p>
<p>1830. First general pre-emption law passes. West Indian trade is opened to American vessels. The famous Webster-Hayne debate in the U. S. Senate.</p>	<p>The opposition, consisting of the National Republicans, the opponents of the Spoils System, and the Southern Democrats, incensed by Jackson's attitude toward the nullification, organized the Whig Party.</p>	<p>Chloroform discovered by Samuel Guthrie.</p>
<p>1831. The Anti-Masonic party holds the first national nominating convention. Rise of the Abolitionists. Garrison publishes the <i>Liberator</i>. Treaty with France for the payment of claims.</p>	<p>The Equal Rights (Loco Foco) and Anti-Masonic were minor parties.</p>	<p>1831. Wm. Manning patents the first mowing machine. Opening of the first school for the blind.</p>
<p>1832. National Republican party frames the first party platform with Henry Clay as its presidential candidate. Black Hawk War. New tariff law enacted. Nullification in South Carolina. Jackson vetoes the U. S. Bank bill.</p>		<p>McCormick invents (but does not patent) the first successful reaper.</p>
<p></p>		<p>1832. The Ohio river joined to Lake Erie by the Ohio canal. First street railway in the U. S. commences running in New York. Pork packing industry begins in Chicago.</p>

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Individual Events
1833. U. S. bank deposits removed from the National Bank and placed in "pet" banks. Compromise tariff is passed providing a gradual reduction of duties.		1833. Railroad from Charleston, S. C., to Augusta, Ga., completed. The first patent for a successful reaper is granted Obed Hussey of Ohio. Ross Winans builds the first typical American passenger cars.
1834. Congress creates the Indian Territory. Resolution of Censure of Jackson passes the Senate. National debt is extinguished. Whig party first takes its name.		1834. McCormick patents an improved reaper.
1835-1836. Controversy over the dissemination of abolition literature through the U. S. mails		1834 and 1837. Congressional acts change ratio of gold and silver from 15 to 1 to 16 to 1.
1835-1842. Second Seminole War.		1835. Morse invents magnetic telegraph. Steam first applied to printing press. J. G. Bennett begins publication of New York Herald.
1836. Admission of Arkansas. Bill passes Congress for the distribution of the surplus revenue among the states. Jackson issues the "Specie Circular."		1836. Friction match is patented. First American patent for a type-writing machine. Over 20,000,000 acres of public land sold in one year.
1836. Roger B. Taney is made Chief Justice.		1836-1838. Invention of the screw propeller.
1836-1844. J. Q. Adams fights the "gag resolution" excluding anti-slavery petitions from Congress.		
Martin Van Buren , R. M. Johnson, 1837-1841. Pres. Vice-Pres.	The Whigs made opposition to the Democrats their one issue. The opponents of slavery organized the Liberty Party.	1837. Massachusetts State Board of Education is organized with Horace Mann as its first secretary. Invention of the hot-air blast in iron smelting.
1837. Admission of Michigan. Formation of the Liberty party. The Carolina Affair. Passage of the "expunging resolution." Great financial panic.		1838. First shipment of grain from Chicago. Great Western and Sirius cross the Atlantic.
1838. "Underground railroad" begins aiding fugitive slaves to escape from the South.		1839. Vulcanized rubber patented by Goodyear.
1838-1839. "Aroostook War" between Maine and New Brunswick.		J. W. Draper takes the first photograph from life.
1839-1847. "Anti-Rent" agitation in New York.	Anti-Renters of New York opposed the collection of rent from the tenants of the old patroon estates (1839-1847).	1840. Van Buren introduces the ten-hour system into the public establishments. Adams Express Company begins operation between New York and Boston.
	The Democrats opposed the Protective Tariff. They demanded the annexation of Texas and the reoccupation of Oregon.	1841. Dorothy Dix begins her forty years' crusade for the better treatment of the insane. Horace Greeley establishes the New York Tribune. First steam fire-engine built and used in New York.
Wm. H. Harrison , John Tyler, 1841-1845. Pres. Vice-Pres. (Harrison dies April 4, 1841, and is succeeded by Tyler).		1842. Buffalo connected with the East by railway. Nasmyth steam-hammer invented. First factory for pocket knives established in Connecticut. First use of anaesthesia in a surgical operation by Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Athens, Ga., who failed to announce his discovery.
1841. The Sub-Treasury Act repealed. Death of President Harrison, April 4.		1843. The manufacture of manila paper is begun in Boston.
1841-1842. Quarrel between President Tyler and the Whigs. Friction with England over the McLeod affair.		1844. Manufacture of iron rails in this country begins. First successful use of the telegraph. Independent discoveries of anaesthesia claimed to have been made by W. T. G. Norton, C. T. Jackson and Horace Wells, New England dentists.
1842. Decision in case of Prigg vs. Pennsylvania renders ineffective the old fugitive slave law. A new tariff act raises the existing rates. Webster-Ashburton treaty with England. Dorr's rebellion in Rhode Island.		
1842-1848. Fremont's explorations of the West.		
1843. Bunker Hill monument dedicated.		
1844. First treaty with China secures commercial rights for United States. Treaty for the annexation of Texas rejected by the Senate.	Barnburners were the radicals of the Democratic Party in New York opposed to the extension of slavery. Flourished after 1844.	

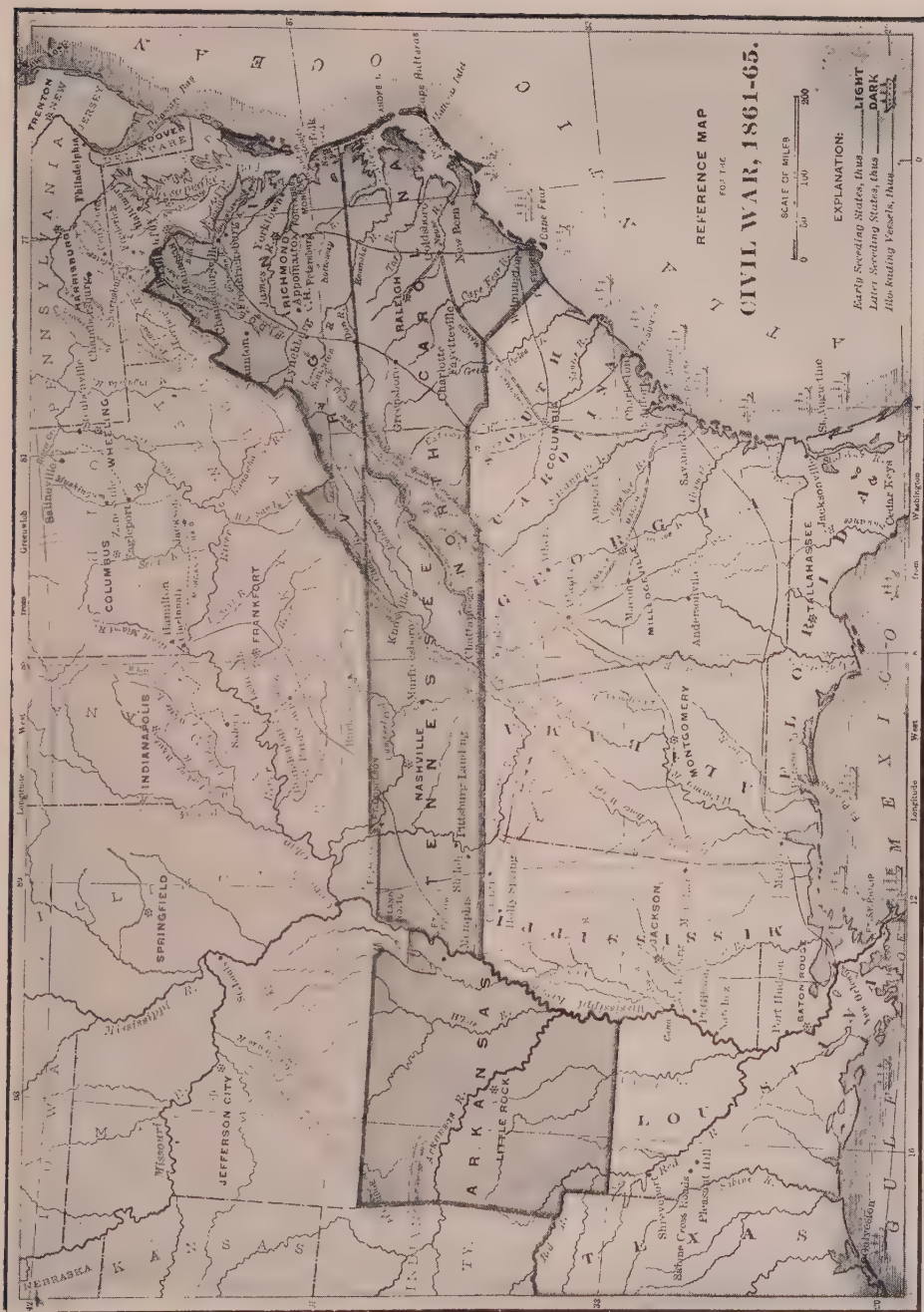
National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
<p>1850. "Compromise of 1850" admits California and adjusts other slavery questions. (Death of President Taylor, July 9, 1850. Fillmore becomes <i>President</i>.) Death of Calhoun Nashville Convention to consider Southern situation and policies. The Hulsemann letter. Clayton-Bulwer treaty with Great Britain ratified. Death of President Taylor.</p> <p>1850-1856. Passage of Personal Liberty laws in Northern states.</p> <p>1851-1852. Visit of Louis Kossuth to the United States. "Finality Resolutions" adopted by Congress.</p> <p>1852. Death of Clay and Webster.</p> <p>1853. The Gadsden Purchase from Mexico.</p> <p>Franklin Pierce, Rufus King, 1853-1857. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i></p> <p>1854. Commodore Perry secures favorable commercial treaty from Japan. Native American party (the "Know-Nothings") becomes prominent. Black Warrior affair. Ostend manifesto. Kansas-Nebraska Act. Organization of the Republican party.</p> <p>1856. First Republican national convention. Assault of Brooks upon Sumner. Civil strife in Kansas.</p> <p>James Buchanan, J. C. Breckenridge, 1857-1861. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1857. The Dred Scott Decision. Mormon rebellion in Utah. Great financial panic.</p> <p>1858. Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois. Admission of Minnesota. Second treaty with China ratified.</p> <p>1859. Admission of Oregon. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry.</p> <p>1860. Democratic Party splits asunder on slavery question. Constitutional Union Party formed. Lincoln elected over Breckenridge, Bell and Douglas. South Carolina secedes, Dec. 20.</p> <p>Abraham Lincoln, Hannibal Hamlin, 1861-1869. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1861. Admission of Kansas. Peace convention at Washington fails. Morrill high tariff bill enacted. Trouble with England over the Trent affair. Southern states form a confederacy.</p> <p>1862. Slavery abolished in the District of Columbia. Legal tender notes, "greenbacks," issued. Slavery abolished in the territories. Preliminary proclamation of emancipation, Sept. 22. Treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave-trade.</p>	<p>American Party, originated in New York in 1835, and was organized as a national party (1852); later known as the Know-Nothing party.</p> <p>Anti-Nebraska party opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, principally Northern Whigs, organized in 1854 after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.</p> <p>In 1856 the opponents of further extension of slavery united to form the Republican Party. The Republican Party demanded the exclusion of slavery from the territories. The Constitutional-Union Party formulated a negative platform in 1860.</p> <p>Constitutional Union Party was composed of former Southern Whigs, organized in 1860.</p> <p>The radical anti-slavery of the Republican Party opposed Lincoln's conduct of affairs. The Democrats condemned his determination to bring about the abolition of slavery. In 1868 they condemned the reconstruction policy of the Republicans and favored the payment of war bonds in greenbacks.</p>	<p>1850. First national labor organization, that of the printers, formed. Government grant of land to the Illinois Central Railroad, inaugurating a new plan for stimulating railroad building. First census of manufactures made by federal government.</p> <p>1850-1860. Period of railroad consolidation.</p> <p>1851. H. J. Raymond founds the <i>New York Times</i>. The B. & O. railroad reaches the Ohio. Western Union Telegraph Company established.</p> <p>1852. Publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."</p> <p>1853. New York clearing house established. Chicago is reached by rail.</p> <p>1854. The Mississippi river is reached by rail from the East. Hotel elevator patented by Otis. First marble soda fountain erected in Boston.</p> <p>1856. First bridge across the Mississippi built at Rock Island, Ill. University of Iowa admits women to various departments.</p> <p>1857. Attempt to lay first telegraphic cable across the Atlantic fails. New York organizes a system of metropolitan police.</p> <p>1858. Second attempt to lay cable successful temporarily. First transatlantic message. Gold discovered near Pike's Peak.</p> <p>1859. First petroleum well dug. Photolithography for maps in colors introduced.</p> <p>1860. Salt first attains commercial importance in Michigan. Oil fever in the Allegheny river valley.</p> <p>1861. McKay invention for sewing soles on uppers. Invention of the stereotyping process and its adoption by New York papers. First message sent over transcontinental telegraph line.</p> <p>1862. Passage of the Morrill Act to found agricultural colleges. Passage of the Homestead Act. Union Pacific railroad chartered. Chicago becomes the recognized center of the packing industry.</p>

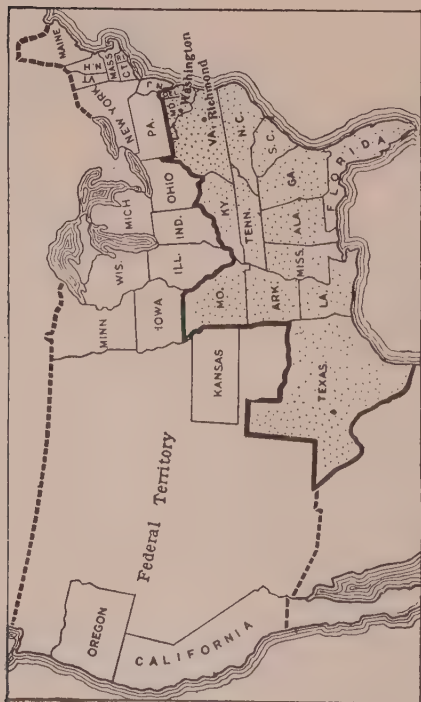
National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
1863. Proclamation of Emancipation, January 1. Draft riots in New York. Admission of West Virginia. National banking act passed. 1864. Fugitive Slave Act (of 1850) repealed. Admission of Nevada. Very high tariff act. Grade of vice-admiral in the navy provided. 1865. Thirteenth amendment ratified. President Lincoln shot at Ford's theater, Washington, April 14th, dies next day. (On the death of Lincoln Johnson becomes president and keeps Lincoln's cabinet.) General amnesty is proclaimed, following the end of the war.		1863. Organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Delivery of mail by carriers begins. 1864. Postal money orders first issued. First sleeping-car is built. Northern Pacific railroad chartered. 1865. First organization of the Standard Oil Company.

THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865—(For Description of War, see Page 206)

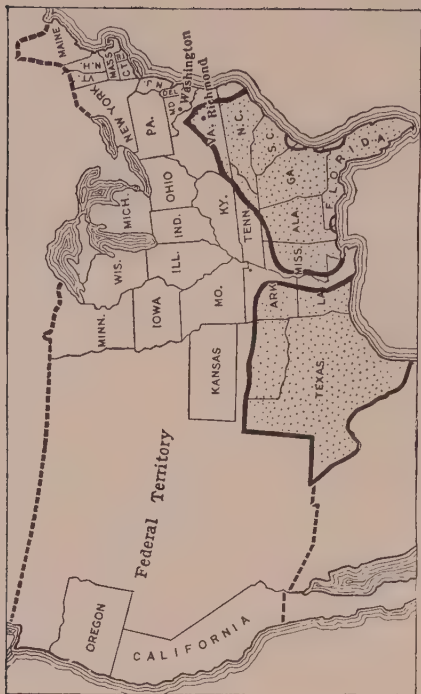
Causes	Results
The underlying causes of the war were: a. Conflict between the doctrines of state sovereignty and nationalism. b. Sectional antagonism over numerous issues concerning negro slavery. The immediate cause was the secession of southern states. The purpose of the North was to maintain the supremacy of the federal government under the Constitution and to preserve the Union. The purpose of the South was to set up an independent slave-holding Confederacy.	The Union was preserved. Slavery was abolished. Secession as a working program was shown to be impracticable. The war cost the lives of nearly one million able-bodied men. The national debt was increased to \$2,750,000,000. An incalculable amount of property was destroyed.

The Southern Confederacy	Campaigns and Battles
The Confederacy comprised the states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. Jefferson Davis, Pres. A. H. Stephens, <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1861. Feb. 4. Convention of seceded states at Montgomery, Alabama, which established a provisional government and framed a constitution. May 13. Recognition of the belligerency of the Confederacy by England, followed by other nations. April-June. Provision made by the Confederate Congress for establishing a larger army and floating loans. 1862. Feb. 22. Permanent constitution goes into effect. Military conscription act. Beginning of huge issues of bonds and paper money. 1863. Provision for seizure of food supplies at rates fixed by Confederate commissioners.	(Note: "F" indicates Federal victory, "C" Confederate, and "Ind" Indecisive.) 1861. April 13-14, bombardment of Fort Sumter (C). July 21, first battle of Bull Run (C). Aug. 10, battle of Wilson Creek (C). 1862. In the East March 9, naval battle of the <i>Monitor</i> and <i>Merrimac</i> (Ind.) May-July, the Peninsular Campaign (C). Lee's first invasion of the North, resulting in the capture of Harpers Ferry, Sept. 15 (C), and the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17 (F). In the West Feb.-April, Grant's West Tennessee campaign (F). April 25, capture of New Orleans (F). Dec. 31-Jan. 2, battle of Murfreesboro (F). 1863. In the East May 2 and 3, battle of Chancellorsville (C). June-July, Lee's second invasion of the North. Gettysburg, July, 1-3 (F).





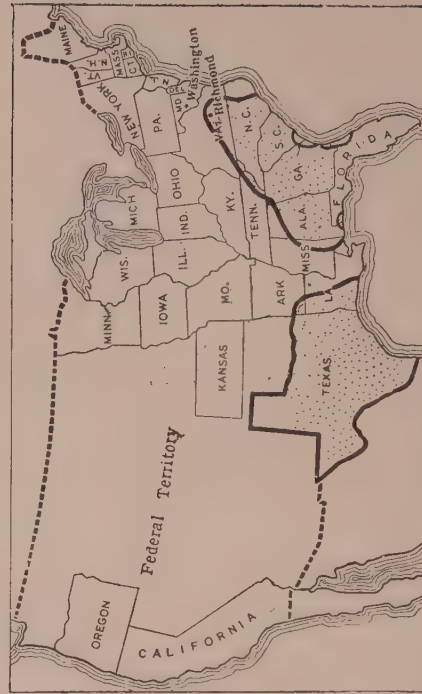
THE SLAVE STATES BEFORE THE WAR.



CONFEDERACY AT END OF 1862.



THE CONFEDERACY AT CLOSE OF 1861.



CONFEDERACY AT END OF 1863.

The Southern Confederacy

Campaigns and Battles

1864. Drastic military conscription act.

Controversies of President Davis with Vice-President Stephens, Governor Vance of North Carolina and Governor Brown of Georgia.

In the West

July, opening of the Mississippi by the capture of Vicksburg.

July 4 (F), and Port Hudson, July 9 (F).

Sept. 19-20, battle of Chickamauga (C).

November, Chattanooga campaign (F).

1864. In the East

May 5-7, battles of the Wilderness (Ind.). This was the beginning of Grant's campaign for Richmond.

June 19, naval battle of the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* off the coast of France (F).

Oct. 19, battle of Cedar Creek (F).

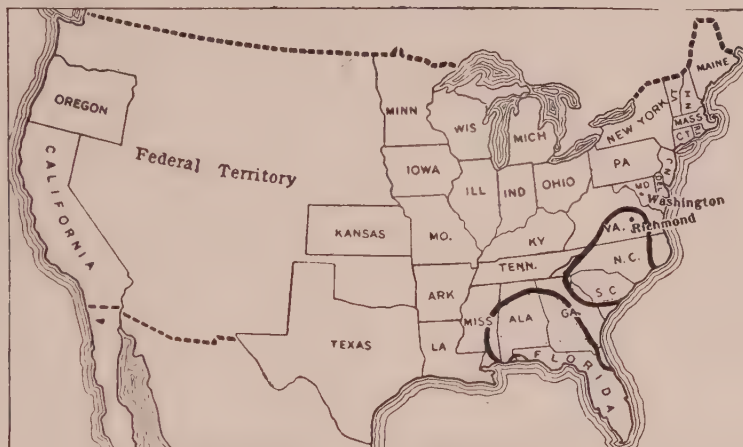
In the West

May-Sept., Sherman's campaign before Atlanta (F).

Aug. 5, battle of Mobile Bay (F).

Nov.-Dec., Sherman's march to the sea.

Dec. 15-16, battle of Nashville (F).



CONFEDERACY AT CLOSE OF 1864

1865. April. The Confederacy collapses.

May 11, Davis is captured.

1865. In the East

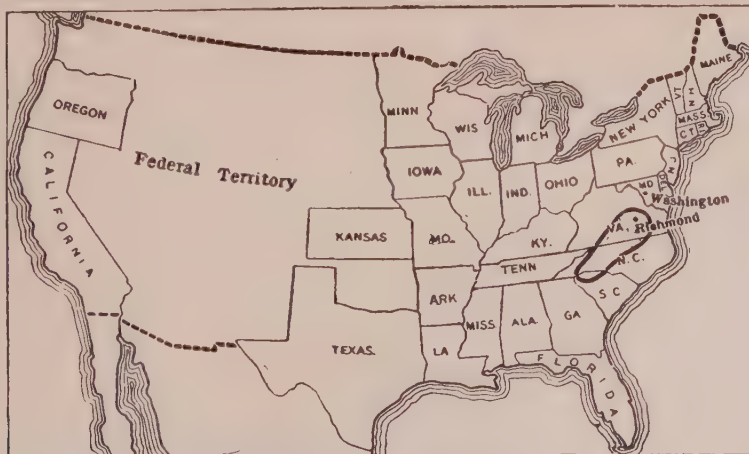
End of the Richmond campaign by the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9 (F).

April 26, surrender of Johnston (F).

In the West

May 4, surrender of General Taylor (F).

May 26, surrender of all the remaining Confederate troops west of the Mississippi by General Kirby Smith, and end of the war.



CONFEDERACY AT CLOSE OF 1865



INAUGURATION OF WOODROW WILSON AS PRESIDENT

This ceremony took place at the east front of the Capitol, the oath of office having been administered by Chief Justice Waite of the U. S. Supreme Court.

RECONSTRUCTION AND EXPANSION 1865-1915

BY EVERETT BARNES

REUNITING NORTH AND SOUTH

Death of Lincoln
Amnesty Proclamation
The Fourteenth Amendment

Ulysses S. Grant, President
The Pacific Railroad
Specie Payment Resumed

PERIOD OF INDUSTRIAL GROWTH

Paying the War Department
Election and Assassination of Garfield
The New Navy
Cleveland, President

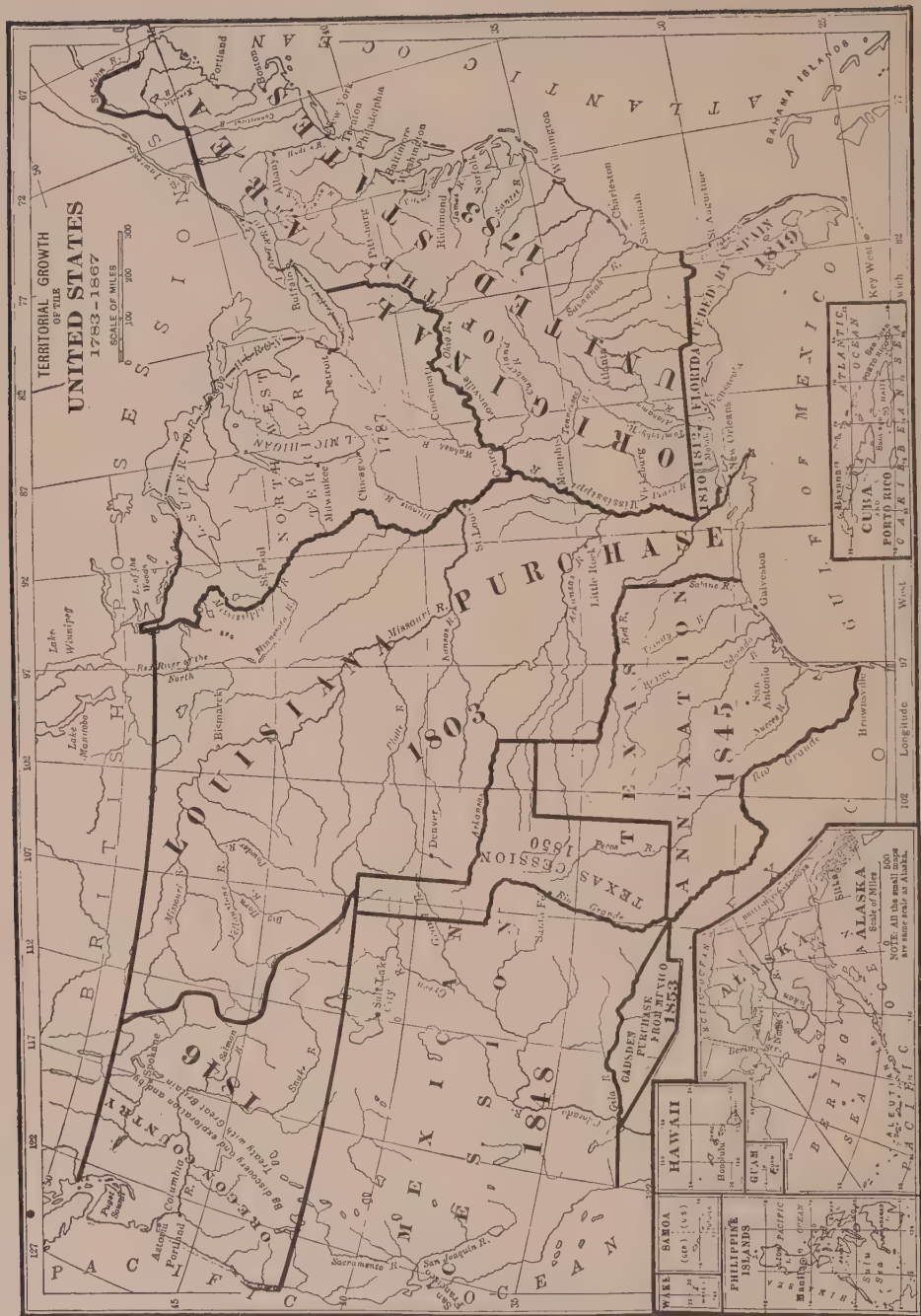
The People's Party
Eleventh Census
William McKinley, President

SPANISH AMERICAN WAR AND SINCE

Causes and Chief Battles
Importance of Treaty of Peace
The Philippines
American Troops in China
Assassination of President McKinley
Theodore Roosevelt, President
Panama Canal Begun
Cruise of American Battleship Fleet

Discovery of the North Pole
Hudson Fulton Celebration
Progress in Aerial Navigation
Postal Savings Bank System
The Parcel Post
The Seventeenth Amendment
Progressive Party Organized
Woodrow Wilson, President

OUTLINES OF HISTORY, 1865-1915



ALASKA WAS ACQUIRED IN 1867; HAWAII IN 1897; PHILIPPINES, PORTO RICO AND GUAM IN 1898; SAMOA IN 1900

REUNITING NORTH AND SOUTH

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

IN the hour of victory the great heart of the President was filled with pity for the South. At a cabinet meeting, April 14, which proved to be his last, Mr. Lincoln said: "I hope there will be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war is over. No one need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Enough lives have been sacrificed."

That night he was murdered. A drunken wretch, in his senseless rage at the defeat of the Rebellion, killed the tender-hearted Lincoln, and thus robbed the South, in its time of need, of the best and most powerful friend it had on earth. Two other Presidents have since lost their lives at the hands of assassins: President Garfield (1881) and President McKinley (1901).

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

In a most critical time, the Nation was without a President. For this reason haste was shown, and, three hours after Mr. Lincoln's death, the Vice-President took the oath of office as President of the United States. Thus, at the close of the war, a man became President who, more strongly perhaps than any other public man in the North, hated those who had been in rebellion.

Now that the Rebellion was crushed, the States that had tried to leave the Union were without governments. To restore them to their proper places and to good government, was a very hard thing to do. Lincoln could have done the work better than any other man; but Johnson, hating the South, hated by the South, trusted by few, was hardly the proper man for the work. Johnson soon strangely changed his mind. He gave up his purposes of anger, hate, and vengeance, and be-

came the friend of the South. As extreme in his friendship now, as he had been in his hatred, he sought to restore the States at once to the Union. He intended to do it by himself, as being independent of Congress.

PARDONS FOR REBELS

Late in May, President Johnson issued a "Proclamation of Amnesty and Pardon" to all persons who had been in rebellion, except a few, on their taking the oath of loyalty to the Constitution. Those who were excepted were invited to apply for special pardon. Never, in all history, had a people defeated in war been given such generous treatment. Johnson seemed to be doing as Lincoln would have done, had he lived. Many of those excepted asked for pardon; and none were refused. Most of these were grateful; but some of them nursed their hatred of the power that had subdued them, regardless of its kindness afterward.

During the summer, several of the Southern States set up State governments, which repealed the acts by which they had seceded. Each legislature voted that the Confederate war debt should not be paid, and each State ratified the Thirteenth Amendment. Then the President told them that they were regular States of the Union again, just as they were before they seceded. The States elected Senators and Representatives to the National Congress under President Johnson's policy; but when Congress met in the fall, these men were not admitted. Congress said that the President had no right to give the States, lately in rebellion, such standing in the Union as he had assumed to give them.

THE CONDITION OF THE FREEDMEN

It was a bitter thing to the people of the South that slavery, for which

they had fought so desperately, was lost. Since they could not restore slavery as it had been, they set about bringing the freed negroes to a condition as near like slavery as might be. This was shown by the laws passed by the Legislatures of the States. The negroes, as slaves, had never had any rights in the courts; they had no such rights now that they were free. The Nation having set the negroes free meant that they should have the rights of human beings, even though State laws were passed that they should not. Unless the Nation protected the negroes of the South, they were in a much worse plight now, than they were in before the war.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY

President Johnson, now the friend of the South, soon became its champion. He was as fully under the influence of the South, as any Democratic President ever had been. He had forsaken the Republican party, that elected him, as completely as Tyler had, years before, forsaken the Whig party that elected him. Paying no attention to the counsels of those who had put down the rebellion, he went ahead by himself to grant favors to the South, under what he called "My policy."

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL

In 1865, Congress passed a law called the Civil Rights Bill. Its purpose was to protect the negroes from abuse in the South, and give them the rights of white men, under the United States law. It also prevented any Southern man from holding office, until he had taken oath that he had not been engaged in rebellion.

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT

In 1866, Congress proposed the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution which was to the effect that no State could take from a citizen any rights given him by the Nation; and

that the National debt should be paid; but that no debt incurred for the rebellion should be paid.

Other laws concerning the building up of the Union were passed by Congress. The President, seeming to resent the course of Congress in not leaving all such matters to him, vetoed almost every such law. But the laws were passed over his veto.

In 1866, Tennessee came into the Union, after ratifying the Amendment. The other seceded States would not ratify, so they were not admitted. In this way the South was waging another war, but of a different kind.

THE KU-KLUX-KLAN

A secret society had sprung up in the South, the purpose of which was to rob the negroes of their rights under the Amendments. At one time it had half a million members, a host greater than the Confederacy ever had in arms. These men made it their business to spread terror among the negroes so that they could control them. They rode at night in armed bands, hideously disguised, and dragged negroes from their beds and flogged them. They murdered many of them. They murdered Union white men. By members of the Klan, and by men who were not members, hundreds of Union men were killed, and thousands were driven from the South.

The loyal people of the South, those who had always lived there, and those who had moved there from the North, asked of the Nation that their lives and rights might be protected from the terrible ruffianism of the Ku-Klux-Klan and others. "Why," said the Union people of the South, white and black, "an American citizen in any foreign country, has a thousand times as much protection and safety, as he can have in the Southern part of his own country."

MILITARY GOVERNMENT

In response to this appeal Congress passed a law, in 1867, over the President's veto, which divided the still rebellious South into five districts, each of which was placed under military government. This law was known as the "Military Reconstruction Law." It was grounded upon the fact that there were no legal governments in the conquered States, and that peace and good order must be enforced until loyal governments could be set up. The carrying out of this law checked the Ku-Klux outrages somewhat, but they did not end for some years.

By 1868, all the States but Virginia, Mississippi and Texas had formed their governments, and ratified the Amendment; and their Senators and Representatives were in Congress. By 1870, the last State had taken the required course; and all the late Confederate States were in good standing as States of the Union.

ENMITY BETWEEN CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT

The President insisted on being the Government, and on defying Congress, while Congress in many ways checked the President. In 1867, it was feared that the President intended to strengthen his power by removing officials and appointing to their places, men friendly to him and his policy. To prevent this, Congress passed a law under which the President could not remove any of the higher officials without the consent of the Senate. It was called "The Tenure of Office Law."

In defiance of Congress and of the law it had passed, President Johnson removed the Secretary of War, and appointed another man to the place. The new man remained until Congress met and refused to confirm the President's appointment. Then the former Secretary of War returned

to the office. At this the President ordered his man to hold the office. For thus trying to override an Act of Congress, the President was charged with committing a crime and was tried by the Senate, sitting as a court. He was found not guilty by a very close vote, one vote saving him from impeachment.

MEXICO

When the War of the Rebellion broke out, and the power of the United States to uphold the Monroe Doctrine seemed to be gone, the Emperor of France thought it a good time to start a monarchy in North America. He quarreled with Mexico, and sent troops there. Then he sent more until he had some sixty thousand French troops in Mexico. The Mexican government was overthrown; and a brother of the Emperor of Austria was made Emperor of Mexico. France was warned by the United States that no monarchy would be allowed to stand in Mexico; but the warnings were not heeded.

In 1867, a very pointed request from the United States that French troops be withdrawn from Mexico, was heeded; and all the troops went back to France. After that, the Mexicans overthrew the Emperor, Maximilian, and he was put to death. Mexico is still a republic.

In 1867, Nebraska was admitted as a State of the Union. A treaty was made with Russia, during the same year, by which Russian America was bought by the United States. Its name was changed to Alaska.

PRESIDENT GRANT

As the end of the Presidential term drew near, the Republicans named for President, General Grant; while the Democrats named Horatio Seymour, of New York, a man who had been Governor of that State. Grant was elected.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT

A few days before Grant took office, Congress proposed the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The Amendment is a short one, giving to the negroes lately in slavery the right to vote. It was more than a year before the Amendment was ratified and became a part of the Constitution.

Thus the Thirteenth Amendment gave the slave freedom; the Fourteenth gave him the rights of a citizen; and the Fifteenth protected him as a voter. The three Amendments settled forever the slavery question. They stand as showing the results of the war.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD

In 1863, was begun a railroad from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast, railroads having already been built from the Atlantic coast to the great river. In 1869, the Pacific road was completed so that a train could cross the continent. A train ran from New York to San Francisco. Since then, several other lines to the Pacific have been built. These roads and their branches have brought into use millions of acres of good land that was worthless until, by these roads, its crops could be sent to market. So great a country as the United States could hardly be held together, as one nation, were it not that railroads make traffic easy between its distant parts. Before the building of the Pacific railroads, it took one hundred and ten days to go from Omaha to San Francisco.

THE NINTH CENSUS

By the census of 1870, the population of the country appeared to be a little more than thirty-eight and a half millions. The war had not prevented the advance of the Nation, during the ten years between 1860 and 1870. The building of the railroad to the Pacific, and of the ocean telegraph from America to Europe,

were among the most important things accomplished.

THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS

The Nation was fast recovering from the war. The fighting was long past, and the settlements that followed the war were finished. Now there was a chance to take up and settle more things that had not yet been attended to. One of these was the matter of the war-vessels allowed by England to go to sea from her ports, to destroy the merchant vessels of our people, during the war. The United States held England to account for the damage that those vessels had done, and made claims for payment. These claims were known as the *Alabama* Claims because they were based mainly on damages inflicted by that vessel.

Just after the war, the United States had asked that the matter be settled by having the case referred to other parties, who were to determine what was a fair settlement of the matter. England had flatly refused. Our Government was patient and, after a time, again asked that something be done, and again the request was refused. In 1868, an attempt was made, by President Johnson, to settle the matter. This also ended in failure.

In 1870, President Grant took the matter in hand. He made no appeal to England, but in his message to Congress he proposed that our Government determine the claims, which our citizens had against England, *and pay them*. Then the claimant against England would be the Government of the United States. He said that notice of this action should be sent to the English government.

The President's course showed England that our Government was in earnest. War was raging in Europe, between Germany and France; and it might be that England would be drawn into the contest. She saw

that she must settle the claims of the United States, and agree that there should be no more sending out of such ships as the *Alabama*, by either nation against the other. She saw that if she did not settle these claims, she might suffer in some future war by having our Nation treat her as she had treated us. The prospect of having her commerce swept from the sea by American-built *Alabamas*, when ever she might be at war with any other nation, was not a pleasant one; and England settled the account. She paid many millions of dollars, and a treaty was made which put a stop forever to the building by either nation of such ships as the *Alabama*.

KU-KLUX OUTRAGES

Murderous violence reigned in many parts of the South. The Ku-Klux were still active. In 1871, Congress made a law known as the Enforcement Act, under which the President might use the military force, and might take other strong measures to secure peace and order. Under this law the Ku-Klux-Klan was broken up, and better conditions in the South prevailed.

THE AMNESTY ACT. ELECTION. PANIC

In 1872, Congress passed the Amnesty Act which gave to all ex-rebels, except about three hundred of the leaders, all of their political rights.

In 1872, General Grant was elected for a second term as President. He was opposed by Horace Greeley, a Republican editor of New York, who was named for the office by the Democratic party, and also by a wing of the Republican party, called the Liberal Republicans.

During the following year, a great business panic swept the country.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS

From the early days of the war, coins of silver and gold had been

out of circulation. For money, bills were used, ranging from five cents upward. The premium on gold and silver money, that is the value of coin above that of paper money, had steadily grown less, but was still considerable in 1875. At this time Congress passed a law, to take effect in 1879, that the Government would resume payments in coin. It was believed that with the certainty of such payments at a set time, the difference in value between paper money and coin would gradually disappear.

In 1876, Colorado came into the Union as a State.

A DISPUTED PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

In 1876, the Republicans named for President, Rutherford B. Hayes, who had been a general in the Union Army. The Democrats named Samuel J. Tilden, of New York.

The election was very close, and the result was for a time in doubt. The Democrats had expected to carry all the Southern States, as they had always done before the war, and they claimed that they had done so in this case. The Republicans claimed to have carried North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana. It was finally decided that the Republicans did carry the three states named, and that thus they carried the election and elected General Hayes to the Presidency.

SPECIE PAYMENT RESUMED

As had been expected, the difference in the purchasing power of greenbacks and gold lessened as 1879 drew near; and when the appointed day came, the difference disappeared and paper currency and coin stood, as having the same value. From that time until now, the Government and the banks, when paying money, have given people their choice between paper bills and gold.

PERIOD OF INDUSTRIAL GROWTH

PAYING THE WAR DEBT

SO prosperous was the Nation that it began paying the national debt as soon as the war ended. By the beginning of 1879, four hundred million dollars had been paid. No other nation has ever paid its public debts as fast as ours has.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION

The rapid growth of population in California, under the influence of the Pacific Railroad, and the opening up of the many chances for wealth which that State offers, were such that there was great need of laborers there. Labor was very cheap in China, on the other side of the Pacific; and soon Chinese laborers began to cross the ocean in great numbers to work in California. They would work for very low wages, and would yet be getting several times as much pay as they could earn in their own country. Their coming was encouraged by those who employed labor.

They came under a treaty between China and the United States, which provided that the citizens of either country might visit the other country, but could not become citizens. These coolies, as they were called, worked at wages much lower than Americans could live upon. The presence in California of the many thousands of coolies that were there, and the likelihood that many more would come were harmful to the State. The matter of excluding Chinese laborers became a question of importance during the term of President Hayes.

TENTH CENSUS

The census of 1880, showed that the Nation had a population of more than fifty millions.

In 1872, a war broke out with the Modoc Indians who lived along the line between California and Oregon.

It lasted about a year, and resulted, as wars with the Indians always have, in the defeat of the red men. The tribe was at length removed to the Indian Territory.

In 1876, the telephone came into use and lighting by electricity began. There was trouble with the Sioux Indians this year, caused by their being removed, against their will, to places appointed for them in the West. In 1879, a great improvement was made in the way of deepening one of the channels at the mouth of the Mississippi. It enables vessels of great draft to reach New Orleans.

ELECTION OF GARFIELD

In 1880, James A. Garfield, who had been a general in the Union Army, was elected by the Republican party to the Presidency. General Hancock, another famous Union soldier, was named by the Democrats. Both parties showed by their platform that they opposed Chinese immigration. During Garfield's term, a treaty was made with China, under which the coming of Chinese laborers to this country was very much lessened.

DEATH OF GARFIELD

President Garfield was opposed to the theory, that had prevailed ever since the time of Jackson, that to the victors in a political contest belong the spoils of office. He was beset by politicians to appoint their friends to office. In many cases he refused to comply with their wishes. The two Senators from New York asked that a certain man be given an important national office, and the President refused to appoint him. Then both Senators resigned. The many disputes about appointment to office turned the head of an office-seeker, who had failed to get the place he desired, and he shot the President, at

Washington, July 2, 1881. President Garfield lived until September 19, following.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR

The death of the President made the Vice-President, Chester A. Arthur, of New York, President of the United States. He served throughout the term for which Garfield had been elected. The death of Garfield drew public attention strongly to the evils of the office-scrambling, that followed each election, and led to the passage of an Act by Congress, called the Civil Service Act. Under this Act, those who are appointed to office must have first passed an examination as to their fitness. It also protects good men in office from being discharged, and from being made to pay money for party purposes. The law was passed in 1883.

THE NEW NAVY

The war closed with the United States possessing the most powerful navy in the world. But by 1883, the war-ships of the Nation had so far decayed, or were so much exceeded in power by the ships built later by other nations, that it was thought wise to begin the building of new vessels of a better type than that of the old ones. From that beginning has grown the great American Navy of today.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

After sixteen years of building, the Brooklyn Bridge, the greatest structure of its kind then known, was finished, 1883. It was thought to be ample for traffic between New York and Brooklyn for all time. But several other bridges, besides some tunnels under the river, are now in use, and all are taxed to their full capacity.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

In 1884, the Democrats of the country elected their candidate; and Grover Cleveland, of New York, be-

came President, the first Democrat since the days of Buchanan, "before the war," to hold that office.

In 1885, a law was passed forbidding the making of contracts under which people of other countries might be brought to the United States to work.

THE TARIFF

The high tariff, that had been in force for many years, had yielded so much money to the Government that all of the national debt that was due had been paid, and there was a great sum in the treasury, for which there was no present use. It could not be used to pay more of the debt because the creditors of the Government, drawing interest on what the Government owed them, would not take the cash for the bonds they held. Many people thought that the surplus money should be used in works of a national character, especially for education in the South. The Democratic party favored cutting down the tariff so that there would be less money coming to the Government. As Cleveland's term drew near its end, the tariff became a great question between the parties, and on it turned the election of 1888.

PRESIDENT HARRISON

The Democrats named Grover Cleveland for a second term, while the Republicans put forward Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, grandson of former President Harrison. Harrison was elected.

Early in Harrison's term, a Tariff Bill prepared by William McKinley of Ohio was passed and became a law.

OKLAHOMA

In 1889, the Government bought from the Indians a large part of their land in Indian Territory, which they called Oklahoma, and opened it for settlement under the homestead law. Multitudes of people rushed to Oklahoma and took up land. So great has

been the growth of population there that Oklahoma, including all of the former Indian Territory, is now a State, admitted in 1907.

AMERICAN REPUBLICS

During the same year a meeting of representatives of the American Republics, that is, the nations of Mexico, Central America, and South America, was held. Arrangements were made whereby disputes between those nations could be settled without war.

NEW STATES

In 1889, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington were admitted to the Union as States. In 1890, Idaho was admitted. Its constitution gave to women the right to vote and hold office. Since then, Colorado and Utah have given the same rights to women.

PENSIONS

Old soldiers of the Union had not fared well under Cleveland, who had vetoed many pension bills. In 1890, a new pension bill was passed which largely increased present pensions and gave many new ones.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

During Harrison's term, the farmers in all parts of the country formed a political party which, being joined by many people, was called *The People's Party*. The new party demanded that Congress pass a bill for the free coinage of silver, at the ratio of 16 of silver to 1 of gold by weight; that is, that a silver dollar should weigh just 16 times as much as a gold dollar. This would enable the mine owners, and others having silver, to get it coined, by the Government, without expense. The bill failed, but in its stead one was enacted which directed that the Secretary of the Treasury should purchase publicly, each month, four and a half million ounces of silver at the market price, and coin a large part of it into dollars.

It was not a sensible bill, and was passed only to prevent the passage of the People's Party Bill which was very much worse. It was assumed by some that this monthly purchase of silver by the Government would advance the price of the metal; but it had no such effect. Silver still declined in value, until at length a silver dollar came to be worth less than half as much as a gold one, reckoned by the market value of the metal in both.

CENSUS OF 1890. ELEVENTH CENSUS

The census of 1890 gave, as the population of the United States, 62,623,250. Just a hundred years before, in 1790, the first census showed a population of 3,929,000. If the wealth of the Nation had been divided equally in 1890, each man, woman and child would have had a thousand dollars. During the last ten years the wealth of the South had increased four thousand million dollars. This was through the opening up of the wealth of the country by free labor.

In 1883—Alaska was explored, and the Yukon River was found to be two thousand miles long. Brooklyn Bridge was finished. It was of ample capacity; but now there are two more, and others projected, besides tunnels under the river, all of which are needed. Letter-postage was reduced from three cents to two. 1884—Washington Monument at Washington was completed, after thirty-six years of building. During this year electric cars began running, experimentally. 1885—the long distance telephone came into use. In the great wheat-fields of the West, machines, drawn by thirty horses, that cut, thresh, clean and bag the wheat at one operation were working. A law was passed that newspapers and periodicals might be sent by publishers, by mail, at one cent a pound. 1886—the making of beet

sugar began in California. It is now made in other parts of the country in vast quantities. The first wire nails of steel, made in this country, were made in 1886. Nearly all nails are now made of wire. This was the year of the severe earthquake in Charleston, S. C. 1887—the graphophone was invented, and the Interstate Commerce Law was passed. 1888—the Australian System of Voting began. A new process of making aluminum was invented. It has brought the price of that metal down from sixteen dollars a pound to thirty-five cents. 1889—free delivery of letters, in all cities having five thousand inhabitants or more, began. The first electric street railway was put in operation at Boston. 1890—the common, low, safety bicycle came into use. So did the typesetting machine. There were, on the Mississippi and its branches, more than seven thousand river craft, and on the Great Lakes, thirty-seven hundred vessels, some of enormous size.

CLEVELAND REELECTED

In 1892, the Republicans named Harrison for a second term as President. The People's Party had a candidate, and the Democrats named Cleveland, who was elected. The election gave complete control of the Presidency, Senate, and House of Representatives, to the Democratic party. Fear of what the party now in power might do alarmed business men, and there was a pause in the progress of the Nation. There was fear of a period of hard times.

THE TARIFF

The Democrats now passed a Tariff Bill to their liking, known as the Wilson Bill, to take the place of that which was in force under the McKinley Bill. Under the new tariff the receipts of the Government fell off rapidly, and in a short time the surplus was gone and the Nation had to

borrow money to pay its way. Up to this time, ever since the war, there had been a rapid payment of the national debt. Now, the debt began to grow, and it did not stop until it had increased two hundred and fifty million dollars.

THE PANIC

The folly of the silver law showed its effects fully in 1893. Foreign holders of national bonds, fearful that the Government would seek to pay them in dishonest silver dollars, worth only sixty-seven cents each, instead of honest gold dollars, began to sell them. They sold them at low prices, fearing that if they did not they would in the end get less. People who had Government notes, fearful that they would have to take cheap silver dollars in payment, instead of good gold dollars, rushed to get them paid. This took the gold that the Government had, and it began to look as though the Nation would soon have nothing, but its tons of dishonest silver dollars to pay with. There came a terrible panic, and the times were hard. Never in the history of the country has there been such a period of idleness and want as came in 1893. At length the foolish silver law, was repealed. But the hard times lasted through Cleveland's term and a part of that of his successor.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The United States will not allow territory to be gained in America by any monarchy in Europe. That is the Monroe Doctrine. In 1895, Great Britain had a dispute with Venezuela over the boundary line between that country and some British territory which adjoined it. Weak Venezuela proposed that the question of the boundary be decided by outside parties. Strong Great Britain said, "No." The United States urged that the matter be settled as Venezuela de-

sired. Great Britain said, "No." It soon appeared that, if Great Britain attempted to seize Venezuelan territory, there was likely to be a war between that nation and our own. But wisdom prevailed, and the matter of the boundary line was settled, and the affair ended pleasantly. This settlement stands as a notable example of the modern method of settling national differences. It shows that nations, as well as men, may come to agreement by ways of peace.

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY

In 1896, both the Democratic party, and the People's party named Wm. J. Bryan of Nebraska for President.

The main demand of both was for free coinage of silver on the basis of fifty or sixty cents worth of silver being made into a coin by the Govern-

ment, for any citizen who might bring it to the mint. The coin was to be called a dollar and to pass as such. No charge was to be made for the work of coinage.

The Republican party named William McKinley of Ohio, author of the McKinley Tariff Law, and opposed the free coinage of silver. McKinley was elected.

In 1896, Utah became a State of the Union.

In 1897, the Dingley Tariff Bill was passed, so framed as to make the tariff yield enough money to pay the running expenses of the Government, which the tariff, during Cleveland's term, had not done.

In 1898, the Hawaiian Islands, in the far Pacific, were annexed to the United States.



SUNSET ON GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH

As the sun approaches the horizon the coloring reflected from the water becomes very beautiful, perhaps because of the large percentage of salt which the lake contains. There is said to be more salt in a given quantity of this water than in a similar amount from the Dead Sea.

SPANISH AMERICAN WAR AND AFTER

The people of Cuba were in rebellion against Spain, that for centuries had held the Island as a province. The war was waged savagely by both parties. Naturally the people of the United States felt well disposed toward the native Cubans, and this made Spain feel sullenly angry with us.

Early in 1898, an American naval vessel, the *Maine* was sent to Havana, that there might be a refuge there for such Americans as might have to flee from mob violence. The visit of the ship was a friendly one. While she lay in the harbor, the *Maine* was blown up by an explosion of dynamite and destroyed, with nearly all the crew.

It was believed by the American people that this deed was done by the Spanish officers, and there was a strong feeling against Spain. In April, Congress passed an Act directing the President to compel Spain to give Cuba her independence. Spain refused to receive the notice sent by the United States, and Congress declared war, April 19, 1898.

The natives in the Philippine Islands, subject to Spain, were at this time in rebellion; so that Spain while engaged in putting down one rebellion in Cuba, and another on the other side of the globe, was now facing a war with the United States.

At once, the Cuban ports were blockaded by our naval vessels, and Commodore Dewey, commanding our naval squadron in the far Pacific, was ordered to attack the Spanish fleet at Manila, the chief port of the Philippine Islands.

Dewey went to Manila and destroyed the Spanish fleet. This victory gave to the United States control of the Spanish possessions in the Pacific Ocean, and made our Nation a

power in the Eastern Hemisphere. Troops were sent to hold the islands.

Spain sent a large part of her home naval fleet to Cuba, to be in a position to attack the American warships or some American seacoast cities, as chance might decide. The vessels entered the Harbor of Santiago, Cuba.

As soon as it was known where Spain's warships were, the United States naval squadron stood guard over the harbor, so that they could not come out without a battle. Shutting up the Spanish fleet made the seaport cities of our country safe, and also enabled transport ships to carry soldiers and supplies to Cuba in safety.

The American Army, that had reached Cuba, soon drove the Spanish forces into Santiago and threatened to attack the ships in the harbor with land batteries. Knowing that the ships would be destroyed if they stayed in port, the Spanish made a desperate attempt to escape by running their vessels through the fleet that was watching for them outside. The attempt failed; and the Spanish warships were all destroyed.

With her two best naval squadrons lost, Spain saw no chance to succeed by further fighting; so she gave up Santiago and asked for peace.

THE TREATY OF PEACE

The treaty of peace was signed in December, 1898. The war had lasted about four months; and the Americans had lost about four hundred men. No American warship had been seriously damaged.

By the treaty, Cuba became a free country independent of Spain, to govern herself under the protection of the United States. Porto Rico, an island of the West Indies, Guam, one of the Ladrone Islands, and the Philippines, all came to the United

States. Thus Spain, leader in exploring the western world, and at one time having more land than all other nations, parted with her last western holdings, and with them the Philippines in the Eastern Hemisphere, which she had held ever since Magellan's voyage. Little did men of Washington's time foresee that our country was yet to extend westward, first to the Rocky Mountains; then to the Pacific; then to the far side of that greatest of oceans, even to Asia.

AMERICAN TROOPS IN CHINA

In 1900, a rebellion broke out in China, and many people from Japan, Europe, and the United States were murdered. Others were in danger, and troops were sent from Great Britain, Japan, Germany, France, Italy and the United States to protect them. The invasion was successful.

In the settlement, each of the invading nations, except the United States, proposed to take territory from China. The United States insisted on fair play, and would not take land from the unfortunate nation. The stand that our Nation took resulted in an arrangement under which China kept her territory and the nations are allowed to trade in China.

THE TWELFTH CENSUS—THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH

The census taken in 1900 showed that the population of the United States, including the island dependencies, was somewhat more than 85,000,000. Progress had been made during the past ten years in the field of invention. The practice of telegraphing without wires was begun. This enables ocean steamers to communicate with one another during voyages, as well as to receive and transmit messages to shore when near the coast.

SECOND ELECTION OF MC KINLEY

In 1900, McKinley was elected for a second term. Theodore Roosevelt

of New York was elected Vice-President.

During the year, the Hawaiian Islands were given territorial government. In the Philippines, there was trouble with the natives, who fought for independence against the United States, as they had done against Spain.

In 1901, the Cubans formed a government modeled on that of the United States. It provided for control by the United States, in the future, should such control be necessary. As soon as the government was in force our troops were withdrawn.

In the Philippines, the rebel leader, Aguinaldo, was captured. Learning of the good intentions of the United States, he advised his followers to cease fighting and place themselves under the American Government. This ended the war in the Islands, except such fighting as has been carried on since by native bandits and outlaws.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT MC KINLEY

In September, 1901, President McKinley was murdered. The wretch who committed the deed was a low-bred, ignorant young man, a son of Polish immigrants who came to America to find freedom. The murderer was arrested at once, and after a trial was put to death. Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt was sworn, as President, immediately after the death of McKinley and at once began his duties.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY LINE

The boundary line between Russian America and the English possessions in North America was established by those nations in 1825. The line was not very closely defined, because, in that frozen region, land was thought to have so little value that it would not pay to take great pains in dividing it.

But, after Russian America was bought by the United States and was named Alaska, the Americans found that, in the Yukon and Klondike regions, gold was plentiful. Some of the gold-bearing land was very near the line that divided Alaska from Canada. It was not desired by both governments that the line be laid out very carefully, to show which nation owned the gold-fields. The matter was referred to a commission of six men, and in 1903, they gave their decision. It mainly favored the claims of the United States.

THE PANAMA CANAL

The war with Spain, and its results, made it plain that the United States needs a canal across the isthmus that connects the two American continents. Such a canal will give our naval vessels a short cut from ocean to ocean in case of war, and will enable our ships of commerce to make quick and safe passage at all times. The great commerce we are to have in future ages with Asia will make the isthmus canal the most important water-way in the world. The United States is to control and defend it; though it is to be open to the ships of all nations.

THE ELECTION OF ROOSEVELT

In 1904, Theodore Roosevelt was elected President. An important question during Roosevelt's term was the checking of the increasing power of corporations and trusts controlling immense capital. War began between Russia and Japan, February, 1904. In 1905, President Roosevelt brought about a meeting of commissioners of the two nations, at Portsmouth, N. H. This meeting resulted in a treaty of peace between Russia and Japan.

THE ELECTION OF TAFT

In 1908, William Howard Taft of Ohio was elected President, and James S. Sherman of New York Vice-Presi-

dent. Mr. Taft had had long experience in the service of our government. In 1900, he was appointed President of the United States Philippine Commission. During the following year, he was made the first Civic Governor of the Philippine Islands. In 1908, he was Secretary of War in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

THE RETURN OF THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIP FLEET

In February, 1909, the American battleship fleet which left our shores late in 1907 completed the circumnavigation of the globe. This great armored fleet of sixteen battleships carried as crews and officers nearly fifteen thousand men. By this voyage our fleet gave foreign nations evidence of the strength of the naval power of the United States. The trip also proved that the American navy manned by disciplined crews and skilled officers was able to cruise for great distances with speed and certainty.

THE NEW CENSUS

A counting or census of the population of our country has been made every ten years since 1790. The enumeration beginning in 1910 is the thirteenth census. The new census bill was passed by Congress early in 1909. This bill provided for a special test as to the fitness of those who would be census takers. Taking the national census makes necessary the employment of many thousands of men and the spending of millions of dollars. The work is in charge of an officer styled the Director of the Census.

The thirteenth census showed a population of about ninety-two million people. Emigration to our shores from European countries is constantly adding to our population. Twelve thousand immigrants arrived here during a single day in April, 1909. These people came principally from Southern

Europe, although all nations of Europe are represented.

THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

Congress proposed before the end of the summer session (1909) a new amendment to the Constitution. By January, 1913, this amendment had been ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. The purpose of the sixteenth amendment is to give to Congress the power to tax incomes. During President Cleveland's second administration, Congress had passed such a law, but it was finally declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Hence it was necessary to amend the Constitution before such a tax could be levied.

THE PAYNE-ALDRICH TARIFF BILL

In our country the tariff has always been a matter of great importance and a leading question between the two prominent political parties. A new tariff law, called the Payne-Aldrich Bill, was enacted in August, 1909. It raised the rates of duties on some goods and lowered them on others. This tariff bill, like all other tariff laws, has proved satisfactory to some of the people and unsatisfactory to others.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE

During the first week in September, 1909, a dispatch was received from one of the Shetland Islands stating that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had discovered the North Pole on April 21, 1908. A few days later a dispatch was received from Labrador signed by the noted Arctic explorer, Commander Peary of the United States Navy. Peary's dispatch read, "Stars and Stripes nailed to the Pole." Commander Peary reached the Pole April 6, 1909. Dr. Cook reached Denmark and was received at Copenhagen with great enthusiasm. After a long delay his proofs were submitted to the University of Copenhagen, and

upon examination by that institution were pronounced insufficient. The National Geographical Society of America has decided that Commander Peary reached the North Pole on the date named.

THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

During the fall of 1909 a monster celebration was held in the vicinity of New York City to commemorate the third voyage of Henry Hudson (1609), and the discovery by Robert Fulton of the application of steam power to the propulsion of boats (1807). It was one of the greatest spectacular events in the history of our country and attracted world-wide attention. Reproductions of the *Half Moon* and the *Clermont*, convoyed by the battleships of many nations, joined in the naval parade along the Hudson River. There were also numerous land parades in which floats represented important historical events in our growth as a nation.

AËRIAL NAVIGATION

Progress was made during the year 1909 in the improvement of aeroplanes. One of these machines has traveled a distance of ten miles at a speed rate of more than forty miles an hour. Mr. Edison, the great inventor, has prophesied that in the very near future, aerial navigation will be safe and practicable.

ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO ADMITTED TO THE UNION

The only remaining territories within the United States, Arizona and New Mexico, were admitted to statehood early in the year 1912. The total number of States is now forty-eight and two new stars were added to our flag July 4, 1912.

THE POSTAL SAVINGS-BANK SYSTEM; THE PARCEL POST

In 1910 the postal savings-bank system was established by act of Congress. Throughout the United States post-offices have been designated to receive

small amounts of money upon which interest is paid. This system encourages thrift among persons of small earnings. In 1912 Congress passed the Parcel Post Act which provides for sending by mail at very cheap rates, parcels of less than a specified weight. Packages sent in this way must be of convenient shape and size. The parcel post provides a cheap method of sending merchandise through the post-office. It enables the merchant and farmer to transport goods and produce at cheaper rates than formerly paid to the express companies.

THE SEVENTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

Congress in 1911 proposed another additional amendment to the Constitution which provides that United States senators are to be chosen by popular vote instead of being elected by the various state legislatures. This amendment has been ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states and has thus become a law.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1912

In the Presidential campaign of 1912, the Republicans nominated President Taft, the Progressives party Theodore Roosevelt and the Democrats, Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. In the election the Democratic party was successful, carrying forty-one states for Wilson and Marshall.

Immediately upon taking office, President Wilson offered a program of constructive legislation that brought to the aid of the Administration strong support from Congress. His policies were broadly outlined under the caption of the "New Freedom" and involved vital issues connected with both the domestic and foreign relations of the country.

THE UNDERWOOD-SIMMONS TARIFF BILL

The first important achievement of President Wilson's Administration was

the enactment of the Underwood-Simmons Tariff Bill. This Bill was a radical revision of the rates of the Payne-Aldrich Bill and included a special income tax feature that was estimated to produce an annual revenue of approximately \$100,000,000. The income tax feature provided a graduated tax on all annual incomes from \$3,000 to \$1,000,000 or more; while the average rates of duty in the Bill proper were reduced to approximately 26 per cent.

BANKING AND CURRENCY LAW

Of even greater and wider importance was the Banking and Currency Law by general consent of all parties reckoned the most important legislative achievement in half a century.

We now have in the United States 25,000 independent individual banks, whose stock is owned by the people of the city or village where each bank is located. These banks heretofore have had their own reserve required by law, but in time of trouble have had no place to go; they have had to rely upon themselves because they have had no adequate security except in their own vaults. Briefly stated, the law provides a new system of twelve-Federal Reserve Banks for mutual cooperative assistance in preventing bank suspensions, stoppage of exchange and general panics and designed to assist in the handling of crops. Its further effect is to divert bank reserves from the speculative stock markets to legitimate industries, and thereby to stabilize money rates and security values.

Moreover, it provides for an elastic currency which can expand with the needs of business reflected in prime commercial paper and contract when that paper matures.

Though the system as a whole has but recently been inaugurated, yet the confidence it has already inspired

forecasts practical results of far-reaching importance.

TRUST LEGISLATION

President Wilson's trust message wherein he outlined the "Constitution of Peace" was speedily followed by the enactment into law by Congress of a series of bills designed to correct the evils of "invisible government" by trusts, corporations and combinations. These bills were framed to give the legitimate business of our country the solid foundation it so much needed. They remove the uncertainty from the laws controlling business; strike at the interlocking directorate evil; prohibit price discrimination and destructive price cutting; settle the twenty-year controversy over the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes; and provide Federal supervision of railway stock and bond issues, thereby protecting investors in the purchase of securities.

THE LEVER AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION ACT

This important law grants an initial appropriation of \$10,000 to every State in the Union. The total is to be increased year by year until the Federal Government will be contributing \$4,100,000 annually to the maintenance of the State agricultural colleges. It will carry directly to the farm all the scientific discoveries made by the Department of Agriculture and the State colleges. Scientific farming is to be made the general practice throughout the nation.

In time, it is confidently believed that this legislation will double the agricultural productiveness of the United States. It will aid the great cause of getting the most out of the soil. As this year's crop represents an estimated ten billion dollars of new wealth, the significance of the law is plainly apparent. The system provided for in the measure has been ap-

plied for years by the principal nations of Europe.

THE POLICY OF PEACE

The policy of the administration, which has been termed "diplomatic postponement," has been supported by public opinion, not only in America, but in Europe as well, because it is based upon morality and not upon expediency. The gravest of these emergencies came, first, as the result of the sudden rush to arms throughout Europe; and, second, in the Mexican crisis which necessitated an appeal to Congress by the President for authority to use the armed forces of the United States in Mexico. Empowered to use force in Mexico, President Wilson used it only in such a way as to demonstrate the power of the United States, and thus to assist the solution of Mexican affairs without imposing either upon this country or Mexico the horrors of an American war of intervention.

Then Europe was plunged into a war that promises to exceed all history in its cost of money and lives. The European military upheaval paralyzed world trade and closed stock exchanges in every quarter of the globe. It precipitated a financial crisis without an example in this country. To relieve the financial strain, the issuance of Treasury notes was made by Congress and these notes, in conjunction with huge deposits of Government funds made by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, successfully met the financial problem.

The second great question was that of providing the means of acquiring ships to carry American food to Europe and to convey American merchandise to other quarters of the world. This was accomplished with equal expedition by the passage of the act admitting foreign ships of whatever age to American registry, when purchased by Americans.



International Film Service

U. S. SOLDIERS PATROLLING THE MEXICAN BORDER



International Film Service

BLACK TROOPER WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF CARRIZAL

TWO HEROES OF THE FIGHT AT CARRIZAL

THE punitive expedition to Mexico, brief as it was, developed instances of splendid courage which tell the republic that its heroic spirit has survived the years.

That fight of Lieutenant Henry Adair of the Tenth Cavalry at Carrizal has in it a touch of the Alamo and Thermopylae. Surrounded in the mad charge against overwhelming numbers of Mexican foes that closed about him, Adair fought like a demon. All around him were his dead soldiers. His superior officer died before his eyes, but Adair kept on. Shot in half a dozen places, with blood over his face and his arms, with his blouse ripped until he stood bare to the waist, he used his automatic like a machine gun, sweeping the Mexicans with it as they closed about him. He fought as Bowie fought at the Alamo, as Fannin and Travis fought.

Finally, his automatic could fire no more. Adair swung back his arm and hurled the pistol in the faces of his crowding foe.

Side by side with his heroic white lieutenant, there went a black trooper from his company who fought as Adair fought, shot for shot and blow for blow, following the fortunes of his leader in the very thickest and bloodiest of the fight.

The black trooper might have faltered and fled a dozen times, saving his own life and leaving Adair to fight alone. But it never seemed to occur to him. He was comrade to the last blow. When Adair's broken revolver fell from his hand the black trooper pressed another into it, and

together, shouting in defiance, they thinned the swooping circle of overwhelming odds before them.

The black man fought in the deadly shambles side by side with the white man, following always, fighting always, as his lieutenant fought.

And finally, when Adair, literally shot to pieces, fell in his tracks, his last command to his black trooper was to leave him and save his life. Even then the heroic negro paused in the midst of that hell of carnage for a final service to his officer. Bearing a charmed life, he had fought his way out. He saw that Adair had fallen with his head in the water. With superb loyalty the black trooper turned and went back into the maelstrom of death, lifted the head of his superior, leaned him against a tree and left him there dead with dignity when it was impossible to serve him any more.

There is not a finer piece of soldierly devotion and heroic comradeship in the history of modern warfare than that of Henry Adair and the black trooper who fought by him at Carrizal.

The historian of that brief but bloody drama has rescued the name of Henry Adair and written it high in the annals of American heroism, where it will live with the illustrious heroes of his race. From the records of that last fatal charge at Carrizal there should also be recovered the name of the black soldier whose heroic loyalty to his white comrade touches the high water mark of soldierly devotion and deathless courage

linking the two races that henceforth must live together and fight together to the end of time.

The completed record will be better and more inspiring for both races in every battle of the future.

The final record of the Mexican expedition will be all incomplete without adding the heroism and loyalty of the African blood to the superb historic courage of the Caucasian that led it in the charge.

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RECONSTRUCTION AND EXPANSION—1865-1915

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
<p>Andrew Johnson, Hannibal Hamlin, 1865-1869. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1866. Civil Rights Bill passed over the president's veto. Organization of the Ku-Klux-Klan. Fenian raid into Canada.</p> <p>1876. Plan of military reconstruction of the South adopted by Congress. Admission of Nebraska. Purchase of Alaska from Russia. Passage of the Tenure of Office Act. Organization of the Grangers.</p> <p>1868. President Johnson impeached, tried and acquitted. Six southern states readmitted to representation in Congress. Fourteenth Amendment ratified. Burlingame treaty with China signed.</p> <p>1868-1874. "Carpet-bag" rule in the South.</p>		<p>1866. Formation of the National Labor Union. First permanently successful cable laid. Massachusetts passes an eight-hour law for children.</p> <p>1867. Introduction of the Bessemer process in making steel. Beginning of the manufacture of steel rails in the United States. Ground wood-pulp first used for making paper.</p> <p>1868. Westinghouse airbrake first successfully applied. First Siemens-Martin open hearth furnace built. Founding of Cornell University.</p>
<p>U. S. Grant, Schuyler Colfax, 1869-1877. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1869. Attempt to annex Santo Domingo. Organization of the National Prohibition Party. Disbandment of the Ku-Klux-Klan. Decision in the case of Texas vs. White. Soldiers' monument at Gettysburg dedicated. Women suffrage, upon equal terms with men, established in Wyoming.</p> <p>1870. Fifteenth amendment ratified. 1870-1872. Organization of the Liberal Republican Party.</p>	<p>The Liberal Republicans nominated Horace Greeley in 1872. The Democrats adopted their platform and ratified Greeley's nomination. In 1876 the Democrats made reform their leading issue. The Greenback Party denounced National Banks and the payment of bonds in specie.</p>	<p>1869. Passage of eight-hour law for federal employees. First provision made for bureau of statistics of labor. Formation of the Knights of Labor. Institution of the "Elmira penal system." Invention of the refrigerator car. First transcontinental railroad completed.</p>
<p>1871. First Civil Service Reform Bill enacted. "Tweed Ring" in New York is exposed. Treaty of Washington with Great Britain.</p> <p>1872. Act for removing political disabilities passes Congress. Geneva award of \$15,000,000 to United States. Modoc Indian war in California. First nominating convention of the Prohibition party held.</p>	<p>Liberals or Liberal Republicans opposed the reelection of Grant in 1872 and sought a liberal policy in the South.</p>	<p>1871. Hoe perfecting press completed. Texas Pacific Railroad incorporated.</p> <p>1872. Invention of duplex telegraphy. Import duties on tea and coffee abolished. Water-gas process patented by Lowe. Bonanza mines on the Comstock lode discovered.</p>
<p>1873. Cr�dit Mobilier investigation by Congress. One-cent postal cards issued. The demonetization of silver. "Salary Grab" act. The <i>Virginian</i> affair.</p>	<p>Prohibitionists advocate the abolition of the liquor traffic, and have been a national party since 1872.</p>	<p>1873. Great financial panic throughout the country. The Westinghouse automatic airbrake is introduced.</p>
<p>1874. Organization of the Greenback party. Democrats control the House of Representatives for first time since 1856.</p> <p>1875. Exposure of the Whisky ring. Act authorizing the resumption of specie payments.</p> <p>1876. Sioux War. Massacre of Custer's troops by Sitting Bull. Admission of Colorado. Great corruption found in War Department. Formation of the National Greenback party.</p>	<p>Greenbackers were those who between 1876 and 1886 favored the issue of an irredeemable paper currency.</p>	<p>1874. The Eads bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis completed. First trunk pipe-line from oil regions to Pittsburgh. Barbed-wire manufacture begins.</p> <p>1875. Hoosac tunnel is completed. Founding of Smith and Vassar colleges for women.</p> <p>1876. Export of dressed beef begins. Great centennial exposition at Philadelphia.</p> <p>Bell secures his first patent for the telephone. Founding of Johns Hopkins University.</p>

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
<p>R. B. Hayes, W. A. Wheeler, 1877-1881. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1877. The Electoral Commission decides the contested election in favor of Hayes. Withdrawal of troops from the South. "Molly Maguires" hanged in Pennsylvania. War with the Nez Perce Indians. 1878. Bland-Allison Silver Bill passed over the President's veto.</p> <p>1879. United States government resumes specie payment. Women permitted to practice before United States courts.</p> <p>1880. National Civil Service league formed. The Kearney agitation in California.</p> <p>J. A. Garfield, C. A. Arthur, 1881-1885. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1881. President Garfield is shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2. dies September 20. C. A. Arthur, Pres. 1881-1884. Lieutenant Greeley's Arctic explorations. 1882. Congress passes act to exclude Chinese laborers for ten years. Edwards law for the suppression of polygamy. "Star Route" trials begin. Apache Indian War. 1883. Pendleton Civil Service Act passed. Tariff lowers slightly the average rate of duties.</p> <p>1884. Creation by Congress of the Bureau of Labor in the Department of the Interior.</p> <p>Grover Cleveland, T. A. Hendricks, 1885-1889. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1885. Apache War in New Mexico.</p> <p>1886. Repeal of the Tenure of Office Act of 1867. Passage of the Presidential Succession law. Silver certificates authorized.</p> <p>1887. Passage of the Interstate Commerce Bill. Edmunds-Tucker Act dissolves corporation of the Mormon Church. Dawes Indian Bill.</p> <p>1888. The states begin the introduction of the Australian ballot. New Chinese exclusion Bill enacted by Congress.</p> <p>Benj. Harrison, Levi P. Morton, 1889-1893. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1889. Admission of North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington and Montana. Head of Department of Agriculture, established in 1862, is given cabinet rank. Pan-American Congress meets in Washington.</p>	<p>The Democrats denounced the seating of Hayes and advocated tariff for revenue. The Greenback Labor Party favored government control of money issues and opposed railroad land grants.</p> <p>The Democrats advocated a reduction of duties. The People's and the Prohibition were minor parties. Stalwarts were the "machine" wing of New York Republicans led by Roscoe Conkling from 1881 to 1885. Mugwumps were those nominally identified with a particular party but claiming the right to vote with another party. The Indianapolis <i>Sentinel</i> first used the term in 1872.</p> <p>The Republicans upheld the protective tariff and charged the Democrats with pursuing an injurious tariff policy.</p> <p>Union Labor Party became a national party in 1888.</p> <p>The Democrats denounced the McKinley Bill. In 1891 the Populist Party held its first national convention. The Populists advocated free coinage of silver.</p>	<p>1877. Bell's improved telephone put into general use. Great railroad strike at Pittsburgh. Col. A. A. Pope has the first bicycle built in this country. Goodyear welt machine brought into use.</p> <p>1878. Introduction of the probation system for criminal offenders. Introduction of incandescent lights.</p> <p>1879. French Atlantic cable laid. Steamboat traffic on the Mississippi reaches maximum. Organization of the First Christian Science Church.</p> <p>1880. Edison builds the first electric railroad at Menlo Park.</p> <p>1880-1890. Decade of great railroad building.</p> <p>1881. Organization of the American Federation of Labor. International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Georgia.</p> <p>1882. Reorganization of the Standard Oil Company as a trust. Tolls abolished on the Erie Canal. District school system abolished by Massachusetts.</p> <p>1883. Brooklyn suspension bridge opened. First canneries for Alaska salmon established. Northern Pacific Railroad Completed.</p> <p>1884. Great floods in the Ohio Valley. Telephone wires first put underground.</p> <p>1885. International exposition at New Orleans. Long-distance telephone introduced.</p> <p>1886. Railroad strikes and anarchistic riots in Chicago. Wire nails first manufactured. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty unveiled.</p> <p>1887. First vestibule Pullman train in service. Beet sugar first successfully produced in United States at Alvarado, California.</p> <p>1888. First electric street railway built by F. J. Sprague at Richmond, Va.</p> <p>1889. Oklahoma is opened for settlement.</p>

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
<p>1890. Admission of Idaho and Wyoming. McKinley Tariff Act. Sherman Silver Purchase Act. Sioux War. Sitting Bull killed. Passage of Dependent Pension Bill.</p> <p>1891. Formation of the People's Party. Massacre of Italians in New Orleans.</p>	<p>Populists organized in Cincinnati (May, 1891) from among the members of the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance.</p>	<p>1890. The United States takes first place among the nations in the production of iron. Passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law.</p> <p>1891. Opening of the cog railroad to the top of Pike's Peak.</p>
<p>1892. Passage of the Gearý Anti-Chinese Act. Behring Sea dispute referred to arbitration.</p>	<p>Socialists urge the adoption of a socialistic policy in government, a national party since 1892.</p>	<p>1892. Great strike at Homestead Iron Works. Long distance telephone line between New York and Chicago formally opened.</p>
<p>Grover Cleveland, A. E. Stevenson, 1893-1897. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i></p> <p>1893. Equal suffrage granted to women in Colorado. Intervention in Hawaii by the United States. Settlement of the Behring Sea dispute. Repeal of law requiring purchases of silver.</p> <p>1894. New treaty with Japan. Passage of the Wilson Tariff Act. Republic of Hawaii is recognized. "Coxey's Army" marches on Washington.</p>	<p>The money question was the leading issue in 1896. The Republicans adopted a gold standard, the Socialist Labor and Prohibition Parties had nominees.</p>	<p>1893. Great financial depression. World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. World's parliament of religions at Chicago. Edison patents the kinetoscope.</p> <p>1894. The United States attains first rank among nations in the volume of its manufactures. Great railroad strike from Ohio to the Pacific coast. Also miners' strike and "Debs Insurrection."</p>
<p>1895. Income tax declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Special message of the president on the Venezuelan question.</p> <p>1896. Equal suffrage granted to women in Utah and in Idaho. Admission of Utah. Great agitation for the free coinage of silver.</p>	<p>Gold Democrats, disaffected Democrats who, in 1896, refused their support to the regular party platform and favored a gold standard, nominated J. M. Palmer of Illinois for President.</p>	<p>1895. Harlem ship canal opened. Formation of the National Association of Manufacturers. The name "yellow journalism" first applied to sensational papers.</p> <p>1896. Sault Ste. Marie Canal completed. Niagara Falls electric power turned on in Buffalo, N. Y.</p>
<p>Wm. McKinley, G. A. Hobart, 1897-1905. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i></p> <p>1897. Treaty for the annexation of Hawaii signed. Dingley Tariff Law goes into operation.</p> <p>1897-1898. Decisions of the Supreme Court that railroad rate agreements violate the Anti-Trust Law.</p> <p>1898. South Dakota adopts initiative and referendum. Annexation of Hawaii by joint resolution. Destruction of the <i>Maine</i> in Havana harbor, Feb. 15. Congress orders forcible intervention in Cuba; war with Spain follows.</p>	<p>Silver Party, largely disaffected Republicans in 1896, favored the free coinage of silver and supported the Democratic nominees.</p> <p>The Democrats in 1900 advocated free silver and made imperialism their chief issue. The Populists again supported Bryan. The Social Democratic Party was organized in 1897. In 1904 the Democrats condemned Roosevelt's supposed tendency to act beyond his constitutional power.</p>	<p>1897. The steel rail pool collapses. Sextuplex telegraphy invented. Universal Postal Congress meets in Washington. Union Pacific Railroad sold to the reorganization committee.</p> <p>1898. Commercial treaty with France signed. Boston builds a subway. Method of mercerizing cloth under tension to make it silky is patented.</p>

Causes	Results
Sympathy for the oppressed Cubans. The "reconcentrados," people driven into the towns by Weyler, die by thousands, and Americans who aided them are arrested and their property destroyed.	The Treaty of Paris: Spain gives up title to Cuba. Spain cedes Porto Rico, Guam and the Philip- pines to the United States. The United States gives Spain \$20,000,000.
The proximity of Cuba and its geographical position makes its situation of great importance to the United States.	The direct cost of the war to the United States is about \$130,000,000.
Destruction of American property.	Soldiers killed, 430. A larger number die of disease.
Publication of a letter of the Spanish Minister, in which he speaks slightly of President McKinley.	The United States becomes the guardian of Cuba. An increase in our navy and standing army.
The blowing up of the battleship <i>Maine</i> .	The war in the Philippines. The question of territorial expansion in our politics.

THE ARMY

Engagements—The Army	Our Losses	
	Killed	Wounded
Bombardment of Cienfuegos, May 11, 1898.....	1	11
Bombardment of San Juan, May 12, 1898.....	1	7
Guantanamo, June 11-20, 1898.....	6	16
Bombardment of Santiago, June 22, 1898.....	1	9
Santiago Campaign, June 21-July 17, 1898.....	260	1341
Porto Rico Campaign, July 25-28, 1898.....	3	40
The Reduction of Manila, August 13, 1898.....	17	106

THE NAVY

Manila Bay, Philippine Islands. May 1, 1898.	American Vessels: <i>Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Concord, Petrel.</i> American Commander: Geo. Dewey.	Spanish Vessels: <i>Reina Cristina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marquis de Duera, Cano Valesco, Isla de Mindanao, Sandoval, José Garcia, Leyte</i> and torpedo boat <i>Barcelona</i> .
American Casualties: Seven men slightly injured. No damage to ships.	Spanish Casualties: All ships destroyed, 450 men killed and wounded.	Spanish Commander: Admiral Montijo.
Before Santiago, July 3, 1898.	American Vessels: <i>Brooklyn, Texas, Oregon, Iowa, Gloucester.</i> American Commander: Winfield Schley.	Spanish Vessels: <i>Almirante, Oquendo, Christobal, Colon, Vizcaya, Infanta Maria Teresa,</i> and torpedo boats <i>Pluton</i> and <i>Furor</i> .
American Casualties: One man killed. <i>Brooklyn</i> struck thirteen times, <i>Texas</i> once, but neither badly damaged.	Spanish Casualties: All ships destroyed, more than 600 men killed and wounded, and rest surrendered.	Spanish Commander: Admiral Cervera.

The total number of vessels captured from Spain during the war of 1898 was 53.

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
1899. War in the Philippine Islands, led by Aguinaldo, against American domination. Appointment of the first Philippine Commission.	Anti-Imperialists opposed the territorial expansion of the United States, especially to the Philippines.	1899. Great commercial and financial prosperity. American Steel and Wire Company is incorporated. First juvenile courts organized in Chicago.
1900. Congress passes act providing civil government for the Philippines. Commercial treaty with Italy ratified. Civil government established in Alaska. American forces sent to China under General Chaffee.		1901. Formation of the United States Steel Corporation. Pan-American Exposition held at Buffalo. Northern Securities Company organized. Discovery of the Texas oil-field.
1901. Passage of Platt amendment relating to Cuban independence. "Open door policy" for China announced. Hay-Pauncefote treaty. President McKinley shot by assassin, Sept. 6, dies Sept. 14. (On death of McKinley, Sept. 14, Roosevelt becomes President.)		

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
1902. Civil government established in the Philippines and amnesty granted to political prisoners.		1902. Great strike of anthracite coal miners. President Roosevelt appoints a commission for arbitration. The Carnegie Institution of Washington is established.
1903. Alaskan boundary tribunal in London decides in favor of the United States. Creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Reciprocity treaty with Cuba, commercial treaty with China, and canal treaty with Panama are ratified.		1903. Formation of the "Citizens Industrial Association of America."
1904. Arbitration treaty with France signed. Payment of \$40,000,000 made to Panama Canal Company.		1904. Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. Work on Panama Canal commences.
Theo. Roosevelt, C. W. Fairbanks, 1905-1909. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1905. President Roosevelt acts as mediator between Japan and Russia. Arbitration treaties concluded with Great Britain, Germany, Italy and other powers. Beef Trust declared illegal by United States Supreme Court.	In 1908 the Democrats had a more radical platform than the Republicans but both parties favored downward revision of the tariff.	Northern Securities Company dissolved by United States Supreme Court. 1905. Investigation of insurance companies in New York begins. United States becomes greatest silk manufacturing nation in the world.
1906. Riot at Brownsville, Texas. Dismissal of negro troops. Military occupation of Cuba. Passage of pure food and drug inspection law.		1906. Incorporation of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.
1907. Admission of Oklahoma. Standard Oil Co. fined \$29,240,000. decision afterward reversed.		1907. Jamestown exposition. Commercial agreement with Germany.
1907-1909. United States fleet makes a round-the-world cruise.		
1908. Conference of governors at the White House. The United States remits the Chinese Boxer indemnity of \$11,000,000.	Independence Party, first organized as Independence League by W. R. Hearst, supported T. L. Hisgen for president, 1908.	1908. Tunnels opened under East river and Hudson river, connecting Manhattan with Brooklyn and Jersey City. National Conservation Congress meets at Washington.
Wm. H. Taft, J. S. Sherman, 1909-1913. <i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1909. Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law enacted. Congress proposes income tax amendment.	During this administration the Republican Party split into radical and conservative wings. The nomination of Taft in 1912 by the Conservatives was followed by the organization of a new Progressive Party which held a national convention in Chicago in August, 1912, and nominated Roosevelt for the presidency.	Great strike of coal miners in Pennsylvania.
1910. Equal suffrage granted to women in the state of Washington. Passage of the postal savings bank law. Tariff board is established. Telegraph and telephone companies put under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission.		1909. Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle. Hudson-Fulton celebration at New York. Commander Peary reaches the North Pole.
1911. Equal suffrage granted to women in California. Congress passes Canadian reciprocity treaty, which, however, is defeated in Canada.		1911. Western Union inaugurates night, day and cable letter service.
1912. Congress proposes amendment for direct election of senators. Admission of New Mexico and Arizona. Woodrow Wilson (Democrat) elected President by huge electoral majority over Taft (Republican) and Roosevelt (Progressive). Equal suffrage granted to women in Kansas, Oregon and Arizona.		

National Events	Political Parties	Social and Industrial Events
<p>Woodrow Wilson, T. R. Marshall, 1913—<i>Pres.</i> <i>Vice-Pres.</i> 1913. Extra Session of Congress called by President Wilson for Tariff legis- lation. New Department of Labor added to Cabinet Portfolios. Underwood Tariff Bill passed by House of Representatives. Ratification of sixteenth and seven- teenth amendments to the Constitu- tion. Currency bill passed. 1914. Anti-Trust legislation begun in Congress. President Wilson orders the military occupation of Vera Cruz, Mexico. Administration policy forces the resig- nation of Huerta as president of Mexico. New currency law becomes effective, and regional reserve banks are organ- ized. United States neutrality in European war proclaimed. 1915. Federal Trade Commission estab- lished. Peace treaties signed with many countries. Establishment of Naval Advisory board. 1916. Secretary Garrison resigns. Newton Baker appointed Secretary of War. Columbus, New Mexico, raided by Villista forces. Punitive expedition under General Pershing sent into Mexico. National Guards mobilized for service on the Mexican border. National preparedness legislation.</p>	<p>The unification of the Democratic party under the leadership of President Wilson enabled congress to pass an unusual amount of posi- tive legislation.</p> <p>Roosevelt declines the nomination for president ten- dered him by the Progressive Par- ty's national con- vention held in Chicago, June, 1916. The Pro- gressive Party passes out of ex- istence and the conservative and radical wings of the Republican Party are brought together under the leadership of Charles Evans Hughes.</p>	<p>1913. Parcel Post System inaug- urated.</p> <p>1914. Reorganization of New Haven railroad under decree of the Ad- ministration. Harvester trust is, ordered to dis- solve by U. S. court. Operation of Stock Exchanges throughout the country is sus- pended by reason of the European war.</p> <p>1915. Federal Trade Commission established. Sinking of the Eastland.</p> <p>1916. Congress passes eight hour a day law for railroad employees and averts a general strike.</p>

GLIMPSSES OF SCENIC AMERICA

The grandeur and scenic beauty of America is surpassed by no other region of the world. The grim Rocky Mountains and the varied scenery of the Appalachians easily hold their own with the snow-clad Alps of Switzerland or the Sierra Nevadas of Spain.

Where but in America can be found a Grand Cañon, a Yosemite, a Yellowstone, a Garden of the Gods, a Mount Rainier, and a New Glacier Park with more unscaled peaks in it than all the well known peaks of Switzerland? Then there is the "sapphire" region of North Carolina, the Piedmont region of the Virginias, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, lakes, numerous rivers, waterfalls, and wonderfully architected caverns—all complete in interest and wonder. Niagara and the Great Lakes are unique in Nature's wonderland; while the Hudson and the Mississippi need only historic ruins and lordly castles to rival the "Blue Danube" and the picturesque Rhine.

The Grand Cañon is 217 miles long, from 13 to 20 wide, and a straight drop a mile deep, or 7 miles as the trail zigzags down. It is a colossal trench, with side cañons going off laterally its full length, dozens of them to each mile, like ribs along a backbone. To reach the bottom of the cañon one descends peak after peak down a sheer 7,000 feet a good deal steeper than the ordinary stair and in places quite perpendicular. Along this wondrous road or roads are to be seen Sunset Point, Bright Angel Trail, Grand View, Dripping Springs, the Petrified Forests, and numerous other views celebrated by travelers and writers.

Mount Rainier National Park has all the fascination of the unreal—it is difficult to believe what you see. The mountain itself, the highest in the United States—gives the impression of a great gray wraith hung somewhere

between the earth and the North Star. One of the most notable views is from Reflection Lake, where, in a smooth body of water the snow clad peak is mirrored upside down. But the mountain is only one of a hundred notable views.

Glacier National Park comprises a tract of more than 1,500 square miles in northwestern Montana, wild in native beauty in most satisfying forms. This Park is yet in its infancy, but with 300 lakes, some of them a dozen miles long, sixty glaciers, sharp mountain peaks and shadowy canons innumerable, is not without infinite variety of charm.

The Appalachians of the eastern part of the United States contain many famous regions. No spot is surpassed, however, by the "Sapphire country," the heart of which lies among the beautiful North Carolina mountains in the vicinity of Asheville. There are fifty-seven peaks in this area having an altitude of more than 6,000 feet.

Chattanooga, in Tennessee, picturesquely situated at the foot of Lookout Mountain, possibly commands the finest views in all the Appalachian region, chief among which is the celebrated "Moccasin Bend."

In the Old Dominion the great Natural Bridge leads in scenic popularity. It was once the property of Thomas Jefferson, and upon it George Washington carved his name.

The Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, with its wonderful caverns and defiles; the Yosemite, of California, with its remarkable waterfalls, cascades, and panorama of mountain and vale; the Yellowstone Park, with its steaming geysers, yawning chasms, and jagged peaks; the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, with its personifications of Nature—all vie with one another in beauty and grandeur.



NIAGARA, THE WORLD'S GREATEST FALLS



THE SPELL OF THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA

The Grand Cañon is not a solitude. It is a living, moving, pulsating being, ever changing in form and color, pinnacles and towers springing into being out of unseen depths. From dusk shades of brown and black, scarlet flames suddenly flash out and then die away into stretches of orange and purple.



PICTURESQUE LAKE FAIRFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA

An exquisite bit of lake and mountain scenery in the "Land of the Sky."

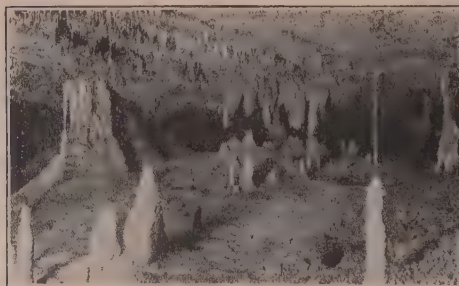


The famous Natural Bridge of Virginia, near the James River, is 215 feet high.



THE NONNEZOSHI ARCH, UTAH

Over 300 feet high and 275 feet between its abutments.



MAMMOTH CAVE, KY.

This great natural wonder contains 200 miles of underground passages, domes, pits and rivers.



OPEN COUNTRY OF OREGON

The train rounds this almost circular bend of the Deschutes River Cañon, called the Horseshoe.



MOUNT RAINIER FROM THE SOUTHWEST

From Indian Henry's Hunting Ground the view of Mount Rainier is one of unparalleled beauty. The heavy green of the serrated pines makes a foreground that contrasts sharply with the rock peak seamed with age-old glaciers. It is said that the glacial system of this one mountain is greater in extent than that of the entire Swiss Alps.



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

The distinction of these Falls is due in large part to their beautiful setting. Here the river contracts at the brink to 75 feet, and then plunges in a stream of glittering lace into the abyss 310 feet beneath.



BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA

Here in the Sequoia National Park are trees several thousand years old and over 400 feet in height.



GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

At each effort of the Giant vast quantities of scalding water and steam are thrown up over 200 feet in height.



THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO

This theater of natural wonders covers about 500 acres and is literally strewn with odd fragments of Nature's handiwork carved out of earth and stone.



MOUNT MCKINLEY, ALASKA—HIGHEST PEAK IN NORTH AMERICA

This giant mountain 20,464 feet high has baffled all explorers above 17,150 feet.

MEN WHO MADE OUR COUNTRY GREAT

BY JEANNETTE RECTOR HODGSON

PATRICK HENRY
SAMUEL ADAMS
GEORGE WASHINGTON
PHILIP SCHUYLER
NATHANAEL GREENE
JOHN PAUL JONES
GILBERT MORTIER DE LAFAYETTE
THOMAS JEFFERSON
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
DANIEL BOONE
ELI WHITNEY
ROBERT FULTON
OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

THOMAS MACDONOUGH
ANDREW JACKSON
DEWITT CLINTON
GEORGE STEPHENSON
HENRY CLAY
DANIEL WEBSTER
SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT
ROBERT EDWARD LEE
DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT
CYRUS HALL MCCORMICK
GEORGE DEWEY



PATRICK HENRY ADDRESSING THE VIRGINIA ASSEMBLY

"Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.—
Treason! treason! If this be
Treason make the most of it."

PATRICK HENRY—Born 1736—Died 1799

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
 Queen by God's blessing, unsceptered, uncrowned!
 Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
 Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!
 —HOLMES'S "Freedom, our Queen."

HAD you chanced to walk many years ago in the streets of a certain little Virginia town, you might have met a tall man, carelessly dressed, with a slouching gait and an air of indifference. Such was the general appearance of Patrick Henry. But if you had seen this same man an hour later in the court room, you would have scarcely believed your eyes. In the heat of an exciting debate Patrick Henry's lank form would straighten; his calm face become intense; his eyes flash fire; while the magic of his words held his hearers spellbound. After his first important speech, a listener said: "He made our blood run cold and our hair stand on end." Such was the power of this great orator who helped to bring about the founding of the American nation. Let us see how it happened.

When Patrick Henry was a young man, the United States as a nation did not exist. There was no central government—no President, no United States Congress. The street bands did not play the "Star-Spangled Banner," for there was no American flag. Instead, the people listened to "God save the King," for the colonists in America looked upon England as their mother country, and regarded her king as their ruler.

In the year 1765 a bill called the Stamp Act was passed by the English Parliament. Parliament makes England's laws just as Congress at Washington makes our own. By this act

the colonists were obliged to put a stamp, from a half-penny to ten pounds in value, on paper used for newspapers, or for legal purposes, such as wills, deeds, and notes.

In this way King George III proposed to raise money to keep a small English army in America, for he felt that such a body of troops was needed to defend the settlers. "It is, therefore, only fair," said the king, "that the colonists should support this army."

Now in America it was believed that people should not be taxed except by their own representatives. For hundreds of years their forefathers in England had stood for this great principle. Each colony had its legislature, elected by the people, and if it chose to levy a tax, well and good. But since the colonists were allowed no voice in the English government, it seemed to them very unjust that Parliament should decide the taxes that they must pay. Prominent men, such as Benjamin Franklin, were sent to England, to protest that "taxation without representation" was tyranny. From Maine to Georgia people were aroused over the Stamp Act. Furthermore, the colonists did not want British soldiers in America. They said that they were able to protect themselves, now that the trouble with the French was ended.

The king did not pay any attention to the protest of the colonists. The leaders among the Americans, therefore, urged their friends and neighbors

to refuse to pay the tax, and Patrick Henry was one of the foremost of these leaders.

Besides being one of America's greatest orators, Henry was an able lawyer, a wise statesman, and a true-hearted, lovable man. He was born at Studley, Virginia. His father was a well-educated Scotchman, and his mother an English woman with ready wit and a great fondness for music.

When Patrick was taken from the village school, at the age of ten, his father and uncle became his teachers. He studied mathematics, Latin, and Greek, and when fifteen years old was apprenticed to a country shop-keeper. A year later his father started Patrick and a brother not much older in a business for themselves.

Would you think it strange if boys of that age did not succeed? As might have been expected, the venture failed, but Patrick did not lose heart. He kept up his interest in study, and read many of his books over and over again. He liked best geography and history. He loved out-of-door pastimes, hunting, fishing, and roaming through woods and fields. His friends thought him an idle, dreamy youth, jovial and fond of frolic; but no one foresaw that he was destined to play an important part in American history.

When eighteen Patrick Henry married, and after a few years spent in trying to make a living at farming, and again at store keeping, he decided to study law. At last he had found the right work. After a few months of study, he was admitted to the bar, and his fine mind, good judgment, and remarkable gift of speech soon won him fame and fortune.

His first celebrated case was known as the "Parson's Cause." Its object was to secure larger salaries for clergymen. Nothing like Henry's elo-

quence in arguing this case ever had been heard in the colony. A few moments after he began to speak his listeners were leaning forward in breathless silence. The young lawyer's father was so amazed and delighted by his mastery of words that "tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks." When the trial came to a close, the people bore Patrick Henry on their shoulders out of the courthouse, and carried him around the yard in triumph.

But Henry's name was to become known far beyond the borders of Virginia. In 1765 he was elected to the House of Burgesses. On his twenty-ninth birthday, only a few days after taking his seat in the House, a debate arose over the stamp tax. Henry sprang to his feet, and in a ringing oration declared that no power outside the colony itself had any right to impose a tax on its people. He offered a series of resolutions condemning the Stamp Act as dangerous to liberty. Thomas Jefferson, then a young man, was present. Long years afterward he said: "That speech of Patrick Henry's excelled anything I have ever heard."

That was a lively day in the House of Burgesses. Among the members were many Tories, that is, persons so loyal to the king that they believed America should submit to whatever he thought best. You can imagine the excitement when young Patrick Henry, ending his great address, exclaimed: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—he was stopped by cries from the king's friends of "Treason! Treason!" But the orator was not to be frightened. When the cries ceased, he finished with great earnestness—"and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

In the audience were many persons who thought that Patrick Henry would surely be hanged for his bold words against the king. But to commit an act of treason was far from Henry's intention. Simple justice was all that he demanded of George III. He little dreamed that he had made a speech that would stir all the colonies and live in history.

His resolutions passed the House in the face of great opposition, and were soon printed and scattered broadcast through the colonies. They helped to strengthen the other colonies in their determination to resist the stamp tax.

When the heated session was over, Henry started quietly for home. "He passed down the street," said a neighbor, "wearing buckskin breeches, his saddlebags on his arm, leading a lean horse, and chatting with a friend who walked at his side."

George III was slow to learn that the people have rights as well as the king. He would have done well to give heed to the discontent of the colonists and to the counsel of wise English statesmen. Many members of Parliament, among them William Pitt, sympathized with the Americans, and were glad when they refused to pay the stamp tax. "I rejoice," said Pitt in a great speech in the House of Commons, "that America has resisted."

If this had been the first unjust measure imposed by England upon her colonies, they might have regarded it with less concern. We have already learned how they had to confine their trade in tobacco, rice, and other American products to English ports, to use only English ships, and to buy nothing made in any factory or mill except an English one. They were not allowed to make for themselves so much as a horseshoe nail, or to

print even a copy of the New Testament. We know, also, that some of the governors who were sent out from England, men like Berkeley, for example, were more concerned with making fortunes for themselves and for the king, than in advancing the interests of the settlers in America.

So the colonists everywhere agreed that they would not pay the hated stamp tax, and to show they were in earnest, they burned boxes of stamped paper as soon as they were taken from the ships. When King George found that the colonists would not pay this tax, he tried a new method of getting money from them. Another act was passed, providing that they should pay a tax on all tea, glass, paper, and paint which they bought in England. This only aroused anew the anger of the colonists, who declared: "We will do without all these things rather than pay duty on them."

In the next chapter we shall learn more about this tax and what came of it. Boston resented it so bitterly that the king thought he would punish that town by closing the port, so that no vessel might enter or leave the harbor.

Upon hearing this, all the colonies determined to help Boston in her trouble. Some of the wisest and best men of each colony were chosen in 1774 to meet in Philadelphia at what is known in history as the First Continental Congress. They met to talk over the alarming situation and to agree upon some plan of action.

Patrick Henry and George Washington were among the delegates sent from Virginia. These were the days before railroads and steamboats, and Henry made the journey from Virginia to Philadelphia on horseback, stopping over night at Mount Vernon. In the morning he and Washington set out together for the Congress.

In the convention Patrick Henry's words made a deep impression. He urged the delegates to forget that they were from the colonies of Pennsylvania, New York, or Massachusetts, and to remember that hereafter they must all unite in a common cause. For himself he declared, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." John Adams afterward said: "No one in the Congress except Patrick Henry appeared to understand the precipice upon which we stood, and had candor and courage enough to acknowledge it."

Not long after the close of the Continental Congress, a convention was held in Virginia. Matters had gone from bad to worse, and the trouble with King George was daily growing more serious.

The convention met in St. John's Church, Richmond. This old building is now visited every year by thousands of persons eager to see the place where Patrick Henry made his wonderful speech. On that memorable day it was crowded to the doors. The greatest excitement prevailed. But when the clear voice of the orator rang out a deathlike silence fell upon all. Straightening himself to his full height, with commanding and graceful gestures, and the passion for freedom flashing from his eyes, the speaker said:

"There is no longer any room for hope of peace. If we wish to be free, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us. We shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forgive it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as

for me, give me liberty or give me death."

In this famous address, parts of which are today known to every schoolboy, Patrick Henry had the courage to utter words which most of his countrymen felt, but did not dare express.

As we continue our story we shall see that war did come, with all its horror and bloodshed, and we shall learn what were the results of that great conflict.

Throughout the rest of his life Patrick Henry was a brave, loyal, and useful citizen. Just before war was declared, the royal governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, took all the colony's gunpowder from the public storehouse and placed it on board an English vessel. The people could stand such injustice no longer, and Patrick Henry led the first armed resistance to English rule in Virginia. He organized a volunteer force and compelled the governor to pay the colony for the gunpowder.

Henry was a delegate to the Second Continental Congress, and he was the first commander of the Virginia Revolutionary army. When the war cloud burst and the royal governor was obliged to withdraw, Henry was made the first governor of Virginia. To this post Patrick Henry was twice reelected, but he declined many national offices—secretary of state under President Washington, chief justice of the United States, and an ambassadorship to France.

The last years of the great orator's life were spent on his large plantation, Red Hill, surrounded by his children and grandchildren; and he loved nothing better than to play and romp with little children.

Patrick Henry suffered from poor health for many years, but he was always ready to do whatever he could

for his state and country. He was beloved by every one for his sweetness of character, sympathy for the oppressed, and willingness to help all who were in trouble. "He was a good fighter," said one in speaking of him, "but never a good hater." People sometimes wronged him because they were jealous of his fame and power, but his heart was too kind to harbor bitterness even toward these.

The terrible war between England and her American colonies is known as the Revolution. Wherever its story is told, the name of Patrick Henry will live. Americans will never forget the man who dared to rise in that famous Virginia convention and declare that he would rather die than live without liberty. By this and similar speeches he helped to inspire the colonists to stand firm for freedom, and to win it.

SAMUEL ADAMS—Born 1722—Died 1803

Swift as their summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

—WHITTIER'S "Lexington."

THIS is a glorious morning for America," said Samuel Adams when he heard the first guns fired at Lexington. He knew that his countrymen had at last begun the fight for independence. Samuel Adams was a quiet, peace-loving man, who hated the horrors of war, but he also hated injustice and oppression. "Unless King George's tyranny is checked," said he, "it will increase until we are little more than slaves."

Adams was among the very first to declare that England had no right to tax the American colonies. At a town meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, a building which has been called the "Cradle of Liberty," he spoke out almost as boldly as had Patrick Henry in Virginia. "I denounce the act as unjust," said he, "and I urge you not to submit to it." Benjamin Franklin, who at this time was in England, advised

the king and Parliament not to attempt to enforce the tax. "I warn you," said Franklin, "that my countrymen will never submit." But, as he afterward said, "I might as well have tried to stop the sun setting."

The colonists were no more willing to pay the tax on tea, glass, and paint than they had been to pay the stamp tax. "Let us all agree," said Samuel Adams, "to eat and drink and wear nothing which England sends here to sell, so long as the king demands this money from us." Throughout the colonies thousands of persons refused to use anything of British manufacture. Wives and daughters, no matter how wealthy, wore fabrics which they themselves spun and wove, while men banded together to resist the tax. They called themselves the "Sons of Liberty."

Month by month the feeling against King George grew more bitter. On

the day when the new tax went into effect business was suspended, bells were tolled, and flags raised at half-mast. Urged by Adams, the Massachusetts Assembly sent to the other colonies a letter asking them to resist the English agents who tried to collect the money.

But England seemed bent on doing everything in her power to annoy the Americans. She sent troops to New York and to Boston, with orders that they should be supported at the public expense. "In this way," said the king, "I will punish these obstinate people."

Two regiments landed at Long Wharf, Boston, and marched to the common, where they paraded with much pomp. The citizens were very indignant, and, as might have been expected, trouble came before long. Workmen and idlers constantly passing the places where the troops were quartered, managed to bring on disputes and quarrels, and as time wore on people of all classes became more and more angry at the presence of the soldiers. But the royal governor felt himself much safer with English soldiers in the town, and would not withdraw them.

One day in March, 1770, after the soldiers had been quartered in Boston about a year and a half, a mob of excited people attacked a body of troops with stones, sticks, and pieces of ice, and dared the "lobster backs" to fire. The red-coat British soldiers accepted the challenge. They discharged their muskets into the crowd, and several persons were killed or wounded.

On the morning following this massacre the people of Boston rose in their might. With one voice they declared that England had no right to send armed troops into a peaceful city, and they demanded that

these hated regiments be removed from the town. After much discussion Governor Hutchinson agreed to send one regiment away.

But this did not satisfy the colonists. A committee of fifteen men, led by Samuel Adams, called a town meeting in the Old South Meeting House, as Faneuil Hall was too small to hold all those who were eager to attend. The people of Boston held Adams in great respect; and when he earnestly insisted that "both regiments or none" should be removed, the crowd took up the cry. "Both regiments or none! Both regiments or none!" shouted thousands of voices in the building and in the streets. At length the governor was forced to yield, and promised to send all the soldiers to an island in the harbor. These troops were always jokingly called "the Sam Adams regiments."

Let us now look a little more closely at Samuel Adams himself. He had a fine face, clear, steel-blue eyes, was of medium height, and possessed pleasing manners. He was born in a fine old mansion in Boston, and was educated in the local schools and at Harvard. His father, who was a man of influence in the town, had at one time been wealthy, but had lost his money in an unfortunate banking venture. Forced to enter business again, he became the owner of a malt house, with Samuel for his partner, and after the father's death the young man carried on the business. He was nicknamed "Sammy the malster."

Samuel Adams was nearly thirty years old before he began to take an active interest in public affairs. He had passed his fortieth year before his career as a great statesman began. At this age his hair turned gray, and he began to suffer from a

peculiar nervous trembling of the head and hands.

Notwithstanding this outward appearance of age, a youthful fire burned in his heart. In his fortieth year he gave up all personal business, and until he was over eighty devoted his life to his country. When not attending public meetings or to the duties of his offices, he was busy writing until long past midnight. Seeing a bright light in his window when they were ready for bed, his neighbors would say, "Sam Adams is still at work writing against the Tories." Brave Mrs. Adams shared her husband's patriotism. While he gave his time to the cause of American independence, she cheerfully toiled with her needle to obtain food for the children.

Of the long struggle between America and England before war was finally declared, it has been said that in the North: "Boston led the thirteen colonies, and Sam Adams led Boston." It is certainly doubtful whether the courage of the colonists would have held out if Samuel Adams had not worked night and day, always cheerfully, always hopefully, urging his countrymen to stand firm for liberty.

To return to the exciting events in Boston; nothing after the withdrawal of the troops so aroused the public as the "Boston Tea Party." In those days the men and women of Massachusetts were quite as fond of good tea as they are now; but you remember that tea was one of the articles England had taxed, and the colonists had pledged themselves to do without it. Accordingly, when a vessel bearing chests of tea came up to a Boston wharf, the inhabitants declared that it should not be unloaded. Notices were posted, inviting the citizens to meet under the Liberty Tree, to take such action as would

compe. the shippers to carry their goods back across the water. At this moment news arrived that three more tea ships were on the way.

"This tea," said Adams, "is more to be dreaded than plague or pestilence." Another meeting was called, and seven thousand people filled the Old South Meeting House and overflowed into the street. They sent for one of the shippers and put to him the question: "Will you take your tea back to England?" His reply was: "The governor will not permit me to do so at present." "Then," said Samuel Adams, "this meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

It had been previously arranged that this remark of Adams should be a signal for action. Men rose from their seats, and followed a few disguised as Indians to Griffin's Wharf, where in the pale moonlight the tea ship rode at anchor. "If the tea cannot go back to England, it shall not be landed," cried the crowd. Leaping aboard the vessel, the men in Indian dress hurled three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the harbor. For many a long month afterward Boston housewives steeped catnip and pennyroyal, and with patriotic zeal tried to enjoy this new drink.

The news of the Boston Tea Party quickly spread over the country. Horsemen galloped in every direction to tell the story, and throughout the colonies there was great rejoicing. The citizens of Massachusetts now formed a Provincial Congress and chose John Hancock as president.

In the same year, 1774, the First Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, and here, too, Samuel Adams became an imposing and powerful figure. He appeared in a new suit of clothes, new wig, new silk stock-

ings and shoes—all provided by admiring friends. None of the ardent Americans who met in that famous Congress in the Quaker City worked harder for the union of the colonies against their oppressor than did stout-hearted Samuel Adams.

"I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty," said he, "though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty. One such free man must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves."

While this Congress was in session Massachusetts enrolled an army of twelve thousand soldiers in order that she might be prepared if England should resort to arms. They were called "minutemen," for they held themselves ready to fight at a moment's notice.

Before the convening of the Second Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1775, an event of tremendous importance happened in America. The British had fired the first shot in the war of the Revolution, the war that was to free America from English rule.

General Gage, the British military commander, had sent regiments out beyond Boston. He had heard that the "Yankees" had stored a quantity of ammunition at Concord, and he resolved to seize it. So on the night of April 18, 1775, eight hundred British troops set out for Concord. They had orders to stop at Lexington and arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams, for it was known that they were in Lexington that night, ready to start the next day for the Congress at Philadelphia. The king knew just how important a part these men were playing in American resistance, and he ordered General

Gage to send them to England to be tried for treason.

Now the Americans had been quietly watching the British and knew exactly what they were intending to do. It had been agreed that as soon as the English troops started toward Concord, a lantern would be hung in the belfry of the Old North Church in Boston. As soon as this signal flashed, horsemen dashed out of the town to spread the news that the English were coming. William Dawes sped through Roxbury and Watertown, and Paul Revere rode through the towns north and west of Boston.

As Revere spurred his tired steed into Lexington, the watchman who guarded the house in which Adams and Hancock were sleeping met the daring horseman with the caution, "The family does not wish to be disturbed by any noise." "Noise!" shouted the excited Paul Revere. "Why, man, the English are coming!"

He was none too soon. Clearly the sound of marching infantry was heard on the still night air. In haste Captain Parker assembled his minutemen on the village green. "Stand your ground," was his command. "Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

It was almost daybreak when the redcoats, under Major Pitcairn, marched into the village and saw the Americans drawn up on the common. "Disperse, ye villains!" shouted Pitcairn. The colonists did not move. "Fire!" he commanded, and seven American patriots fell dead. The British had been the first to fire.

Adams and Hancock were by this time making their way in safety across the meadows toward Woburn, and forty-eight hours later they were on the road to Philadelphia.

After their deadly work at Lexington the British soldiers marched on, destroying whatever military stores they could find. But when the call "To arms!" came, with the tragic news of Lexington, the minutemen proved their faithfulness. Leaving plows in furrows, they rushed home for shotguns, powderhorns, and bullets which had been made from pewter spoons and dishes melted by their wives. Jumping on their horses, in many instances without stopping to put on coats, they rode from far and near toward the scene of action. Across the bridge at Concord gathered these patriot farmers, calm and resolute, ready to give their lives for the cause of liberty, and there they met the redcoats in the first battle of the Revolution, in which several men on both sides were killed.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,

Their flag to the April's breeze unfurled,

Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The British started to march back to Boston, but the farmers were now thoroughly aroused. They fired from behind trees, fences, and buildings, and nearly three hundred redcoats had fallen before the Charlestown quarters were reached.

On the 17th of June of this memorable year the famous battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill were heights of Charlestown, with a commanding view of Boston. General Gage thought that he would seize and hold the heights for the British.

When the Americans heard of this, fifteen hundred men under Colonel Prescott advanced up Breed's Hill after dark, and spent the whole night in building an embankment for pro-

tection. Imagine the astonishment of Gage when the sun rose, and he saw Colonel Prescott in command of the summit. The English general bit his lip in disappointment. "Is he a fighter?" he asked some one who stood near. "He will fight as long as there is a drop of blood left in his body," was the reply.

The heat of the day was intense, but an army of three thousand British troops, under General Howe, started at noon to climb the hill. As they neared the top, they were met with a terrific fire from the American guns. Exhausted, the English fell back, but they soon rallied and made a second attack, only to be driven back a second time with fearful loss.

"Will the British give it up?" "Can our men hold out?" These were questions burning on the lips of thousands who, from the roofs and steeples of Boston, watched the terrible battle.

By the time the English had rallied for their third assault, the Americans were firing their last rounds of ammunition. In any event the colonists who had toiled all night with shovels could not have gone on fighting for many more hours against fresh arrivals of British troops. Colonel Prescott saw that the moment had come to order a retreat, but their resistance had been so remarkable that the battle could scarcely be called a victory for the enemy. England's trained military men were astounded to find how well the American farmers could fight.

The brave stand of these Massachusetts men strengthened all the colonies in their determination to take up arms for liberty. They now gave up hope of bringing King George to reason by peaceful means, and felt that there was only one thing left—to fight for freedom.

To the close of his long life Samuel Adams gave his time and strength to his country. King George had failed to capture him and thus force him to stop urging his countrymen forward.

The king now tried bribery. He sent General Gage to offer Adams valuable gifts and a powerful position if he would desert the colonies and come over to England's side.

Can you not imagine the anger of Samuel Adams when this message was received? Gage knew better than to deliver it in person, so he sent a messenger. The indignation of the patriot knew no bounds. "Tell Governor Gage," he angrily replied, "that it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him that he no longer insult the feelings of an exasperated people. No personal consideration shall ever induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country."

Besides being a member of the Massachusetts Senate, Adams served in Congress for eight years, and was three times elected governor of his state. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the

famous document drawn up by Congress in 1776, which stated that "The United Colonies are, and by right ought to be, free and independent states." When Adams signed this paper, it was perhaps the proudest moment of his life. By his side sat his friend, John Hancock, who dashed down his name in huge letters, "In order," said he, "that George the Third may read it without spectacles." "Now," said some other signer, "we must all hang together." "Yes," quickly replied Ben Franklin with ready wit, "or we shall all hang separately."

When Samuel Adams died he was buried in the old Granary burying ground in Boston. Every one mourned his loss. His simple ways and threadbare clothes had endeared him to the poor, who regarded him as their friend and were not afraid to come to him at all times for help. The wealthy and educated appreciated him still more, for they knew the sacrifices he had made, and what his busy brain and willing pen had done to help the cause for which they were all fighting.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Born 1732—Died 1799

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

—BRYANT'S "The Twenty-second of February."

EVERYONE is familiar with the portrait of Washington, for it hangs upon the walls of school-houses throughout the land. But do you know anything about his boyhood? Did you ever try to picture him in his home in Virginia, playing with his younger brothers and sisters; or riding over his father's plantation by the side of his older half-brothers?

George Washington was born at Bridges Creek, Virginia. His childhood was passed near Fredericksburg, on a fine estate to which his parents moved when he was very young. Here Washington's father, a man of excellent education, and his beautiful mother reared their large family. Lawrence, the oldest child, was sent to England to be educated, for the family was of good English ancestry, and the Washingtons in America still loved their old home.

There were no good country schools near Fredericksburg in those early days. George Washington learned to "read, write, and cipher" in an "old field schoolhouse," where the parish sexton was teacher.

Before the boy was eleven years old his father died, and after that his mother had to fill the place of both parents. She tried to teach George self-control, for he had a high temper, and to implant in him a love of honor and justice. After a time she sent him to live with his brother Augustine at Bridges Creek, that he might go to a better school.

It is clear that at the age of thirteen Washington regarded his school work very seriously. He learned to draw up documents and keep accounts, and this training was of great benefit to him in later years. Some of the neat copy books that he made in these days are still in existence.

Washington was a tall, strong boy, fond of all kinds of athletics. His playmates found it hard to keep pace with him, but they loved him and looked upon him as a leader who would settle fairly all disputes. He could throw a stone farther than any other boy, and excelled in jumping and wrestling. He was a great lover of horses, and was never afraid to ride any that he could mount. His

mother's favorite colt was so wild that no one but George dared to put a bridle on him.

During the last years of his school life Washington studied mathematics and land surveying. The country was still young; immense tracts of land were unexplored; in fact, the entire territory west of the Mississippi River was an untrodden wilderness. So surveying was one of the most useful occupations for which a youth could fit himself.

Lawrence Washington was now married and lived on a large estate on the Potomac River, where George would spend weeks at a time. Lawrence named his plantation Mount Vernon, in memory of Admiral Vernon, an English commander with whom he had served in a campaign in the West Indies.

Near the broad acres of Mount Vernon lay the immense estate of Lord Fairfax, whose cousin was Lawrence Washington's wife. Fairfax, in his American home, lived exactly like an English country gentleman. He kept many horses and hounds, and enjoyed fox hunts in true English style.

Young George soon became a favorite with this jolly English lord, who delighted to take the boy with him to hunt or to ride over his vast domain. Fairfax was impressed by the lad's skill in managing horses, and by the ability he showed in surveying his brother's fields.

It chanced that Lord Fairfax's property extended so far into the wilderness that he was not certain where it ended. He therefore proposed that Washington should make a survey of his estate, and properly mark its boundaries. The youth was much pleased to undertake the task, and at the beginning of his seventeenth year, with Fairfax's son for

companion, he set out to make the survey.

Before he returned he had surveyed a large part of the lovely valley through which the Shenandoah River flows. He had learned how to enjoy the rough life of the woods; how to build camp fires and to cook; how to sleep comfortably under the stars.

He had become hardened by long rides and tramps in bad weather, and had met many Indians whom he made his friends. Through the influence of Lord Fairfax, Washington was appointed public surveyor. His measurements were so accurate that they are used to this day.

The story of the French and Indian War has already been told, but it will be interesting to review Washington's part in it. You will remember that the English had no idea of allowing the French to hold the country between the Mississippi River and the Alleghany Mountains. In the year 1753 they sent a message to the French, commanding them to stop building forts at Presque Isle, Le Boeuf, and Venango.

George Washington was chosen to carry this letter through the wild country to the French commander. Washington was only twenty-one years of age at this time. In the depths of winter, through dense woods and over swollen streams, he traveled on horseback five hundred miles and safely delivered the message. With the sealed reply in his pocket he set out on the perilous homeward journey.

The country was full of Indians, whom the French had tried by every means in their power to win to their side. This made Washington's ride extremely dangerous, for the Indians laid many traps for him. Yet he not only escaped, but sometimes made friends of the very savages who tried to capture him.

The letter which Washington carried back was not satisfactory to the English. "We can plainly see," said they, "that the French will never peaceably give up that country. There is nothing left for us to do but to send troops to the frontier."

The point where the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers join to form the Ohio, seemed to be the best location for a military stronghold, and accordingly the English began to build a fort there. But the French, too, wanted this junction. One day, to the great surprise of the handful of Englishmen at work, one thousand Frenchmen appeared and drove them out of the half-built fort. The French then took possession, finished the work, and named the fort Duquesne, in honor of the governor of Canada.

In the spring of 1754, Colonel Fry was sent out with a force of English to drive the French from this important post. Washington was second in command, but, by the death of his colonel, he soon became head of the expedition.

For one month the English troops marched forward with all possible speed. Then at Great Meadows they met a body of Frenchmen, and no sooner did the enemies meet than firing began. Ten Frenchmen were killed and twenty taken prisoners, while Washington lost only one man.

When the excitement of the first skirmish was over and victory was his, Washington exclaimed, "There is something charming in the sound of the whistling bullets." Years afterward, when he had learned too well what war really meant, he was asked if he remembered ever to have made such a remark. Gravely the great commander replied: "If I said so, it was when I was very young."

Washington realized the danger of so long a march through the enemy's

country, so he ordered a halt and in great haste built Fort Necessity as a place of retreat. Here he was overtaken by a large force of Frenchmen, who outnumbered him four to one. As his provisions were nearly exhausted, he was obliged to surrender and return to Virginia.

The death of Lawrence Washington had placed George in possession of Mount Vernon, which was ever afterward his home. But he had hardly time to begin to enjoy the quiet country life, when again he felt called to public service.

England was now thoroughly alive to the necessity of driving out the French. Regular troops were sent to America in the summer of 1755, under the command of General Braddock. When Washington rode over from Mount Vernon to Alexandria, where the well-trained redcoats were assembling, he felt a strong desire to join Braddock's army, and the general was delighted to have so valuable a man on his staff.

With banners flying and drums beating, the troops left Alexandria on a pleasant April day. Braddock was an experienced commander, but knew nothing of war in the wilderness. When Washington warned him of the dangers from Indians, he haughtily replied: "These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should made an impression."

Brave, but mistaken, General Braddock! The chariot in which he gaily set out, a bodyguard galloping on each side, had to be abandoned in the rough, narrow mountain roads. A hard march indeed he then found it. After a time Washington advised sending out scouting parties to clear the woods of Indians. Braddock laughed at this

and with England's colors flying in the wind pressed boldly on. This was a fatal error; for what Washington feared soon happened.

With terrible yells and war whoops the Indians opened a murderous fire from behind trees and bushes. The poor soldiers were mercilessly shot down without even seeing their enemies. Unused to this kind of fighting the boasted "king's regulars" became panic-stricken. They did not stop to obey their officers, but fled in terror, firing wildly as they ran. Often they killed their own men.

Braddock remained in the thick of the fight until he was borne from the field fatally wounded. Washington had two horses shot under him, and four bullets passed through his coat sleeve. The English army was completely routed. Before Braddock breathed his last, he acknowledged to Washington that he should have taken his advice. This defeat was a bitter blow, but preparations were at once begun for greater efforts, and again Washington busied himself in planning the capture of Fort Duquesne.

This proved an easy task. The French had become frightened at the manner in which the colonists of New York and New England were seizing French strongholds in the north, so they resolved to retreat. They blew up the magazine, set fire to the fort, and marched out the very day before Washington's men came up. The English placed their flag on the ruins, rebuilt the fort, and named it Fort Pitt.

Washington resigned his commission in the army in 1759, and in the same year was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, a young widow. At this time Washington was well known throughout the colonies. Though only twenty-seven years of age, he was everywhere looked upon as one

of the best military leaders. He was made a member of the Virginia legislature, and was present when the House passed a vote of thanks for the services he had rendered his country. The young man, so bold and daring in the saddle and on the battlefield, rose to reply; but he blushed, stammered, and could not utter a word. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker, smiling, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

Washington loved the country life at Mount Vernon. Instead of trusting his estate to overseers, he looked after all details himself. His early training in the methodical keeping of accounts now stood him in good stead. The handsome mansion became noted for its hospitality. There were many wealthy planters in Virginia, and life there was much gayer than in New England among the strict Puritans. Mrs. Washington rode out in her chariot drawn by four horses, with black postilions in livery. Washington never lost the love of hunting that he acquired when, as a boy, he rode by the side of Lord Fairfax, and many were the fox hunts, ending in jolly dinners, that the master of Mount Vernon enjoyed with his friends. When Mrs. Custis married Washington, she had two charming children whom he loved as his own, and tenderly cared for. And so passed happily the first years of his married life.

When Patrick Henry returned from the First Continental Congress, some one asked him whom he considered the greatest man at the Congress. Henry's reply was: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man." After the famous Virginia convention at which Henry declared that the colo-

nists must fight, Washington wrote to his brother: "It is my full intention, if needful, to devote my life and fortune to the cause of liberty."

When the Second Continental Congress met in 1775, the first blood of the Revolution had been shed at Lexington and Concord. It was necessary for Congress to come at once to the support of the brave minutemen, and to organize a regular army with a commander-in-chief. When John Adams rose and said: "I have but one gentleman in mind for that important command, a gentleman from Virginia, who is well known to us all," all eyes were upon the modest young colonel, who quickly darted out of the room.

Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the army. With a full understanding of the great trust placed in his hands, he solemnly pledged himself to devote his time and energy to the cause of freedom. But he declined to accept any pay for his services.

On the 21st of June, 1775, the commander set out on horseback from Philadelphia for Boston, accompanied by his major generals, Lee and Schuyler. They halted at New York and learned the details of the battle of Bunker Hill. With increased speed Washington pressed on towards Cambridge, where headquarters had been provided for him in a fine old mansion, afterward the home of the poet Longfellow. As he rode into camp, the shouts of the delighted soldiers and the roaring of cannon gave him a welcome. Under an old elm tree, which is still standing, General Washington drew his sword, and took formal command of the army.

Captain Daniel Morgan of New Jersey had been with Washington under Braddock. When his young Virginia friend was made commander-

in-chief, Morgan marched his little company of sharpshooters to Cambridge, covering the six hundred miles in three weeks.

As Washington learned that the English in Canada were planning to attack New York, he sent troops northward. The army left behind was without ammunition. There was, therefore, wild rejoicing among the Cambridge troops when General Knox appeared one day with forty cannon. He had captured Fort Ticonderoga, and had dragged the guns all the way to Cambridge with ox teams and sleds.

The time had now come when the British were to be driven out of Boston. One night in March, 1776, under Washington's direction, hundreds of men worked silently in the moonlight and threw up intrenchments on Dorchester Heights. The next morning the British officers were astonished. Said one of them: "At daybreak we discovered two redoubts on Dorchester Point, and two smaller ones on their flanks. They were all raised during last night with an expedition equal to that of the genii belonging to Aladdin's wonderful lamp. From these hills the Americans command the whole town, so that we must drive them from their post or desert the place."

General Howe, who had forced Prescott from Bunker Hill, could scarcely believe his eyes when he beheld this fortress through the morning fog. "These rebels," he exclaimed, "have done more work in one night than my whole army would have done in a month." Before this he had said that he "hoped the rebels would attack him"; but he was not so anxious to fight now.

He saw, however, that something must be done. So between two and three thousand men were sent on transports to Castle William, where

other British troops were quartered. While the troops were on the water a violent storm came up. The boats could make no headway, but lay tossing at the mercy of the gale for two days, while the rain fell in torrents, and wild winds piled the surf so high that the transports could not land.

When the storm at last was over, General Howe was vexed to find that the Americans had had time to strengthen their breastworks, and that he could not possibly drive them out. His fleet lay fully exposed to the fire from Dorchester Heights. There was nothing to do but retreat, so he resolved to take his army to Halifax. At four o'clock in the morning the Americans were cheered by the sight of the entire British fleet, laden with soldiers and refugees, putting out to sea.

What a triumph for Washington! In only a few months, with his farmer soldiers, he had driven out of Boston an army of veterans, commanded by experienced generals. Congress passed a unanimous vote of thanks, and the whole nation praised him.

It was clear from the movements of the British that they meant to make their next attack on New York, for they desired to obtain control of the Hudson River. Accordingly, Washington hurried his army to that point. Fortifications had been erected on the New York and New Jersey shores, but thousands of British troops were encamped in Brooklyn and on Staten Island. It was impossible for Washington to make out whether the enemy intended to attack New York itself, or that part of Long Island that lay just across the East River. When too late, he found that the latter was to be the fighting point. In the battle of Long Island, waged on the site where Brooklyn now stands, the Americans were defeated.

The night that followed was a sleepless one for the commander-in-chief, and daybreak showed him the dangerous position of his army. With his telescope he could make out that they were completely surrounded. Nothing was left but to withdraw as quickly as possible. The retreat was so well planned that Washington became a greater hero than ever. That night, under cover of darkness, the regiments were marched down to the water and embarked in boats, while sentinels remained in sight above the breastworks, so that the British might not suspect what was happening.

By the time that the last troops pushed out from the shore a thick fog had lowered, preventing the enemy from seeing the American intrenchment. When morning dawned, not an American soldier remained. Washington refused to enter a boat until the last man was aboard. For forty-eight hours he had had no sleep, and for the greater part of that time had been in the saddle.

The British had yet to learn that Washington would never stay beaten. On Christmas night, 1776, with between two and three thousand men, he crossed the Delaware River, made dangerous by huge cakes of floating ice; and marching nine miles in a blinding snowstorm, surprised the enemy at Trenton. He captured a thousand prisoners and a large quantity of powder. This brilliant victory, together with his success in the battle of Princeton on January 3 following, cheered the army and the country.

After the battle of Trenton the great commander was sorely in need of money for his army. So he appealed for help to Robert Morris of Philadelphia. Washington's letter was delivered before daybreak. Without waiting for the sun to rise, Mr. Morris started out in the cold winter morning

and went from house to house among his friends, begging them to lend him all the money they could spare. In a few hours fifty thousand dollars were on their way to General Washington. Many times afterward did Mr. Morris lend from his own fortune to the government. There were times when it would have been almost impossible to carry on the war without his aid.

In 1777, at the battle of Brandywine, twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, each side lost over a thousand men, and the Americans were finally driven from the field. Again, at Germantown, they met defeat. But their attacks were so daring and their bravery so great that the eyes of Europeans were turned upon America. They found, to their amazement, that untrained farmers could successfully fight disciplined troops, and that the American army was commanded by a military genius.

Our brave soldiers, suffering from cold and hunger, with ragged clothing, and shoes so worn that blood marked their footsteps, marched to winter quarters at Valley Forge. Many were ill and obliged to seek shelter in farm-houses until trees could be cut down and tents built.

But help was soon to come, for Benjamin Franklin was in France, fighting for his country just as earnestly as Washington was fighting here, though in a different way. Through Franklin's influence France, ever ready to see England beaten, promised to lend us money and to aid us with soldiers and ships.

When this news reached Valley Forge, the poor, half-starved soldiers shouted for joy. Other encouragement came when a splendid German soldier, Baron von Steuben, offered to drill the undisciplined troops.

Among the many bitter trials which the commander-in-chief had to endure

was the treason of Benedict Arnold. At the beginning of the war Arnold was one of the bravest fighters in the American army. Washington made him a general and intrusted him with the command of the fort at West Point on the Hudson River. But in a mad moment of envy and spite at some fancied wrong, Arnold turned traitor. With a British messenger, Major André, he entered into a plot to surrender West Point to the English. Happily the plot was discovered in time. André was hanged as a spy, and Arnold would have been executed as a traitor had he not escaped into the enemy's lines.

Strong and brave man as he was, General Washington shed tears when he walked into Arnold's house a few hours after the traitor had escaped, and learned for the first time of the treachery of this trusted officer.

Arnold received a large sum of money for his betrayal, but this did not bring him happiness. After the war he lived in England, but no one trusted him or respected him. On his deathbed he asked for the uniform that he had worn the day he made his escape, and which he had always kept. "Let me die in this old uniform in which I fought so many battles for my country," said he. "God forgive me for ever putting on another."

In the following chapters we shall learn more details of the Revolution, as we study the lives of great men who took part in it. It required seven long years of fighting and suffering to bring the weary struggle to a close. The siege of Yorktown in 1781 ended with the surrender of the British army. In the South Lord Cornwallis commanded the English, and Nathanael Greene the American troops. Slowly but surely Greene drove the enemy out of North and South Carolina and into Virginia.

He had an able assistant in General Marion, who hunted the British army through the low, wet lands of the South, and was so feared and hated by the English that they called him the "Swamp Fox." When Cornwallis reached Virginia, he found American troops under General Lafayette ready to dog the heels of the British and drive them to Yorktown. Here Cornwallis tried to fortify himself.

Washington, who was now with that part of the army which lay near New York watching the movements of General Clinton who commanded the English forces, felt that the hour had come for final victory. French warships were in the harbor, and these were immediately sent to Yorktown to prevent the escape of Cornwallis by sea. Then Washington hurried his own troops to Virginia. But while he was secretly rushing his army southward, a considerable force was left in New York. This caused the British general to believe that Washington was still straining every nerve to capture Clinton's army.

For more than a week after Washington reached Yorktown the city was bombarded night and day. One house is said to have had a thousand cannon balls pass through its walls. Finally, on October 19, 1781, Lord Cornwallis marched out his soldiers and surrendered.

Old Lord Fairfax, who, despite his love for Washington, could never forgive his fighting against the king, heard the news of his young friend's victory and his royal ruler's defeat. Turning to his old negro servant, he said, "Carry me to bed, Joe; it's time for me to die."

The surrender of Cornwallis practically ended the war. At Fraunce's Tavern, in New York, a building still standing, Washington bade his loved officers farewell. Tears filled his eyes

as he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

A general treaty of peace was signed in Paris in January, 1783. The independence so bravely fought for had been won. What should be done now? That was the question asked by the thirteen states.

The Continental Congress had been made up of men chosen by the people to act for them in carrying on the war. Now that peace was at hand this Congress was no longer enough. Our wisest men foresaw that, if we were to become a nation, we must have a strong national government. So a Federal Convention was called to meet at Philadelphia in 1787. Washington was the presiding officer. Here a great document was drawn up and signed by thirty-nine delegates. It was called the Constitution of the United States. Washington was its first signer, and Benjamin Franklin, then in his eighty-second year, was the oldest man to write his signature to this famous paper, that is still the law of the nation.

When Washington resigned his generalship with the coming of peace, he had looked forward to years of quiet happiness at Mount Vernon. But the nation, still young and weak, felt its further need of his aid. The Constitution provided that a President should be chosen, and George Washington was the unanimous choice of the people. His country could not let him enjoy the rest he had so gloriously earned.

New York City was selected as the capital of the United States. On April 30, 1789, Washington took the oath of office on the balcony of a building that stood where the subtreasury on Wall Street may now be seen.



DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The committee—Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Livingston and Sherman

Shouts went up from thousands of throats, myriads of flags waved in the breeze, and cannons boomed a greeting to the first President.

Do not think that Washington had an easy task before him. Years of warfare had laid the country waste and burdened her with a heavy debt. The only way to meet this debt was by taxation, and the American people had learned to resent the word "tax." Also, each colony had been in the habit of governing itself, and found it difficult to submit to any higher authority.

Many serious questions were discussed, misunderstandings and disappointments arose, and the path that Washington and his cabinet had to tread was a thorny one. The eyes of all Europe were upon the young republic, watching the experiment of a new form of government, in a land made desolate by war. "Surely such an unheard-of-thing cannot succeed," said the nations across the sea.

That America came safely through this great crisis, to the surprise of the world, was due to the wise guidance of Washington. The new nation had made no mistake in choosing its leader; for this man proved himself as great in peace as in war. That he was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was well said of him after his death. One by one the many difficulties were mastered. The objection to taxation was gradually overcome, jealousies and quarrels were satisfactorily adjusted. As the people went back to their farms, mills, and shops, the country assumed a cheerful aspect. Corn and wheat began to grow on fields so lately

crushed by the tramp of soldiers. Gradually the terrors of war were forgotten and fresh hope filled every heart.

For eight years Washington served his country as President, but firmly declined a second re-election. He was allowed to retire to his beloved home with the respect, affection, and loyalty of every person in the land. "We feel like children just released from school," said Mrs. Washington, when they were back at Mount Vernon.

But only two short years were left to the "Father of his Country." While riding in a hard storm in December, 1799, he caught a severe cold, and in two days was dead. In the hour that he was laid to rest at Mount Vernon the tears of the nation told its grief. Congress had adjourned immediately on hearing of his death, and for the remainder of the session the members of the House wore mourning, while in every part of the Union there were public testimonials of grief. Even British ships lowered their flags to half-mast, while France suspended crape for ten days from all her public standards and flags.

"The fame of Washington," says John Fiske, "stands apart from every other in history. Under all dissensions and amid all the storms of party his precepts and example speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood,—a watchword of our Union."

"Thus 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name."

PHILIP SCHUYLER—Born 1733—Died 1804

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
 While its broad folds o'er the battlefield wave,
 Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
 Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!
 —HOLMES'S "God save the Flag."

WASHINGTON had many brave generals, but none was more noble or more unselfish in his devotion to his country than Philip Schuyler.

Schuyler's Dutch ancestors had come from Amsterdam and settled in Albany, where Philip was born. The boy received a good education and became a rich and influential citizen. When the war with England began he owned much valuable property,—hundreds of acres of woodland near Albany, and boats on which the timber was carried down the Hudson River to New York. He married a descendant of Killian Van Rensselaer, one of the first patroons who took up a grant of land in the Hudson valley.

Philip Schuyler had many noble qualities, and chief among them was patriotism. He fought bravely in the French and Indian War. When he was sent as one of New York's delegates to the Continental Congress, he and Washington became acquainted and were soon firm friends.

After the American army had defeated the British at Trenton and Princeton, there was some doubt in Washington's mind as to what the next move of the enemy would be. At length it became clear.

"Nothing," thought the British "can be so harmful to the Yankees as for us to get possession of the Hudson River. By thus controlling New York state we can keep the New England soldiers from joining Washington's army." Accordingly, the English general, Burgoyne, received orders in the

summer of 1777 to march his men down from Canada by way of Lake Champlain, take Fort Ticonderoga, and proceed to Albany. A second army, under Colonel St. Leger, was ordered to start from Montreal, ascend the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, capture Fort Stanwix on the Mohawk River, and join Burgoyne at Albany; while Howe was to bring up a third army from New Jersey.

If this plan had succeeded, General Washington would have been indeed in a bad plight. It failed because of the foresight, zeal, and heroism of the American commanders, and particularly because of the skilful manner in which Philip Schuyler controlled the army in New York.

General Howe, who had had desperate fighting against Washington in New Jersey, began to have considerable respect for the "farmer" soldiers but Burgoyne, though brave, was boastful. He declared, "If the king will give me ten thousand men, I will promenade through America."

King George quickly granted this request. Ten thousand men were furnished,—some English, many Hessians or Germans, whom the English hired to fight for them, and Indians who had been won to the British side. Popular feeling against the war was so strong in England that there was difficulty in getting enough native-born soldiers to send to America, so Germans were paid to serve in the British army.

Burgoyne's "promenade" started out very well. General Schuyler had been strengthening the northern de-

fenses, and no one dreamed that Fort Ticonderoga would not withstand British attack. But it chanced that near the fort there was a high, steep hill; and Burgoyne saw that if he could get men and cannon up that hill, he could fire down into the fort, and the Americans would be helpless.

Under cover of the night, therefore, he made this hard march, and the next morning General St. Clair was astonished to find his men at the mercy of the English guns. He was obliged to retreat, and hastily abandoning the fort, marched southward. The British followed close on his heels, and it was only by leaving baggage and ammunition behind him that St. Clair managed to escape to Fort Edward and join General Schuyler.

Burgoyne was so jubilant over this victory that he triumphantly sent the news to England. When the king received it, he rushed into the queen's apartment and cried, "I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!"

But, unfortunately for the king, *all* the Americans were not at Ticonderoga. To be sure, Burgoyne had not far to march to reach Albany, where he expected to join the other two divisions of the English army, and give the king still further cause for rejoicing. But General Schuyler resolved to make this march the hardest of Burgoyne's life.

Only one road led through the forest, and the Americans fell to work with a will to make it impassable. Schuyler had only a few thousand soldiers at Fort Edward; but provided with axes, spades, and torches, they worked night and day. They chopped down hundreds of trees so that they fell directly across the road. Fifty bridges were destroyed. Streams were dammed so that the water overflowed the banks, and made the ground so swampy that the English could not cross with heavy

cannon. For miles on either side of the road all cattle and provisions of every kind were put out of reach of the British; for Burgoyne was depending upon the resources of the country to feed his army as he marched.

The Americans worked in desperation, goaded on not alone by the defeat of Fort Ticonderoga, but by the horrible outrages committed by the Indians with the English army. Jenny McCrea, the beautiful daughter of a clergyman, had recently been seized and cruelly murdered by a party of Indians, and the country rang with the news of this and other such hideous deeds.

Schuyler's men had indeed made a hard "promenade" for Burgoyne. It took him twenty days to cover twenty-four miles. Footsore, hungry, and exhausted, the British at last reached Fort Edward. And what did they find? Not an American in the fort, not a pound of powder or shot! The wary Schuyler had by this time crossed the Hudson and pitched his tents at Saratoga. Every day that he could delay British attack meant just so much gain, for Washington was hurrying troops to his aid.

Burgoyne was now sadly in need of ammunition. He therefore chose about a thousand of his men, mostly Hessians and Indians, and sent them to Bennington, where he had heard the Yankees had a large supply of military stores. But Colonel John Stark and his stalwart "Green Mountain Boys" were carefully guarding Bennington. Stark had fought in the French and Indian War, at Bunker Hill, Trenton, and Princeton. He was considered one of the best officers in the American army.

When news came that the English were marching toward Bennington, men and boys armed themselves with

whatever weapons they could find and started for Stark's camp. They carried with them pewter spoons, plates, and porringers to be melted into bullets. On the morning before the fight it is said that General Stark mounted a rail fence and thus addressed his soldiers: "My men, we are about to fight the Hessians and Indians. The English pay the Hessians seven pounds tenpence a man. If you are worth more, prove it!"

For two hours the battle raged. The Americans had one rusty old cannon which they had dragged for miles on the wheels of a cart. When the cannon balls gave out, they loaded it with stones. So furious was the attack that the Indians in terror fled screaming to the woods. The Hessians were either shot down or taken prisoners. Less than one hundred men returned of the thousand Burgoyne had sent out. "The woods are full of Yankees! The woods are full of Yankees!" shouted the few half-crazed Indians who finally made their way back to the British camp.

This was not the only bitter disappointment in store for Burgoyne. St. Leger's wing of the army had advanced from Oswego through the wilderness as far as Oriskany, when it was met by American troops under brave old General Herkimer on their way to Fort Stanwix. The opposing forces fought in deadly battle. General Herkimer was shot and mortally wounded; but he refused to leave the field, or even to rest. He ordered the saddle to be taken from his dead horse and placed at the foot of a tree. Then he sat down, coolly lighted his pipe, and continued to direct and cheer his men until the British were driven back in confusion.

This happened in August, 1777, the very year in which Congress chose the stars and stripes for our country's flag.

After the battle of Oriskany the new national banner of red, white, and blue was flung to the breeze for the first time, over Fort Stanwix. It had been made of such materials as were at hand,—a red flannel skirt which a soldier's wife gladly gave, a white shirt, and an old blue jacket. Nevertheless, it proudly waved, and the sight angered St. Leger as a red rag angers a bull. He vowed that he would carry the flag away with him or die in the attempt.

But General Schuyler was just as determined that the precious emblem should not leave the fort. When news of the fight at Oriskany reached him at his camp, he called his officers and asked who would volunteer to march with a relief force to Fort Stanwix. "I will," quickly replied Benedict Arnold. "General Washington sent me here to make myself of use. I will go." The drum beat its call for volunteers, and more than a thousand men responded. When Arnold's regiment was within twenty miles of Fort Stanwix, some Tory spies were captured, among them a half-witted fellow named Yan Yost. Then Arnold determined to make use of a trick in the hope of frightening St. Leger's army. First he condemned Yan Yost to death for treason; and when the boy's mother and brother pleaded for his life, Arnold promised to release him on certain conditions. Yan was to take off his coat and have it shot full of bullet holes; then he was to run to St. Leger's camp and tell the English that thousands of American soldiers were approaching. "If you will do that," said Arnold, "and then come back here, you and your mother and brother may go free."

The trick worked perfectly. When St. Leger saw the breathless boy and heard his story, he asked how many Americans were marching toward him.

The lad pointed to the countless leaves of the trees overhead, and St. Leger waited no longer to capture the American flag. Believing that Schuyler's whole army was near, he fled toward Canada in such haste that tents, powder, and cannon fell into Arnold's hands.

Burgoyne was now in a very dangerous position. Howe was to have joined him from New Jersey, but he had been prevented by General Washington. St. Leger, who had marched his men down from Canada to crush the Americans, was now swiftly marching them back again. On all sides American regiments were cutting off Burgoyne's retreat to Canada. His men were in sore need of provisions. He must push on toward Albany with all speed.

Sad to say, General Schuyler was not to command the colonial forces long. In those dark days when most Americans thought only of saving their country, there were still a few who cared but for themselves and their own glory. General Gates was one of these. He was jealous of Washington's confidence in Schuyler, and he managed to have Congress appoint himself to Schuyler's place. But Philip Schuyler was one of those noble souls who would not allow a personal injury to stand in the way of his duty to his countrymen. Though forced to give up his command, he kept at work. Arnold, too, came in for a share of Gates's jealousy, and was compelled to leave his regiment.

Burgoyne marched as rapidly as possible toward Albany, and met the American army at Bemis Heights. A battle was fought that lasted several hours, but neither side could claim victory. For more than a fortnight afterward, the two armies lay at Stillwater watching each other, like two tigers ready to spring.

On the morning of October 17, 1777, began the battle of Saratoga, the first decisive victory of the war. Arnold stood impatiently watching his gallant troops until he could bear his inactivity no longer. Jumping on his horse, he galloped into the thick of the fight. The sight of their old commander cheered his comrades to greater efforts. Fiercely the battle raged, and at last the English were driven from the field. Brave General Morgan shared with Arnold the glory of this American victory. Gates was not even on the field.

A bullet entered Arnold's leg, and his horse was killed under him. It would have been better had he died in that moment of triumph. Afterward when he had turned traitor, he captured an American officer. "What would happen to me if I were caught?" asked the unhappy Arnold. Quickly the officer replied: "Your lame leg, wounded at Saratoga, would be cut off and buried with the honors of war. The rest of your body would be hanged."

Nothing but surrender was left to the proud Burgoyne. Six thousand of his men were taken prisoners, and great quantities of ammunition fell into the hands of the Americans. When news of the battle of Saratoga was carried across the water, many people in Great Britain were glad to hear of Burgoyne's defeat, for they thought the king had done wrong to bring on war with his colonies. William Pitt, always America's true friend, rose in Parliament and said: "My lords, *you cannot conquer America*. And if I were an American, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms — never — never — never!" Commissioners were sent to America to try to make peace, but England was not yet willing to give the colonists their independence.

The welcome news of Saratoga reached the American soldiers in that hard winter at Valley Forge. And when France heard of it, she said: "Benjamin Franklin is right. These raw American soldiers can defeat English regulars. They deserve our help."

Under the stars and stripes that had so lately kindled St. Leger's indignation, the Americans had marched to victory. Everybody knew that this triumph belonged not to Gates but to Schuyler, Morgan, and Arnold. In this moment of general rejoicing Schuyler did not forget the suffering of the English. He understood the hardships they had passed through, and how much they needed food and care. He saw to it that they were treated with every kindness that a humane victor can bestow upon unhappy prisoners.

After the battle of Saratoga Schuyler retired from active military life; but in other ways he continued to serve his country as long as it had need of him. For years he was a member of Congress, and was often summoned from his duties there to consult with Washington in regard to plans for carrying on the war. In no one of his

counselors did the commander in chief feel more confidence than in Schuyler. The great Daniel Webster once declared that Philip Schuyler stood not far below Washington in the service he rendered his country. After the war was over and Washington was serving as President, Schuyler became of further aid. He was made surveyor general and took an active part in settling disputes with the Indians.

Schuyler was one of the first to propose building a canal in New York state that should connect the waters of the Great Lakes with the Hudson River. He subscribed generously from his large fortune for the support of Union College at Schenectady. His fine old mansion at Albany was celebrated for its hospitality. Franklin and Lafayette were among the many distinguished men who were entertained within its walls.

General Schuyler died in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the Albany Rural Cemetery with military honors. His grave is marked with a tall granite column. All honor to the memory of the man who, while smarting under the sting of unjust treatment, was great enough to say, "My country before everything."



Painted by E. Leutze

MRS. SCHUYLER FIRED HER CORN FIELDS ON THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH

MRS. SCHUYLER FIRED HER CORN FIELDS
ON THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH

PAINTED BY E. LEUTZE

GENERAL SCHUYLER'S unselfish patriotism was nobly shown in the direction which he gave to Mrs. Schuyler to set fire, with her own hand, to his large and valuable fields of wheat, as well as to request his tenants and others to do the same, rather than suffer the enemy to reap them. The artist, in the accompanying drawing, has graphically depicted Mrs. Schuyler's spirit and energy.

NATHANAEL GREENE—Born 1742—Died 1786

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
 Your truth and valor wearing;
 The bravest are the tenderest—
 The loving are the daring.
 —TAYLOR'S "A Song of the Camp."

THE principle for which the Americans were fighting was such an important one that even a Quaker who hated war would often turn soldier. Nathanael Greene was born and brought up in Rhode Island, where his father and grandfather had led the quiet life of the Friends. Perhaps the very air of freedom that Nathanael breathed in that colony, founded by liberty-loving Roger Williams, made him more ready to fight for the independence of America.

The young Quaker grew up a strong boy, industrious, self-reliant, fond of athletics, and able to surpass most of his playmates in outdoor sports. He loved books, also, and urged his father to provide better teachers for him than were to be found in the little Quaker community of Warwick.

He worked in his father's fields, the mill, and blacksmith shop. He read, studied, and played whenever he could.

Greene was always kind and gentle, but he was also firm in his own convictions. When eighteen years old, he visited New York at a time when many people had the smallpox. He insisted upon being vaccinated, though vaccination was then forbidden by law in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and the prejudice against it was very strong. Young Greene's friends were astonished, but he was willing to think for himself and to take the consequences. Not long afterward his father became involved in a law-suit, so the youth promptly set himself to the study of law,—another

instance of his eagerness to prepare for any emergency.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the war clouds began to gather Nathanael should have turned his attention to military matters. From the best books he obtained his knowledge of war.

A bitter disappointment threatened him at the beginning of his career. When his friends and neighbors formed a company for military drill, a slight limp in his walk was at first thought to unfit him for service. It would have been a sad mistake if he had been left out, for no other of the "Kentish Guards," as the company called itself, ever became so famous a soldier as Nathanael Greene.

Greene was only a private when he entered the ranks, but he began to work at once for his company. He drove to Boston, purchased a musket, and hid it under straw in the bottom of the wagon, that the Tories might not see it. Also, he succeeded in bringing back, as drillmaster for the "Guards," a trained English soldier who had come over to the American side.

Greene quickly rose from the ranks. When news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached Rhode Island, three regiments were quickly raised to march to the scene of trouble. Nathanael Greene was chosen brigadier general of this little band. He led his troops to Boston, and when Washington arrived at Cambridge, Greene was selected as the officer to welcome the new commander-in-chief.

The young Quaker was placed in charge of a brigade at Dorchester Heights, and had the pleasure of seeing the English march out of Boston. General Washington soon discovered that Greene was a valuable man and made him major general in the regular army, where he did good service in New York and New Jersey.

The British, defeated in both of these states in 1776 and 1777, turned their attention to the South. They had captured Savannah and Augusta, and restored the royal governor in place of the one that the colonists had chosen. In addition to this, Sir Henry Clinton had brought his redcoats down from New York, and had driven the American army out of Charleston.

As they now held possession of Georgia and South Carolina, it was an easy matter for the English to get by water all the supplies of food and ammunition that they needed. They were thus saved the trouble of carrying them over land.

This condition of things in the South caused Washington great anxiety, and he desired to send General Greene to take command of the southern forces. But Gates, who had tried to steal Schuyler's victory at Saratoga, was still influential with Congress, which forced Washington to send Gates, instead of Greene. This was in the winter of 1780.

The country paid dearly for this interference with Washington's plans. Gates mismanaged everything that he undertook. In the battle of Camden, in what was perhaps the worst American defeat of the war, Gates's troops were almost entirely destroyed. He himself acknowledged that he was left with "only the shadow of an army."

Something must be done, and Washington now hurried Greene to the scene of disaster. In the meantime,

all over the mountainous country of the Carolinas, men formed themselves into little bands to defend their homes against the raids of the British soldiers. Parties of redcoats roamed over the hills, plundered and burned houses, and murdered the inhabitants.

General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," came to be looked upon as the leader of these mountaineers. He knew every foot of the country; was fearless and untiring. He and his comrades were poorly clad, and were often without blankets to sleep in. They frequently had little to eat, but they never complained.

While the main English army under Cornwallis was resting after its defeat of Gates, Major Ferguson was sent out with twelve hundred men, under orders to "scour the country for provisions and frighten the inhabitants into coming over to the Tory side." He was then to join Cornwallis in North Carolina.

But this mission was not so easy to accomplish as Cornwallis had expected. News soon reached Ferguson that bands of hardy mountaineers were on his trail. Thick and fast they gathered round him, clad in homespun garments and armed with long rifles and hunting knives.

It was not long before Ferguson and his soldiers were fleeing before these daring backwoodsmen. On a steep hill, known as Kings Mountain, the British intrenched themselves. The sides of the mountain were covered with forest trees and gigantic boulders. But nothing could daunt the Americans in pursuit. They separated into three divisions which climbed the mountain at the same time, each from a different direction. Attacked on all sides, Ferguson's men were soon beaten. He himself rode boldly among his troops, trying in



Painted by Alonzo Chappel

WOMAN'S PATRIOTISM—MRS. STEELE AND GENERAL GREENE

"Take it, you will need it and I can do without the money."

WOMAN'S PATRIOTISM—MRS. STEELE AND
GENERAL GREENE

PAINTED BY ALONZO CHAPPEL

AN ANECDOTE illustrative of the patriotism of the women of the Revolution deserves to be told here. General Greene, greatly grieved at the loss of Davidson, was retreating towards Salisbury. He had ridden all day through rain and storm, wearied and exhausted, his garments soiled with mud from the road, he alighted at the door of the principal hotel, kept by Mrs. Steele. In reply to the greeting of Dr. Reed, who anxiously inquired after his health, Greene could not refrain from exclaiming that he was "tired out, hungry, and penniless." The good landlady overheard the remark, and while Greene was obtaining refreshment, she entered the room, carefully closed the door, and producing two small bags of specie, the earnings of years, and particularly valuable at that day, she urged them upon the desponding general. "Take these," she said, "you need them; I can do without them." We may well believe, that encouragement like this, of the deep hold which our country's liberty had upon the hearts of the people, was appreciated by such a man and such a patriot as Nathaniel Greene.

vain to rally his terrified soldiers. At last he was shot from his white horse, and the animal galloped, riderless, down the steep hillside. The English hoisted the white flag of surrender.

The winter of 1780 had been one of terrible suffering to the American troops—perhaps the hardest of the seven long years of war,—but the victory of Kings Mountain gave them fresh courage. The soldiers were thoroughly disheartened. They lacked sufficient food and clothing, and many were ill. After his defeat at Camden, Gates had been unable to control his men.

Such was the wretched condition of the southern forces when General Greene took command. Out of Gates's entire army there were left only about two thousand men, and less than half that number were able to fight. There was no money and only a few days' provisions. Encamped not far away, lay an army of over three thousand well-fed, well-clothed, victorious British troops.

You can readily see how much work there was for Nathanael Greene to do. The slight limp that so nearly kept him out of the ranks was lost sight of now. Cool judgment, kindness, patience, energy—these were the qualities that counted in this crisis.

He set to work with a will, and soon won the respect and affection of the troops. He contrived to get better food for them and to make every one more comfortable. Gradually he brought back the old spirit of self-reliance and hope.

No one knew better than the commander in chief how hard a problem Greene had before him, and able men were sent to his aid—Daniel Morgan, the "sharpshooter," William Washington, and Henry Lee, who was known as "Light-horse Harry."

At Cowpens, in January, 1781, a division of Greene's army under Morgan met the English troops under the famous General Tarleton. With a much smaller army Morgan won the day. At last our soldiers in the South had reason to take courage. At Spartanburg, in South Carolina, a large town seven miles from Cowpens, is a tall monument and on its top a bronze figure. The inscription reads:—

"TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, WHO, ON THE FIELD OF COWPENS, JANUARY 17, 1781, FOUGHT VICTORIOUSLY FOR THE RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT AND CIVIL LIBERTY. THE UNANIMOUS RESOLVE OF THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES CROWNS THIS MEMORIAL COLUMN WITH THE FORM AND FACE OF GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN, THE HERO OF COWPENS, WHO, ON THAT FIELD, WAS VICTORIOUS IN THE GREAT CAUSE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE."

Cornwallis, the head of the English army in the South, was furious when he heard of Tarleton's defeat. The "hero of Cowpens" knew perfectly well that Cornwallis would send a fresh force against him. Morgan felt that his tired men were not strong enough to win a second battle, so he lost no time in making a retreat.

At dusk his army crossed the Catawba River. Hot in pursuit, the English soldiers reached this stream a few hours later, but rather than risk crossing it in the dark they waited until morning.

A heavy rain fell during the night. The water rose rapidly, and the enemy was so delayed that Morgan was able to reach Greene's army in safety.

General Greene saw that it would not be safe for his men to attempt to fight again while they were in such a weak condition. So he began the famous retreat that ended in American victory.

This retreat was thought out with great care and skill. By the most clever planning he brought both divisions of his little army safely

together at Guilford, where he expected that fresh troops from Virginia would await him.

But these regiments had not yet arrived, so Greene continued his retreat toward them. If only he could manage to get across the river Dan and into Virginia before Cornwallis could overtake him! It was a weary march, but the hardships were patiently endured. Week after week he marched his little band from point to point—over hills and across streams that, for lack of bridges or boats, had to be forded. Nor did he dare to forget for an instant the dangerous game he was playing with Cornwallis.

One night, after a long ride in a drenching rain, Greene alighted at a little inn in Salisbury. In reply to a question the weary general said, "Yes, I am hungry, tired, penniless, and alone." The landlord's wife overheard the remark. In a short time a hot supper was placed before the hungry soldier. Then, handing him two little bags of silver that she had managed to save, the good woman said, "Take these; you will want them, and I can do without them." This spirit of sacrifice on the part of the men and women of America was the only thing that made it possible to carry on the war.

At last the Dan was safely crossed. Greene had arranged many days in advance for boats to carry his men over, but when the pursuing British troops reached the shore, they could find no way of getting to the opposite bank. For two hundred miles Cornwallis had followed close on the heels of his enemies, but now he was obliged to halt.

As soon as the Americans were rested and re-enforced by the Virginia troops, Greene recrossed the river, and at Guilford Court House, on March 15, he fought a battle with Cornwallis.

Though the English claimed a victory they were so worn out that they retired to Wilmington.

General Greene now began another rapid march to the South. He wrote Washington:

"I am determined to carry the war into South Carolina. The enemy will be obliged to follow us, or give up the posts in that state."

His plan was to cut Cornwallis off from the English army at Charleston, and thus prevent his getting the much-needed food and supplies.

Greene was completely successful. One after another the British forts in South Carolina were captured. "We fight, get beat, rise, and fight again," wrote Greene. The English began to despair—the Americans to triumph.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs the Americans won a great victory. The enemy was pursued by the regiments of Generals Marion and Lee for more than twenty-five miles, and over half of the English army was lost.

Greene had done what he set out to do. He had driven the British out of North and South Carolina into Virginia. We have already learned how Cornwallis was forced to shut himself up in Yorktown, and how Washington marched his army down from New York and compelled his surrender.

Few of the world's great soldiers ever accomplished such wonderful work with so small an army as did Nathanael Greene in the southern states. Next to Washington he was the greatest general of the Revolutionary War.

This great soldier, who had endured so many hardships in war, died from the effects of sunstroke at the age of forty-four. The whole country mourned his loss, and statues stand in public parks to the memory of "the man who saved the South."

JOHN PAUL JONES—Born 1747—Died 1792

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
 Fling out your field of azure blue;
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew.
 Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
 Point home! my country's flag of stars!

—WILLIS'S "Going Home."

AMERICA is today proud of her navy. When the great battle ships come together for review in New York harbor, or at Hampton Roads, or at the Golden Gate, thousands enjoy the magnificent sight. How bold and powerful they look, those giants of the sea, as they ride on the dancing water.

Yet, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, America was quite at the mercy of England on the sea. The only vessels that the colonists owned were schooners and sloops that had been built for fishing or for trading along the coast.

As soon as war became certain, the Americans knew they must have warships, and they began to build them as fast as they could. But money was scarce. The colonists could not build and equip a navy equal to England's, which was the strongest navy of all Europe.

But if large ships and heavy guns were not to be had, there was no lack of brave men who dared to put to sea in small boats to capture English ships. Among these men was Paul Jones, who became the first great naval hero in American history.

Paul Jones was the son of a Scotch gardener. He spent his childhood in a little fishing village in Scotland, where he learned to steer a boat, to haul a fishing line, and to love the ocean. At twelve years of age he was as strong and as well able to care for himself as most youths of sixteen; so his

father yielded to his desire to go to sea.

Nothing could exceed the joy of young Paul when, in 1759, he left England as "shipmaster's apprentice" on board the *Friendship*. The vessel was bound for Virginia and the West Indies. Now not only would Paul realize his dream of life on the ocean, but he could also visit his older brother William, who had settled in America.

William Jones wished Paul to remain on the Virginia plantation, but the boy could not be coaxed into giving up a seafaring life. For seven years he sailed on the *Friendship*; then he became part owner of a vessel engaged in trade with the West Indies.

From this time on young Paul succeeded in everything that he undertook. He made a great deal of money, but that alone did not satisfy him. He studied hard, learned to speak French and Spanish readily, and managed to make friends with the best people in all the ports at which he touched.

When William Jones died, Paul, then twenty-six years old, was at last willing to try life on the Virginia estate. At that time he was well known to all the families of wealth and fashion living at colonial ports from New York to Charleston, and the old mansion which he had inherited at once opened its hospitable doors to the gay society of Virginia.

He also began to take an active part in the more serious affairs which con-

cerned his country. He became deeply interested in the questions then on all lips, "What will the British do next?" "What ought *we* to do?" He attended the Virginia legislature and heard Patrick Henry's great speeches, and he made the acquaintance of Washington and Thomas Jefferson. "If you ever need my services on the sea, I am ready," said Paul Jones to these leaders of the Revolution.

When the colonists began to collect their largest boats into something that could be called a navy, Jones was made a first lieutenant. His Virginia friends had tried hard to have him appointed captain. When told that instead of being captain he was only a first lieutenant, he manfully replied. "I am here to serve the cause of human rights; not to promote the fortunes of Paul Jones."

The first squadron of our little navy consisted of four ships, and of these the first to be made ready was the *Alfred*. From the masthead of this vessel Paul Jones flung out the first American flag that ever flew from a warship. Our beautiful stars and stripes had not yet been adopted. Jones's flag was of yellow silk, with a pine tree, and a rattlesnake coiled at the roots, and bore the motto, "Don't tread on me!"

The little fleet set sail in February, 1776, for Fort Nassau, on one of the Bahama Islands, and succeeded in capturing four small English boats, with cannon and other military stores. But the most important result was that it convinced the colonists that Paul Jones was a man to command a vessel. This short cruise was the last he ever made when he was not in charge himself.

He was given command of the *Providence*, and cruised along the coast from Bermuda to Nova Scotia. In six weeks he captured sixteen English

boats and burned three fishing smacks, put ashore at a Nova Scotia port and freed several Americans whom the English held prisoners, and brought back a boat loaded with salt fish. He considered this a good six weeks' work.

Sad news greeted him when he returned from this eventful trip. A party of English and American Tories, under Lord Dunmore, had completely ruined Jones's Virginia plantation. They had burned the buildings, killed the stock, destroyed fruit trees and crops, and carried off all his slaves.

But Paul Jones could be a hero under all circumstances. "This is a part of the fortunes of war," he calmly said, when told what had happened. "I accept the animosity of Lord Dunmore as a compliment to my devotion to the cause of liberty. I have now no fortune left but my sword."

Not long after this, Congress summoned Jones to Philadelphia for his advice on naval matters. The victorious young captain proposed such a daring scheme that it startled all the members. "It is not enough," said he, "that we chase and capture English vessels on our own coast. We must cross the ocean and fight the English in their own waters."

About this time Lafayette arrived from France, determined to help the Americans in their fight for liberty. He told the colonists that Captain Jones was right: that to attack the English in English waters would show them that it was not alone in America that Americans were to be feared.

At length the plan was agreed to, and Jones was given a new ship, the *Ranger*. The very day on which Congress adopted our flag, June 14, 1777, the command of the *Ranger* was given to Captain Paul Jones. "That flag and I are twins," said Jones. "We cannot be parted in life or in death.

So long as we can float we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

The young women of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the *Ranger* was built, set to work to make a flag for Captain Jones's vessel. They cut up their best silk gowns for the red, white, and blue stripes, and the thirteen white stars were made from the bridal dress of a girl who had just married an army officer. As we follow Paul Jones's fortunes, we shall learn the history of this flag.

Captain Jones received orders to have his ship in readiness to set sail for France at a moment's notice. Congress was breathlessly awaiting news from New York state. Would Burgoyne succeed, or would General Schuyler's carefully laid schemes end in the defeat of the British? At last the joyful news arrived. Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga.

Horsemen galloped with the tidings in every direction, riding day and night, eating their meals in the saddle, stopping not a moment for storms. On the sea, the *Ranger*, with every inch of sail straining in the wind, was flying to France to carry the news to that friendly nation. Never before had the sailors on board the *Ranger* had such a wild passage as this. Captain Jones was himself on deck from eighteen to twenty hours out of every twenty-four. In little more than thirty days the *Ranger* anchored in the river Loire. As she sailed into port, flying the new American stars and stripes, the French vessels welcomed her with a salute of guns. Thus it happened that the flag made of the dresses of the Portsmouth young women was the first American flag ever saluted by the guns of an European navy.

With all possible speed Jones hastened to Paris, and placed in the

hands of Benjamin Franklin the important dispatches from Washington and Jefferson.

Captain Jones had hoped to procure in France a vessel larger than the little *Ranger*, but in this he was disappointed. So, determined to make up in daring what he lacked in size, he put out from the French coast. He had one or two successful encounters with the English at small ports; then he met the *Drake*, a British sloop-of-war, in the Irish Channel.

"What ship is this?" asked the *Drake*.

"The American Continental ship *Ranger*," was the reply. "Come on; we are waiting for you."

A fierce battle followed. The *Drake* was much larger than the *Ranger*, and carried more guns, but it did not have a genius like Paul Jones in command. At the end of an hour the crippled *Drake* surrendered. Thus the little *Ranger* was the first American vessel to cross the ocean and capture an enemy. It was a great blow to England's pride to find that one of her war sloops could be beaten by a smaller boat belonging to the "Yankee" navy.

Captain Jones and his men towed their prize to France. The French king could scarcely believe that the little *Ranger* had accomplished so much. As his country was about to engage again in war with England, he thought it would be wise to help the Americans as much as possible. So it came about that a larger vessel was given to Jones by order of King Louis XVI.

Benjamin Franklin had taken a great liking to the young naval hero, while Jones felt for Franklin the respect and affection of a son. The captain loved to talk with the good doctor, and to read his "Poor Richard's Almanac." "This book," said Jones,

"helped to keep up my courage, and make me persevere in my endeavor to get a ship from the French king." In honor of Dr. Franklin, therefore, and of "Poor Richard," Paul Jones named his French boat, *Le Bon Homme Richard*, or *Good Man Richard*.

With four smaller ships in his squadron, Jones set sail in the *Richard* flying the flag that had come overseas on the *Ranger*. In the naval history of the world there is nothing to equal the glorious victory of this small fleet. "Paul Jones," said an English writer, "succeeded in alarming and insulting our coasts with a contemptible little squadron more than the whole navy of France had been able to do."

Jones soon seized two English vessels. Then he won his greatest victory. The *Richard* met the British ship *Serapis* on the evening of September 23, 1779. At first the English commander thought that he had to deal with a French man-of-war, but with the aid of a glass he made out that it was a stranger. "It is probably Paul Jones," he remarked. "If so, there is work ahead."

There was indeed work ahead; for from seven o'clock until eleven the battle raged. The thunder of cannon and the sharp report of muskets rang out on the night air. There was little wind and the sea was calm. The moon shone so bright that it was almost as light as day. Wherever the firing was hottest Jones was to be seen, giving his commands in English and in French, for part of his crew were Frenchmen; cheering forward his men, now in one language, now in the other. "When Commodore Jones sprang on the quarter-deck," said one of his sailors afterwards, "every one who saw his example or heard his voice became as much a hero as himself. The commodore had but to look at a man to make him brave."

Hour after hour passed in the smoke and confusion of battle. At one time it seemed as if the *Richard* could no longer withstand the terrific fire of the enemy's guns. "Are you willing to surrender?" shouted the English captain. Little did he know the grim determination of Paul Jones, who had resolved to win this battle or go down with his ship. In a steady voice Jones called back: "I have only just begun to fight!"

Both ships were now on fire, and the men at the pumps were working with all their might to keep the flames under control. At last, by the greatest skill and daring, Jones brought the *Richard* alongside the *Serapis*, and with his own hands lashed the two ships together. His hat fell overboard. Another was handed him, but he replied: "Never mind the hat, boys. I'll fight this out in my scalp."

Still the cannon boomed, still the muskets did their deadly work. Some of the bravest of Jones's men now managed to get aboard the *Serapis*. One by one the English gunners were shot down, and at last the brave English commander was forced to surrender.

The *Richard* had been so terribly damaged that she was fast sinking. Jones therefore removed his wounded men to the *Serapis*, and then watched in silence and grief the steady settling of the good *Richard* in her watery grave. Slowly, noiselessly, her decks strewn with the dead who had fallen in battle, *Le Bon Homme Richard* sank from sight.

"To our dead, I gave the good old ship for their coffin," said Captain Jones, "and in her they found a sublime sepulcher. The very last that mortal eyes ever saw of *Le Bon Homme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered flag as she went down!" One of the greatest victories in naval

history had been won. It is the only time that an English warship was ever beaten by a vessel not more than two thirds its strength.

Jones succeeded in getting his battered *Serapis* from Flamborough Head to Holland, without being overtaken by the English. He then went to France, where he became the hero of the hour. King Louis presented him with a gold-mounted sword, and when he returned Congress gave him a gold medal. The American army was cheered and encouraged by such splendid support on the sea.

Jones tried by every means in his power to collect another squadron. But America was too poor to furnish the vessels needed, and France was too busy fighting England on her own account. In October, 1780, therefore, he brought to America the *Ariel*, loaded with a cargo of arms and ammunition.

Paul Jones had now been connected with the American navy for a little more than five years, and he had become famous not only in his own country but throughout Europe. The war ended before the gallant captain had a chance to fight another battle. Congress showed its confidence in her hero by sending him to France and to

England on matters of great importance connected with the government.

A few years later when Russia was at war with the Turks, she asked Paul Jones to serve as rear admiral in her navy. He at length consented, but declared: "I can never renounce the glorious title of citizen of the United States." In this conflict Jones gave fresh proof of his ability, but he left the Russian navy in broken health.

Jones was five feet seven inches tall, and of slender build. As he lived almost his entire life on the sea, his complexion was bronzed. His eyes were large, black, and piercing; his voice, so powerful on shipboard, was beautifully soft and musical in ordinary conversation. He spent the remainder of his life in Paris, where he was greatly esteemed and beloved. He was invited to the king's palace, and entertained by the nobility. When he died, at the early age of forty-five, his death was mourned by America and France. "The Father of our Navy" was laid to rest in the cemetery for foreign Protestants in Paris, but his body was brought back to this country in 1906, and buried with every honor at Annapolis.

GILBERT MOTIER DE LAFAYETTE—Born 1757—Died 1834

God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
—THOMPSON'S "The High Tide at Gettysburg."

ANY one who sacrifices personal pleasure and comfort to help those in trouble does a noble thing. This is exactly what the young Frenchman, Marquis de Lafayette, did when he came to America to help the colonists in their effort to free themselves from King George's tyranny.

Lafayette was the son of an old and honored family and heir to a large fortune. He lived a happy life, surrounded by luxury, in a chateau that nestled among the beautiful hills of France. The love of liberty and the desire to help those in need were characteristics which he early showed. When he was seven or eight years old, the farmers near his mountain home complained of a great gray wolf that broke into the sheepfold at night and killed the lambs. One day the boy was found roaming in the forest. "I am looking for that wolf," said he, "for I mean to kill it."

His father died in battle a few weeks before Lafayette was born, and his mother brought him up with great care. When he was sent to Paris to be educated, he was presented at court, but the pomp and show of life among the nobility did not attract him. He longed for the freedom of the forests, and dreamed that he would some day help to make life simpler and more independent. That dream came true.

He was only nineteen when he heard of the struggle of the American

colonists with the mother country. "France ought to aid the Americans with money and firearms," said the young enthusiast, "and we men should help them fight."

Lafayette never wasted time in talking about a thing that needed to be done—he fell to work and did it. Instead of remaining at home, contenting himself with saying, "What a fine thing it would be for some of us to take a hand in that war!" he fitted out a ship at his own expense, and sailed for America to offer his services to Congress.

This had been no easy task, for Lafayette's family seriously opposed his going, all except his brave, devoted wife, who sympathized with his high purpose. When the king heard that the brilliant Marquis de Lafayette and a number of his friends were planning to go to America, he forbade their leaving France. So Lafayette was really obliged to run away from his own country. He managed to escape from French waters without being discovered, and his ship anchored off the coast of South Carolina in the spring of 1777.

Washington saw from the first that here was a young man after his own heart. The commander-in-chief was a good judge of human nature, and he recognized the sincerity, and ability of this Frenchman who was so eager to help the cause of liberty. The friendship between these two men is one of the most beautiful in history.



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MOUNT VERNON

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MOUNT VERNON

PAINTED BY ROSSITER AND MIGNON, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE enthusiasm and importunity of Lafayette in behalf of his adopted country were so great, that the French prime minister, Count de Maurepas, said, one day, rather sarcastically, in council: "It is fortunate for the king, that Lafayette does not take it into his head to strip Versailles of its furniture, to send to his dear Americans; as his Majesty would be unable to refuse it." Not content with these public succors, Lafayette generously expended large sums of his private fortune, in providing swords and appointments for the corps placed under his command.

Lafayette was appointed a major general, and entered with enthusiasm upon his hard duties. He served without pay, and from his own fortune furnished clothing and camp outfits for many of the poor patriots. He wrote back to France concerning the division he commanded: "It is weak in point of numbers; it is almost naked, and I must make both clothes and recruits. I do not want to disappoint the confidence that the Americans have so kindly placed in me."

His first active service was at the battle of Brandywine, not many months after his arrival. General Howe and Lord Cornwallis, with eighteen thousand British troops, advanced upon Philadelphia, then the capital of the country. Washington took up his position at Chadd's Ford, on Brandywine Creek, where a desperate battle was fought. While it was at its height, Lafayette saw that the Americans were losing ground. He flung himself from his horse, and sword in hand rushed forward, cheering the soldiers on to still greater effort. A British bullet wounded him in the leg, so that he had to remount his horse, but he would not leave the front of battle. Washington's army, however, was no match in numbers for the British, and the Americans were finally driven back.

On the battlefield of Brandywine a monument has been erected by the citizens and school children of Chester County, Pennsylvania, and the inscription reads:

"ON THE RISING GROUND, A SHORT DISTANCE SOUTH OF THIS SPOT, LAFAYETTE WAS WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1777."

"The honor to have mingled my blood with that of many other American soldiers on the heights of the Brandywine," said Lafayette, "has been to me a source of pride and delight."

Not a soldier in the whole American army rejoiced more at Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga than did Lafayette. Shortly afterward he received a letter from Paris which delighted his generous heart. He hastened to Washington, threw his arms around the surprised commander's neck, and exclaimed: "The king of France acknowledges the independence of America, and has determined upon armed interference in your behalf!" In the shouts of joy from the weary soldiers at this good news, there was plenty of cheering for Lafayette as well as for his king.

In the battle at Monmouth, New Jersey, which Washington won in spite of the greatest difficulties, the Frenchman's conduct was heroic, and called forth high praise from his commander.

But it was in the last campaign of the war, the siege that ended in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, that Lafayette most distinguished himself. For months he had been pressed by Cornwallis, who had been chased across North Carolina by that splendid little army under Greene. At last Cornwallis intrenched himself at Yorktown. "Now," said he, "the boy cannot escape me." But fate had decreed that Cornwallis should not escape "the boy."

Very skilfully had Lafayette aided in forcing Cornwallis into this trap, and with equal skill he held him there until Washington had time to bring his army of American and French troops down from New York. Then, with the help of the French squadron in Chesapeake Bay, Washington forced Cornwallis to surrender.

When Lafayette returned home after peace was declared, he carried with him the love and gratitude of every American. He had left France followed by the anger of his family and king, but now that he came back a

distinguished general, a close friend of Washington, and loved by the American nation, his countrymen showered honors upon him.

Throughout the remainder of his life, Lafayette devoted himself to the cause of liberty in his native country. But he was destined to suffer much; for his high ideals of patriotism and liberty were misunderstood. He even languished for years in prison, but before his death he was once more honored at home as he deserved to be.

When he was an old man, he came again to the country for which he had so nobly given his youthful services. At the grave of Washington tears streamed down his cheeks as he recalled all that Washington's love and trust had meant to him. Greene, Marion, Morgan, and Schuyler were

all dead; Lafayette was the only living major general of the Revolution. He met some of the old soldiers who fought under him, and they were overjoyed to see their commander again.

Lafayette visited all the largest American cities and was received everywhere with greetings of welcome and affection. As a token of appreciation, Congress voted him two hundred thousand dollars and a large tract of land in Florida, and when he was ready to return, ordered that a new frigate, named the *Brandywine* in his honor, should carry him to France. He died in Paris ten years later. This country will never forget its debt of gratitude to Lafayette and to his fellow-countrymen, who on land and sea aided the Americans to win the victory in the Revolutionary War.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—Born 1743—Died 1826

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh! keep us the many in one.
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
Union and Liberty! one evermore!

—HOLMES'S "Union and Liberty."

WE must never forget how much we owe to the great men who figure in the early history of America—the men who fought, planned, and acted for us, that we might enjoy the privileges our country now offers. Thomas Jefferson was one of these men. He was not so eloquent a speaker as Patrick Henry, but he was as effective with his pen as was Henry with his voice. He was called "the Pen of the Revolution."

When Congress decided that the time had come for all the colonies to

unite and declare themselves free and independent of England, Jefferson was chosen to draft the famous Declaration of Independence. To have been the author of that document is fame enough for one man, but we shall find that Jefferson had other claims to greatness.

His father, a rich man, owned a large plantation at Charlottesville, Virginia, where Thomas was born. On an estate of two thousand acres the boy had plenty of outdoor life. He was tall and strong, a daring rider,

fond of hunting, swimming, and rowing. He also loved books and music, and was willing to give many hours a day to study and practice.

Mr. Jefferson died before Thomas was fifteen years old, and the youth was soon afterward sent to the College of William and Mary. Jefferson always said that he owed his success in life to his college training. He was seventeen when he entered—a healthy, freckle-faced, sandy-haired lad. He now became so interested in books that, for the first time in his life, he neglected his muscles. Often he studied fifteen hours a day, his only recreation being a run of a mile or two at twilight.

After graduation he studied law, and at the age of twenty-one became manager of his father's estate. He took a keen interest in the question of his country's independence, though he always hated war. He used to say, "The most successful war seldom pays for its losses." He was present on the two occasions when Patrick Henry made his greatest speeches. When Jefferson was an old man, he loved to recall the thrill which the orator's eloquent words kindled. Washington, Henry, and Jefferson, all members of the House of Burgesses, were warm friends.

When Jefferson was twenty-nine years old he married. He was himself at that time the owner of several thousand acres of land and many slaves. His wife brought him forty thousand acres and more than one hundred slaves. His large house stood on a high hill, and he called it Monticello, from an Italian word meaning little mountain.

Though he owned many negroes, he did not believe in slavery. He felt, as did many other good Americans, that the time must soon come when the colored people would be freed. He was always the kindest of masters, and

his slaves loved him. Once when he was returning from a long visit to France, his negroes walked miles down the road to meet him waving their hats and shouting in delight. When the carriage reached Monticello, they lifted their master out and carried him into the house, some of them weeping for joy at having him home again.

Like Washington, Jefferson loved the simple life of a farmer. He was deeply interested in plants and trees, and liked to experiment with new varieties. He once said, "The greatest service to any country is to add a useful grain to its culture, especially a bread grain."

The master of Monticello had been married only a year when he was summoned to attend the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. News of the Boston Tea Party had stirred the country, and now tidings came of the firing at Concord and Lexington. Virginia began drilling regiments of soldiers, just as the New England states had trained their minutemen.

On the day that Jefferson took his seat in Congress, the exciting news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached Philadelphia. From the first he made himself a useful member. A committee of five was appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence, and, as Jefferson had shown unusual ability as a writer, he was asked to draft the paper. Congress spent many days in discussing the Declaration which Jefferson drew up, but its form was so perfect that they had to make very few changes.

Jefferson used to say, laughingly, that hot weather and a pest of flies ended the debate of Congress upon the Declaration. The members were worn out with the nervous strain of long debates and the excitement of the danger that threatened America. Finally, on

the afternoon of July 4, 1776, when the frightful heat was aggravated by swarms of flies from a nearby stable, a final vote was taken and the Declaration at once adopted.

Printed copies of this historic paper were carried over the country by mounted horsemen. Washington read it to his soldiers. Everywhere church bells were rung, and men cheered and shouted for joy. Each Fourth of July, when we celebrate the birthday of our nation, we should remember Thomas Jefferson and the other brave men who represented the thirteen weak American colonies. They dared to say to King George III: "We will not submit to injustice. We declare ourselves free and independent."

As a member of the Virginia legislature, Jefferson did much for the people of his state. Through his efforts an old law was abolished by which all the property of a man was given to his eldest son. The new law allowed each of the children an equal share. Another law had made every one pay taxes for the support of public worship. But Jefferson believed that nobody should be obliged to support any church, and a new law was passed under which only those paid who wished to do so.

He took great interest in education, and after forty years of unceasing effort, succeeded in establishing the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. When at last the building was to be erected, he bought the bricks himself, and selected the trees to be used for timber. He personally engaged the laborers and daily superintended the work.

Jefferson succeeded Patrick Henry as governor of his state. In common with many wealthy land-owners, he suffered from the ravages of the British. One of his large plantations was laid in ruins by Cornwallis, while

General Tarleton took possession of Monticello and held it for several days.

The death of Mrs. Jefferson in 1782 was a terrible blow to her husband. The great house seemed so lonely that he accepted the post of minister to France. Here he lived with his daughters for five years.

In 1789 President Washington made Jefferson secretary of state. Jefferson would have preferred to stay in Paris, but he wrote to Washington: "It is not for an individual to choose his post. You are to marshal us as may be best for the public good." He therefore returned and took up his residence at New York, then the national capital.

In 1801 Jefferson was chosen third President of the United States. "The new President was a very remarkable man. He was an accomplished scholar, reading several languages with ease. He was deeply interested in science and philosophy. He was a daring horseman, a dead shot with a rifle, and a skilful performer on the violin." He was courteous, dignified, and hospitable, simple in his tastes, disliking all ceremony and formality.

The federal government had been removed in 1800 to Washington, and Jefferson was the first President inaugurated in that city. He refused to be driven in a carriage to the Capitol on the day of his inauguration, choosing to go on horseback; and he tied his horse to the fence himself.

One of the most important things that Jefferson accomplished as President was the purchase of Louisiana by the United States. This was not the small tract laid down on the maps today under the name of Louisiana. It included all the country from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, between Canada and Texas. It also included a narrow strip on the east side of the river near its mouth, on which the city of New Orleans was

built. This section of America, as we know, had been given by France to Spain, but Napoleon in his war with that country had forced Spain to give it back to France. Jefferson saw how important it was for America to own this land. "If the French choose to plant a strong colony at New Orleans," said he, "they can prevent our boats coming down the Mississippi and out into the ocean with their loads of cotton and rice. The possessor of New Orleans is our natural enemy."

Now it happened that Napoleon was in pressing need of money to carry on his wars; so, when President Jefferson sent James Monroe to France in 1803, with an offer to buy Louisiana, Napoleon was glad to sell. For fifteen million dollars this immense territory came into the possession of the United States and doubled its size. It is the largest piece of land ever purchased. (See map on p. 242.) Napoleon had two reasons for selling it—he was obliged to raise money, and he hated England. "The power of the United States will now humble England's pride," said he.

The year after this purchase the President sent out a party headed by two young men, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, to explore the country lying west of the Mississippi. In May this expedition, consisting of forty-five men, started from St. Louis in three boats to ascend the Missouri River. The current was so strong that they advanced only a few miles each day. It took nearly all summer to reach North Dakota. With Indian guides, they pressed farther and farther west, climbed the Rocky Mountains,

crossed dangerous rivers in canoes, until they finally heard the roar of the Pacific Ocean, and saw "waves like small mountains rolling out in the sea." They had been tramping a year and a half. Lewis and Clark reached home in 1806. In two years and a half they had traveled over eight thousand miles, through a wild country that had never before been crossed by a white man.

Jefferson lived to be eighty-three years old. People from far and near flocked to Monticello to see him. Every one was welcome; often he had as many as forty or fifty guests at one time. Owing partly to his generosity he lost so much money that it was at one time feared he would have to give up his home. When the people of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore heard of this, they raised twenty thousand dollars and sent it to him. The master of Monticello was deeply touched by this "pure offering of love," as he called it, and mention of it would bring tears to his eyes.

Just fifty years after the day the Declaration of Independence was signed, Thomas Jefferson died. On the same day, a few hours earlier, his friend John Adams, who had been second President of the United States, breathed his last. Jefferson was buried in the graveyard at Monticello, and by request the stone bears this inscription:—

HERE WAS BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR
RELIGIOUS FREEDOM, AND FATHER
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON—Born 1757—Died 1804

A glorious gift is Prudence;
 And they are useful friends
 Who never make beginnings
 Till they can see the ends;
 But give us now and then a man
 That we may make him king,
 Just to scorn the consequence,
 And just to do the thing.

—From an anonymous poem, "Heroes."

IT IS not easy to do a thing before one has learned how; and this was what the United States found when she had separated from England and had to govern herself. Being a nation was a new experience, and a trying one; for no nation can succeed that does not make a right beginning with proper laws. How to make this beginning and frame these laws was the problem that Americans had to solve after the Revolutionary War. One of the men who ably assisted Washington in this critical period was Alexander Hamilton, the greatest financier of his time, and a brilliant statesman.

He was born in the West Indies, on the island of Nevis. His father was Scotch and his mother French. He had little opportunity to go to school, for when he was twelve years old he began to earn his living as clerk in a counting-house. His employers showed great confidence in him, and, when he was only thirteen, allowed him to write their letters and take charge of a part of their business. Surely he was no ordinary boy.

He read the best books and wrote whenever he could find time. One day a terrible hurricane swept over the West Indies. Young Hamilton wrote such a good account of it that his relatives began to think it a great mistake not to give him a better education. They accordingly sent

him by boat to Boston, where the youth arrived when he was fifteen years old.

Hamilton soon made his way to New York. Through the advice of some kind people he entered a grammar school at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and studied with such eagerness that at the end of a year he was ready for college. He had intended to enter Princeton, but was resolved to go through the course of study as rapidly as he could, and not be kept back by classes. The rules at Princeton forbade taking students on such terms, so Hamilton entered King's College, New York, now Columbia University. Here, with the aid of a private tutor, he was allowed to press forward as fast as he liked; and that was very fast indeed.

He used to walk up and down under a row of shade trees reciting aloud his own poems, or talking earnestly to himself. People began to say that this West Indian would some day make his mark in the world. Every one came to like the slim, dark-skinned youth, with the bright, deep-set eyes and honest face.

While Hamilton was studying so eagerly, the war cloud grew blacker and blacker. In Boston the general feeling was one of resentment against England; but many persons in New York were still friendly to the king.

Rooted deep in Hamilton's nature was a love of peace, order, and govern-

ment, and he hated the lawlessness and ruin of war. He began to reason for himself about the serious condition of America, in order that he might make a fair decision as to which side he should take. He had been born in an English possession, and was therefore a subject of King George III; but the more he thought about the matter, the more convinced he became that the colonies were right, and England wrong.

While there were many Tories in New York, there were also Sons of Liberty, and they were as firm as the Boston "Sons" in refusing to pay the tax on tea. When the ship *Nancy* appeared in New York harbor, the captain was allowed to come ashore, but not to unload his cargo of tea. He saw that the only way to avoid trouble was to take it back to England, and this he hurriedly and wisely did.

The patriots of New York resented also the encampment of English soldiers on the Commons, now City Hall Park. Four times a liberty-pole was set up on the Commons, and four times the British pulled it down. This was more than the Sons of Liberty would stand. They closed their shops, tolled the bells, and made an attack upon the soldiers. What is now John Street was then known as Golden Hill, and here the skirmish between the redcoats and the colonists took place. The colonists were victorious. They now set up an iron-bound pole with a vane at the top bearing the word "Liberty." The English, remembering their beating, allowed this pole to stand.

In the hope of convincing the Tories that they were wrong, the Sons of Liberty held a meeting in an open field on July 6, 1774. Hamilton was among the thousands of eager listeners. The more the patriots talked, the more convinced he became that they

left the most important things unsaid. At last, unable to keep quiet, he sprang upon the platform and began to argue the case himself. "A collegian! A collegian!" shouted the multitude, as this slender youth of seventeen stood before them. But great was their astonishment at hearing the torrent of words that fell from his lips—words so sensible and convincing that from that hour his influence began to be felt. After this Hamilton used his pen in the cause of liberty, and his political pamphlets were a great help to the colonists.

He began to study military matters and to drill with the volunteer soldiers. He was fearless in his efforts to stop the violence of mobs. One of these outbreaks was very serious. The British warship *Asia* had opened fire on New York City. Property was destroyed and many persons injured. The angry colonists rose in revolt, plundered the king's storehouse, and threatened to ruin every Tory.

It happened that Dr. Cooper, president of King's College, was a Tory and therefore one of the men whom the mob set out to find. On the steps of the college building they were met by Hamilton, who began to reason with them and show them the folly of such disorderly conduct. Imagine the astonishment of the crowd! Here was the youth who had drilled with them, talked for them, worked with them, now telling them that they were making a stupid blunder.

Dr. Cooper looked on from an upper window, but could not hear what Hamilton said. It did not occur to him that the lad was risking his popularity and perhaps his life in the interest of peace and order, so he shouted from the window to the crowd, "Do not listen to such a madman!" and then ran for his life. But the

"madman's" words had such good effect that they dispersed and went quietly to their homes.

Before he was twenty years old Hamilton had become so well known that he was given command of a company of artillery, and soon he had risen to a place as aide on Washington's staff. Thus began a long friendship between these two great men. The aide, always as ready with his pen as with his sword, was of the greatest service to his chief. In the battles in which Hamilton engaged, he showed unusual bravery and wisdom. In the siege of Yorktown he was given command of a body of troops, and at the head of his men rushed boldly upon the British, carrying everything before him.

At the close of the war Hamilton was twenty-six years of age. He had married a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, and was thus brought into relationship with the oldest and wealthiest Albany families. His fame as a brilliant aide to the commander-in-chief had spread throughout the country. In spite of the trying duties of those long years he had found time for many other things; he had studied the great questions of government and money. He was soon to show that he could be even more useful in peace than he had been in war.

From the close of the Revolution to the inauguration of Washington as President was a period of more than five years. They were years of hardship and confusion. When Washington took farewell of his soldiers, he said, "Congress is sending them home without a farthing in their pockets." The country was burdened by a heavy debt brought on by the war. This army of brave men went back penniless to ruined homes. In the next few years, instead of advancing steadily toward prosperity, the states found

themselves, as Washington put it, "walking on crutches."

One of the chief difficulties was that there was no United States mint, where money might be made that would be accepted by all the states. The only coins in circulation were a few foreign pieces. Each state made its own paper money, but this was worthless in other states. There was no banking system. In some way the war debt would have to be paid, but the farmers and shopkeepers felt too poor to pay such taxes as Congress levied. And there was no one at the head of the government to enforce the laws passed by Congress.

Other troubles arose over boundary lines. The early colonists came to America bringing charters which gave them larger tracts than they had been able to clear and settle. Some of these old grants gave land "from sea to sea"; for England had no idea how large America really was. Now, when the West began to be explored, several of the states claimed the same territory, and bitter quarrels resulted.

Washington, Hamilton, and others saw that something must be done and done quickly. "Our whole system of government must be reorganized," said Washington, "or our young nation will never succeed." "First of all," said Hamilton, "we must have a government with more power. Then we must have a bank on the true principles of a bank." When in May, 1787, a convention was called to meet at Philadelphia, to draw up the Constitution of the United States, Hamilton's advice was of great service. He was also an eloquent champion of the Constitution in the critical months while its adoption was being discussed by the states.

The new Constitution provided that Congress should be composed of two bodies—the Senate and the House

of Representatives; that there should be a President, who should appoint other men to assist him in seeing that the laws were obeyed; and a national court to explain the principles laid down in the Constitution.

Washington was convinced that there was no abler man than his former aide to organize a financial system. He therefore selected Alexander Hamilton, then thirty-two years old, for the most important post in the cabinet, that of secretary of the treasury.

Hamilton had a hard task before him. The nation owed millions of dollars to France and millions of dollars to the states which had furnished money to carry on the war. "The United States," said Hamilton, "will pay every cent of this debt." But how? "We must help our people in agriculture and commerce," he replied. "We must create a better feeling between the states, so that they may be drawn more closely together. *And first of all we must have a National Bank.*"

The first National Bank was opened at Philadelphia in 1791. Many branches soon came to be scattered throughout the country. In the year following the first United States mint was established also at Philadelphia. At last the United States had a currency that was as good in one state as in another, and as good in Europe as at home.

"Next," said Hamilton, "the people must overcome their prejudice to being taxed."

A tariff was placed on all foreign goods that arrived in port, and a tax was laid on whiskey and liquors made in America. But to this latter tax the farmers of Pennsylvania objected. When the officers of the government tried to collect it, the Pennsylvanians defied them.

Washington felt the time had come to show the states that the laws of Congress must be obeyed, so he sent fifteen thousand troops into the section that was making the trouble. Hamilton went with them. The Pennsylvanians quickly saw that further attempts to resist the law were useless, and they decided to pay the tax.

The great work that Hamilton accomplished for the United States while he was secretary of the treasury cannot be estimated. When he took charge we had, as a nation, no foreign credit. Hamilton made our credit good with every nation in Europe. We began to pay our debt so promptly that France was astonished. He created our system of making and circulating money, as well as our banking system, whereby slips of paper in the form of checks and drafts are made to pass for money.

Hamilton sacrificed personal advantage to do this great public work. Immediately after the war he had studied law, and he was so successful in its practice that he made much more than Congress could afford to pay him. When the finances of the United States were finally on a solid basis, Hamilton felt that in justice to his family, he could no longer remain secretary, so he went back to his law practice. But Washington continued to consult him almost as if he were still a member of the cabinet. His fame steadily increased, and when he died, at the early age of forty-seven, he was considered one of the best lawyers of the New York bar.

By his family and a host of friends Hamilton was deeply and tenderly loved. But it is the sad fortune of men who take an active part in public life to make political enemies. Hamilton was so honest, powerful, and fearless, that some who differed with him in politics, and were jealous of

him, hated him. Among these was Aaron Burr, who imagined that he had a political grievance against the great lawyer. So Burr wrote a bitter letter to Hamilton and challenged him to fight a duel. Unhappily, it was then the custom for men to settle disputes with pistol or sword. Hamilton did not believe in a fight between men or nations; but it was considered cowardly to refuse when challenged, and he was never a coward.

On a July morning in 1804 the duel was fought on the west bank of the Hudson, at a spot in Weehawken, but true to his principles, Hamilton would not shoot. At the first shot the noble man fell, mortally wounded, and he died the following day.

When news of his tragic fate had spread, the grief of the nation was

intense. On the day of the funeral flags were displayed at half-mast, shops were closed, and bells mournfully tolled. In Trinity churchyard in New York the inscription on the tombstone of Hamilton well says that his "talents and virtues will be admired by grateful posterity long after this marble shall have moldered into dust."

Hamilton was so small and slight in figure, so strong in mind and character, that his friends called him the "little lion." His generosity to people in misfortune caused him to die a poor man. It has been said of him that "he made a nation's fortune, but never made his own." He left something far better—an illustrious name and the fame of founding institutions whose benefits we enjoy today.

DANIEL BOONE — B o r n 1735 — D i e d 1820

But the mighty forest was broken
By many a steeped town,
By many a white-walled farm-house,
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of millwheels,
The stream no more ran free,
White sails on the winding river,
White sails on the far-off sea.

—WHITTIER'S "Cobbler Keezar's Vision."

WHEN Daniel Boone was a young man our country was young. In the whole United States there were fewer people than now live in New York City. There were no railroads, and the few wagon roads were in very poor condition. There were no bridges across the great rivers. Only a small number of persons engaged in manufacture or commerce; the majority were farmers, and they did not go far from home. The people in one state knew little about the people in another, and

almost nothing of the wild country that lay beyond the Alleghany Mountains.

Daniel Boone was born of English Quaker parents on a farm not many miles from Philadelphia, when that city was only a small village. The scattered farms that lay near it were surrounded by forests peopled with Indians. Daniel had no chance to go to school, but he managed to learn to read and write. When he grew up, people said of him, "Daniel Boone can hunt better than he can spell." Once

he carved on a tree "*D Boone cilled A BAR on this tree, year 1760.*" He wrote to his sister, "*With pleasuer I Rad a Later from your sun.*"

Although Daniel Boone had little opportunity to study books, he did not waste his time; he learned of nature. He knew every kind of tree in the forest, and the habits of animals and birds. He studied the clouds and winds, and understood the signs of approaching storms. He knew what berries and plants in the woods were good for food.

When he was twelve years old his father gave him a rifle, and he could soon shoot as straight as an old hunter. He rode a horse as well as his father, but he liked better to go on traps in the woods.

In 1749, when he was fourteen, his father and mother moved south. The little band of settlers traveled five hundred miles, the women and children riding in covered wagons, the men and boys on horseback, leading or driving their cattle. At night they would camp near a stream, and the best hunters in the party would bring in game. Thus they journeyed until they reached the pleasant and fertile valley of the Yadkin River, in North Carolina.

They found the region so full of buffaloes that a few men could kill ten in one day. There were also deer, bears, and wild turkeys for food. Wolves and panthers had to be killed to make life safe on the clearing. In the winter months Daniel spent weeks at a time in the heart of the woods, hunting and trapping; in the spring he would carry the skins to the nearest market and sell them. He grew up a tall, strong man, with broad shoulders and bronzed skin. His hair was black and his eyes blue. Sometimes friendly Indians would visit the settlement to trade with the whites; at

other times hostile savages would attack them. Is it any wonder that Boone early learned to take care of himself, or that he considered his gun his best friend?

The settlers wore long hunting-shirts made of deerskin or coarse cloth, and trousers and leggings of the same material. On their feet were deerskin moccasins, and their caps were of coonskin, ornamented with a bushy tail. Hanging from their belts were a powderhorn and scalping knife. The women wore garments of home made cloth, moccasins and sunbonnets.

Gradually more settlers came to that part of North Carolina where the Boone family had made its home, and as the number of hunters increased, game became scarce. This did not please Daniel. He loved the adventurous life of a pioneer, the solitude of deep forests, the sport of hunting big game. He would take one of his little sons and go into the woods for months at a time. He thought often of the great wilderness of Kentucky, and of the fine hunting he had heard was to be found there. He had been with Braddock's army in 1755 when it was put to flight by the French and Indians, and was in charge of one of the baggage wagons. When the red-coats took to their heels, Boone cut the traces, jumped on a horse, and galloped beyond the enemy's fire. But he had seen enough of the new western country to make him long to go there again.

As settlers continued to come to North Carolina, our pioneer moved farther and farther back into the hills. At length, when thirty-two years old he started with one or two friends for Kentucky. Hundreds of miles of rough country had to be explored; dangers from wild animals and Indians threatened on every side. Occasionally the men followed the trail

of savages or buffaloes, but usually they made their own path. After many exciting adventures Boone reached the land he so longed to see; and he went back to his home more dissatisfied than ever with North Carolina.

The next year he set out again for Kentucky with several companions. The explorers now built a camp, which they named Station Camp, because they used it as a station in which to store skins and dried meat. As it was impossible for hunters to carry enough salt to preserve their meat, they cured it over a fire. It was dried until almost as hard as a piece of wood.

One day in December Boone and a companion were walking near the Kentucky River, when they were suddenly surrounded by a party of Indian horsemen. There were only two white men against a large band of redskins, so there was nothing to do but surrender. The savages knew these men were hunters, and the captives were compelled to lead the way to their camp, where the Indians helped themselves to the skins and meat that the explorers had collected.

This was very discouraging, but Boone, who always looked on the bright side, was glad enough to escape alive. While his companions returned to North Carolina for ammunition and food, he remained alone in the Kentucky wilderness for three months. He had not even a horse or dog for companion. He had no bread, no salt or sugar, and so little ammunition that he dared use it to shoot only what he needed for food. Being constantly on the watch for Indians, he made his fires as small as possible, so that they would not attract attention. It was unsafe to sleep in camp, and he therefore lay down at night in some cave, or in a tangle of brush.

Once when he was exploring Dick's River, Indians suddenly appeared. Our hunter found that his only chance of escape was to leap sixty feet down a steep bank. He landed in the top of a tree, slid down the trunk, and swam a stream at its foot. The Indians did not follow him!

It was a joyful morning for the bold explorer when his brother walked into camp with a fresh store of provisions, powder, and shot. After several months of hunting, the Boones returned to North Carolina. Daniel had not seen his wife and children for two years.

It was not until 1775, that he led a colony into Kentucky to make a permanent settlement, and this time his family went with him. The most exciting experiences befell them on their journey. Occasionally one of the party was killed by a lurking Indian. Boone's eldest son died in this manner. Some of the wagons stuck fast in the muddy roads and had to be left behind. After much hardship, they reached Big Lick on the Kentucky River, where cabins were hastily built. The settlement was named Boonesboro, in honor of its leader.

If you look on the map you will see Cumberland Gap, in the Cumberland Mountains, the route the explorers took to reach the Kentucky River. This has always been called the Wilderness Road, and thousands of settlers afterward followed it in their emigrations to the West.

At first Boonesboro suffered little from the Indians. Treaties were made with them, and they promised, for a certain sum, to give up the part of the country that the white men desired. But after a while the savages became dissatisfied with their bargain, and began to trouble the settlers.

One Sunday in July, 1776, one of Boone's daughters and two friends

went out in a canoe. The current was so swift that the girls lost control of the boat, and were carried farther from the settlement than they had expected to go. Their plight was seen by Indians hiding in the bushes, and wading out to the boat, the savages captured the party. As the girls were hurried through the woods, their screams were heard by some of the settlers, who immediately started in pursuit. Although terribly frightened, the captives did not lose presence of mind. They broke off twigs and tore pieces from their clothing to scatter in their path, and thus mark their trail. After a two days' chase Boone's party overtook them, and rescued the girls unharmed.

In 1778 Boone and several companions were engaged in boiling water at one of the salt springs, in order to procure salt to preserve their meat. While part of the men watched the kettles, the others kept a lookout for Indians, and skirmished for food. One night Boone and a few companions were returning to camp in a blinding snow-storm, their pack-horses laden with buffalo meat and beaver skins, when they were overpowered by Indians.

The captives were taken to the red men's camp, where they learned that the Indians were preparing to attack Boonesboro. Now Boone had studied Indians all his life, and knew exactly how to treat them. Instead of appearing frightened, he whistled, sang, and made himself useful. This greatly pleased the chief, "Black Fish," and he adopted the white man as his son. Boone told the Indians that it would be foolish to attack Boonesboro in cold weather, with snow lying deep upon the ground, but that, if they would wait until spring, he would lead them to the settlement. "We will then surrender," said he,

"and you may sell us to the English."

Although these western pioneers were far from the scenes of battle, the Revolutionary War was still raging, and the British had offered the Indians one hundred dollars apiece for every American prisoner delivered. Is it strange that the Indians wished to capture Boonesboro?

When the warm weather came, Boone managed to escape. For four days he tramped through the forest and in all that time had only one meal. He walked and ran one hundred and sixty miles. Imagine the surprise of the settlers when their leader walked into Boonesboro! He had been gone nearly five months, and had been given up for dead.

The hunter warned his friends of their danger, and they fell to work building a strong wall and forts around the little clearing. It was not long before the Indians appeared. Boone and one or two others went outside the walls to try to make a treaty with them. Black Fish wept at what he called his son's ingratitude in running away. After talking pleasantly for a few moments the treacherous savages fell upon the white men and tried to kill them. After a hard struggle the settlers managed to get inside their fortress, and there was now nothing to do but fight. The siege lasted ten days, and sometimes the fighting continued all through the night.

At last the red men became discouraged, and disappeared into the woods as silently as they had come. Thus ended the longest and hardest Indian attack ever made on any town in Kentucky. When it was over, the settlers picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds of flattened bullets that had been fired against the log fort.

In 1779 large companies of emigrants from the Carolinas, Virginia,

Pennsylvania, and New York, made their way to Boonesboro. It was not long before a considerable quantity of corn, tobacco, melons, and pumpkins were raised. Drove of horses, sheep, and cattle grazed on the hill-sides. A profitable fur trade was carried on with the people on the Atlantic coast.

As Daniel Boone was never happy in a large settlement, he packed up once more, left Boonesboro, and retreated to a wilder country. The Indians continued for years to give the white settlers trouble, and Boone had other hair-breadth escapes. His services were always in demand by new arrivals, who desired to learn of him how to shoot big game, and to defend themselves against Indians. His fame as a hunter and explorer spread over the United States, and even to Europe.

But this modest, silent man did not care for fame. He had lived such a solitary life that he could not be happy out of the woods. "It is too crowded," he would say. "I must have more elbow room." His last pioneer excursion was made in 1795 to Missouri, a country then so little known that when people heard of his plans they came for miles—to see him set out.

In what is now St. Charles County, Missouri, about forty-five miles from St. Louis, the pioneer passed his last years. When he was eighty, and weakened eyesight prevented his hunting, he would still spend months at a time in the forest, engaged in trapping. His wife and sons continued to share his rough, exciting life. His sons grew to be prosperous men, trusted and respected. In the house of one of them, the first stone house ever built in Missouri, the mighty hunter breathed his last. To the very end he refused to sleep in a bed preferring to wrap himself in a blanket and lie on the floor. He said he liked to be reminded of the hundreds of nights when he had slept on the cool earth.

Daniel Boone died in his eighty-sixth year and was laid to rest near the bank of the Missouri River. Later, the people of Kentucky asked to have his body buried in Frankfort, where a monument now marks the spot.

The hardihood and daring of men like Boone opened the great West. Fields of waving grain, gardens, orchards, houses, and barns are spread over that country; and there are prosperous cities where once stood the little log cabins and rude forts of Daniel Boone and his fellow-pioneers.

ELI WHITNEY — B o r n 1765 — D i e d 1825

The spinner sang in the hush of noon

And her song was low:

"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go."

The spinner looked at the falling sun:

"Is it time to rest?"

My hands are weary,—my work is done,
I have wrought my best."

—MARY DE VERE'S "The Spinner."

MANY years ago there lived in the town of Westboro, Massachusetts, a boy by the name of Eli Whitney. Like most New England youths of the time, he early learned to work with his hands. He was fond of study, but he was perhaps more fond of tools. His father had a workshop where he mended farm implements, and here Eli would spend hours at a time, making windmills and waterwheels for pleasure, or nails for money. Today nails are manufactured by machinery, but at that time they were made by hand. Whitney would put a slender bar of iron into the fire, and, when it was red-hot, cut off short pieces and beat these into nails.

Young Whitney's parents could not afford to give him a college education, so he worked with his tools, and taught school, until he earned money to pay his tuition at Yale College. In 1792 he graduated and went to Georgia, where he expected to obtain a position as private tutor; but, through some misunderstanding, the place had been filled before he arrived.

You remember that the people of Georgia gave General Nathanael Greene a beautiful home on the Savannah River, and that he died soon after moving there with his family. When Eli Whitney found himself without

money or work, Mrs. Greene offered him a home. The young man had hoped to study law while he supported himself by teaching; now Mrs. Greene's kindness made it still possible for him to prepare for his chosen profession.

Side by side with his study of law, Whitney continued his mechanical experiments. His labor-saving devices were such a help about the house and farm buildings that everyone who saw them thought that there was nothing beyond his power to invent.

One day visitors at Mulberry Grove, as the place was called, discussed the question of raising cotton—its easy growth in the South, and the large markets that might be found for it. The only difficulty was the slow and expensive operation of separating the cotton from the seed. It took a negro one whole day to clean one or two pounds, and therefore it did not pay to raise cotton.

"Oh, ask Mr. Whitney to invent a machine for cleaning it," said Mrs. Greene. "He can make anything."

When the matter was first brought to Whitney's attention, he had never seen raw cotton, that is, cotton from which the seeds had not been removed. It happened to be winter time, so he had some difficulty in obtaining a few cotton pods with which to experiment. But "where there's a

will there's a way," and the young man finally succeeded in getting enough for his purpose.

He immediately set to work to study it. He found that after the plant had flowered, the seed pod formed. This was called the cotton boll, and contained lint and seed. Would it be possible to separate this seed from the lint by machinery, instead of by hand?

For many weeks Whitney experimented with his engine, or "gin," as it came to be called, working under the greatest difficulties. He needed fine iron wire, but the only way he could get it was to draw it himself by hand. He required many iron tools that could not then be bought, so he was forced to make them. The only persons whom he allowed to see the machine were Mrs. Greene and a young friend by the name of Miller.

One day Whitney exclaimed joyfully, "I have won the victory!" Several friends were invited to witness the working of the gin. When it was set in motion, the onlookers saw that the cotton passed over a series of saws, and that the teeth of the saws separated the lint from the seed. But, after the engine had worked for a short time, the teeth became clogged with cotton, and the machinery stopped.

Mrs. Greene now came to the rescue. "This is what you need," said she, and taking up a brush she cleaned the teeth. Then she held the brush close to the saw, while the wheels were again started, and this time they did not stop, for the brush kept the teeth clean. Whitney turned to Mrs. Greene and said gratefully, "You have perfected my invention." He therefore added to his machine a set of stiff brushes, and as the cylinders revolved, these brushes kept the teeth of the saws free from lint. The machine was patented in 1794.

Just before the gin was finished, the building was broken into one night and the machine stolen. But Whitney set to work to make another, and when the second one was completed, farmers and planters came, eager to watch the result. Great was their surprise and delight, when they found that this remarkable gin could clean one thousand pounds of cotton, while a man was cleaning one or two pounds!

Young Whitney did not dream that he had accomplished something of marvelous importance in the progress of American industry, something that would make his name famous all over the world. Without knowing it, he had started another revolution; but happily it was a peaceful revolution of industry. The men who took part in it were engaged in work, and not in warfare.

Heretofore only a little cotton had been grown in America. Each planter would raise enough for his wife and daughters to make into homespun cloth for the family's use. But when it took one person a day to clean a pound or two, cotton cloth was an expensive luxury. It was worth from one to two dollars a yard.

Now all this was changed by the invention of the cotton gin. Land that had been valuable for raising rice, tobacco, and indigo, was found to be three times as valuable for raising cotton. The lint was packed in bales of three or four hundred pounds, and shipped to the northern states, or to England. Soon the South began to send so many bales to England that people would not believe it was all raised in America, and accused the merchants of smuggling it from the West Indies. At about this time England had invented improved machinery for making cotton cloth.

Thousands of acres from the Carolinas to Louisiana that had been of

little value before, were now covered with cotton. So many vessels were needed for carrying the bales, that the demand for ships was enormously increased. America began to build factories of her own for the manufacture of cotton cloth, particularly in the New England states, which have ever since been noted for their cotton mills. Not many years after the cotton gin was invented, the South sent forty million pounds to England. Today the yearly exports are about three billions of pounds. It is easy to understand why cotton is called "King."

The cotton industry was the most important step in the development of our new country, still poor from the drain of its long war. But Eli Whitney, who had done so much to make others prosperous, could not make even a living out of this invention. We have seen how his first machine was carried off in the night when it was nearly finished. Before he could get the second one patented, his ideas had been stolen, and similar machines were made and put on the market. The only way that he could obtain payment was by going to law, and he brought sixty lawsuits before one was decided in his favor.

Discouraged by the treatment that he received in the South, the inventor went back to New England. He was

now thirty-three years old. He took up the manufacture of firearms near New Haven, Connecticut, and in this he made a fortune.

Up to that time a single workman had made all the parts of a gun. Whitney set each man to making one or two parts only, so that thousands of firearms were being made at the same time. Soon he received large contracts from the government for an improved musket of his invention. He built an armory two miles from New Haven, which was much better than any that had been erected in America. The place that the inventor had chosen for his factory grew into a thriving village, and is today called Whitneyville.

Eli Whitney died in his sixtieth year. He was always kind and generous, and left to his college a fund for the purchase of books on mechanical science.

We have learned since Whitney's time to use the cotton seed as well as the cotton lint. By the aid of machinery the seeds are pressed until all the oil is extracted, and this oil is used for many purposes. The seeds are then dried, ground, and made into meal, which is excellent food for cattle, and is also a good fertilizer.

No other labor-saving invention has done more for the industry and wealth of the United States than Whitney's cotton gin.

ROBERT FULTON—Born 1765—Died 1815

While hoarsely the steam from her 'scape pipes
 Shouted, then whispered a moment, then shouted again to the silence,
 Trembling through all her frame with the mighty pulse of her engines,
 Slowly the boat ascended.

—HOWELLS'S "The Pilot's Story."

ROBERT FULTON was the man who gave us the steamboat. Before his invention, the colonists had to depend on sailing vessels to carry them from colony to colony, or across the sea to England—a very uncertain method of travel, for the speed of a sailing vessel depends entirely upon the wind. Even with the most favorable breezes, it took several days to go from Boston to New York, and five or six weeks to cross the Atlantic. There was also no satisfactory way to navigate the inland waters of America. The emigrants who came from Europe in ever larger numbers to settle the great West had to journey by land over rough forest trails that were often almost impassable. Frequently they had to delay to cut down trees and build rude bridges.

The invention of Robert Fulton completely changed these slow methods of travel. Instead of the uncertain movements of sailboats, or the long, tedious journeys overland, large craft driven by steam were to ply to and fro across the Atlantic, and over the inland rivers and lakes, carrying thousands of westward-bound families, carrying traders back and forth between settlements, and furs and farm products to the markets of America.

Fulton was born of poor Irish parents in the town of Little Britain, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1765—the year in which Eli Whitney was born, and the year of the great agitation over the Stamp Act. His father died when Robert was only three years old.

At school young Fulton showed little

liking for books. He preferred to give his time and thought to drawing and to making mechanical inventions. One morning he came to school very late. Upon being asked why he was not on time, he held out a pencil, and explained that he had been busy at a shop hammering a piece of lead into a strip of wood. "I think," said he, "that I have made a better pencil than any that is in use." The teacher examined it and found the boy was right, and soon all the pupils were using this new kind of pencil.

A few years later Robert was eager for some new fireworks for a Fourth of July celebration. He experimented with gunpowder and pasteboard, and the result was the first skyrocket ever made in America.

One of the boy's chief pleasures was fishing. With a companion, he would spend hours in a flat-bottomed boat, which was pushed from place to place by long poles. But this was tiresome work, and young Fulton thought out a plan to make the boat go by an easier method. He made two paddle wheels, placed one on each side of the boat, and connected them by a crank which was turned by hand. It was now fun instead of work to go up and down the stream.

Among Fulton's friends was Benjamin West, the first American portrait painter to make a name for himself both at home and in Europe. Fulton had always been fond of drawing, and when he was seventeen years old he thought that he, also, would like to be an artist. So he went to Philadelphia, and for three or four years

worked hard at drawing and painting. He not only supported himself but saved four hundred dollars; and with this money bought a little home for his mother.

Robert Fulton had now grown to be a handsome young man, six feet tall, slender, with large, dark eyes, and a charm of manner that won many friends. Throughout his life he was sympathetic, modest, and generous. He often said that the only use he had for money was to help others.

When Benjamin West went to London, Fulton followed, but the old love of invention drove painting from his mind. He began a series of experiments to prove canal navigation in England, hoping by this means to learn how to aid America. "It is now eleven years," he said, "since I have had this plan in contemplation for the good of my country. I look forward to the time when canals shall pass through every vale, wind around each hill, and bind the whole country together." It was largely owing to his efforts that the system of canals in New York state was undertaken.

Fulton invented also a mill for sawing marble, a machine for spinning flax, and a dredging machine. He built iron bridges, that people traveled a long way to see. He also invented a submarine boat, which he tested in France; this was the first torpedo boat ever built. Napoleon gave Fulton an old boat on the river Seine to experiment with, and Fulton's torpedo blew it to atoms.

He could take his diving boat twenty-five feet below the surface of the water and remain there an hour. He hated war and thought one good way to prevent it would be to invent something that could instantly destroy battleships, for this would discourage nations from fighting at sea. He would give neither England nor France

the sole right to use his torpedo boat. "If you were to grant me twenty thousand pounds a year," he told the English government, "I would sacrifice all to the safety and independence of my country."

Though Fulton made inventions of many kinds, nothing else interested him so much as steamboat navigation; for he knew that this was what the United States needed to help her progress. While the inventor was living in France, Robert Livingston, American minister to that country, offered to lend him money to build a steamboat on the Seine. The boat was completed, but the machinery was too heavy for the timber work, and it sank.

Fulton, however, was not discouraged. For twenty-four hours he stood knee-deep in water, without a morsel of food, directing his men how to raise the wreck, and the machinery was at last saved. A larger boat was built for it, and this time a short journey was made, but the speed was so slow that Fulton was not yet satisfied.

On his return to America he continued to work out his ideas. At length a boat thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, with paddle wheels fifteen feet in diameter, was ready for trial. Mr. Livingston had again furnished the money, and the boat was named the *Clermont*, for his country place on the bank of the river.

On the 11th of August, 1807, thousands of persons in New York flocked to the banks of the Hudson. Fulton had promised that on that day he would steam up the river with the *Clermont*. Few persons had any idea that the boat could be made to go. "It is ridiculous to expect such a thing," said many in the crowd, and everybody was prepared to have a good laugh at the inventor. Some even

went so far as to say that Fulton was crazy, or he never would make such an attempt. But all were to learn the wisdom of the old adage, "He laughs best who laughs last."

From out the great black chimney, smoke and sparks were flying, and the big paddle wheels were beginning to turn. This time no hand-turned crank drove the wheels, as in the old fishing days, but steam was the power that was moving the boat up the river. The eager crowd strained their eyes in astonishment at the sight. "Will it keep going? Can he reach Albany?" If only they might follow him!

Proudly the *Clermont* rode the water, while the astonished people living along the banks ran down to the water's edge for a better view of this queer craft. At night, with its huge smokestack belching fumes and fire, it appeared to the more superstitious like a "sea monster." Said one old man, "The devil is coming up the river on a raft."

Fulton made the trip from New York to Albany in thirty-two hours; the swiftest sailing vessel required three or four days to make the journey. People now tried to forget that they had ever made fun of the inventor, or had called his boat "Fulton's Folly." On the contrary, they were quick to say that he was a great man, whose wonderful invention would be of immense value to America.

And so it proved; for not only did the *Clermont* make regular trips between New York and Albany, but in a few years steamboats were plying on our western rivers and the Great Lakes. In 1811 the first steamboat was launched on the Ohio River, and eight years afterward steamers carried emigrants in great numbers over Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. The simple Indians along the western waterways were dreadfully frightened by these

boats, which they called "Big Fire Canoes."

Marietta, the oldest town in Ohio, had been founded about twenty years. Now thousands of pioneers poured into Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, where only hundreds had been able to go before.

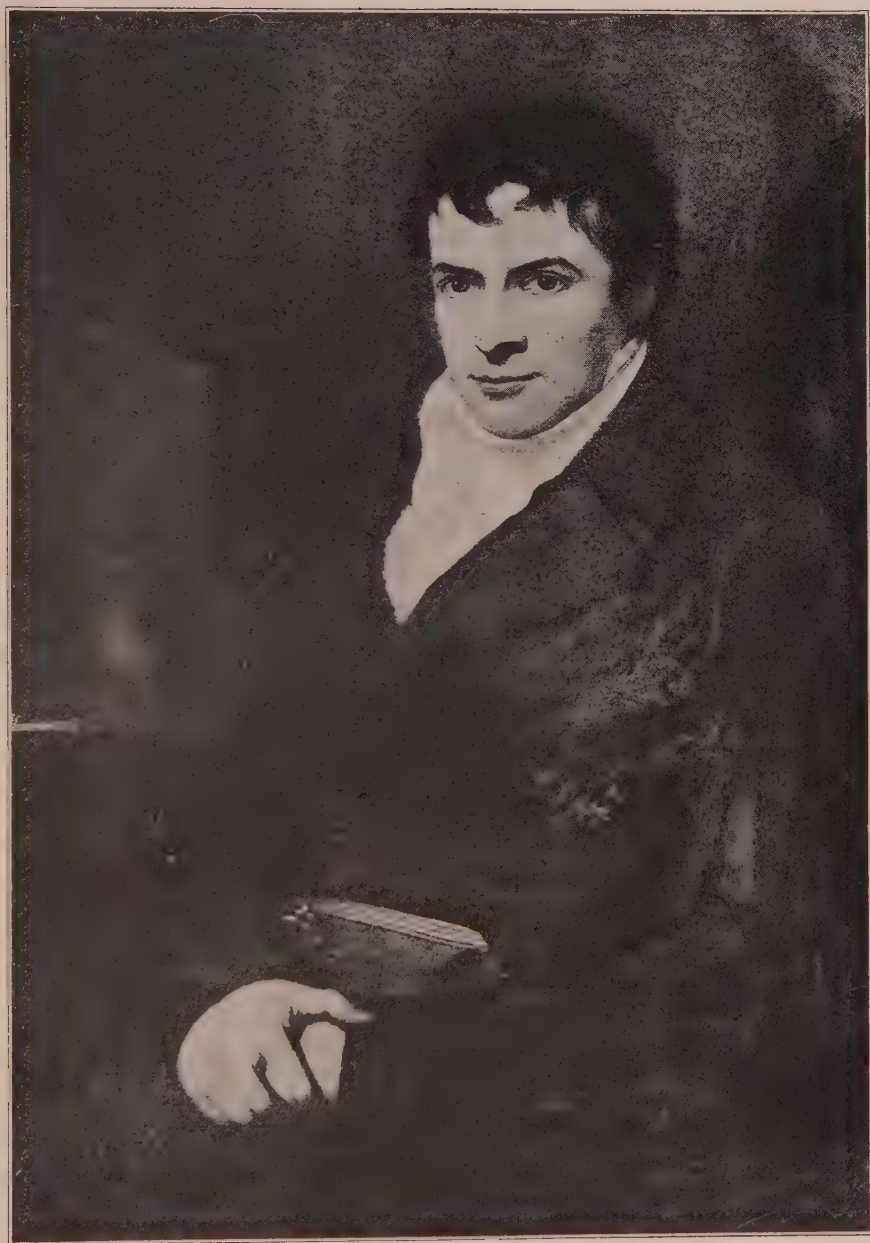
Under his direction large steam ferryboats were built to ply between New York and New Jersey, and between New York and Long Island. Up to this time the ferries had been either rowboats, or boats propelled by a horse walking a treadmill to turn the wheels. Fulton invented the first steam warship, and he was making a new torpedo boat at the time of his death.

In his fiftieth year, while crossing from New Jersey to New York in stormy weather, he caught a severe cold which ended in death. He was taken away when his usefulness and fame were at their height.

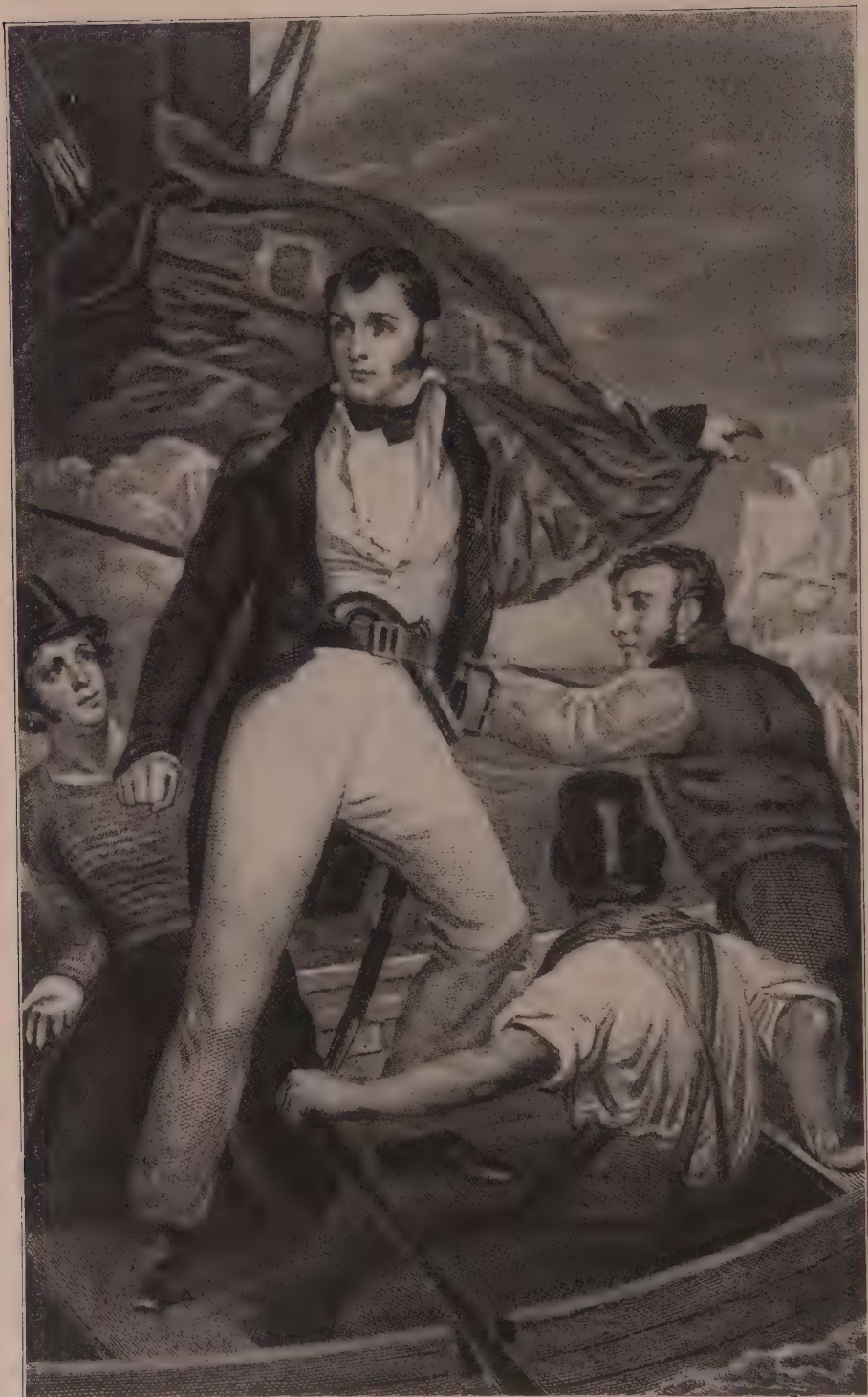
He lies buried in the vault of his wife's family, the Livingstons, in Trinity Churchyard, New York. A vast number of persons, including officers of the government, attended his funeral. While the long procession was moving to Trinity Church, a salute of guns was fired from the Battery. A statue to his memory stands in Central Park.

Twelve years after Fulton's *Clermont* made a trial trip up the Hudson, steam was applied to an ocean-going vessel. In 1819 the *Savannah*, the first American steamship, crossed the Atlantic, sailing from Savannah to Liverpool in twenty-five days.

New York has been called the "Cradle of Steam Navigation." There both the *Clermont* and *Savannah* were built; and there took place the first successful venture in steam navigation that has since revolutionized the commerce of the world.



ROBERT FULTON



"T'LL FETCH HIM UP!"

Commodore Perry leaving the Lawrence for the Niagara

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY—Born 1785—Died 1819

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar;—

The meteor of the ocean's air

Shall sweep the clouds no more.

—HOLMES'S "Old Ironsides."

WHEN we visit a picture gallery, we carry away a recollection of manysplendid pictures. From among them all, however, a few stand out with particular clearness—the pictures we can never forget. It is the same when we study history, which is like a gallery of great men and noble deeds. We remember many names fairly well; but some we recall with peculiar vividness, and among these is the name of Oliver Hazard Perry.

Perry's father was a distinguished naval commander, his mother a woman of strong character and fine mind, who trained her five sons to lofty ideals of patriotism and duty. All of them became officers in the United States Navy, and the most famous, Oliver, won a great victory over the English, about which we shall soon learn. Those who had known his mother said, "This is Mrs. Perry's victory."

Oliver was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island. He was educated at private schools, where he showed a love for mathematics and navigation. When only fourteen years of age, he became midshipman in the navy, and sailed with his father on a cruise to the West Indies.

Sailors in those days led a hard, dangerous life. For hundreds of years pirates from the Barbary States on the north coast of Africa had scoured the seas and robbed merchant vessels. Often they would capture a ship, hold the offi-

cers for ransom, and sell the sailors into slavery. The nations of Europe tried in vain to stop these outrages. When large numbers of American vessels became engaged in commerce, our country, also, suffered from these pirates. Accordingly Congress resolved to put an end to such intolerable conditions.

While Jefferson was President an American fleet under command of Captain Preble was sent to the Mediterranean to bombard Tripoli. Oliver Perry accompanied this squadron. After an engagement one of our vessels, the *Philadelphia*, ran on a rock and was abandoned. The Tripolitans succeeded in floating the boat, and towing it into their harbor, began to refit it for their own use. Naturally, the Americans did not wish their ship used by these sea-rovers. They would rather have it destroyed. One night, under cover of darkness, a young lieutenant, Stephen Decatur, with a picked crew, entered the harbor, boarded the *Philadelphia*, and set fire to the vessel. "Better a smoking ruin than a pirate ship," said he. The Americans managed to get back to their fleets, although more than one hundred of the enemy's guns were turned on them. The *Philadelphia* burned to the water's edge. A great English admiral called this "the most bold and daring act of the age."

Young Perry was one of the men chosen to go on this dangerous errand,

and he took part in all the engagements that followed. After a year or two the enemy was forced to give up its attempts to plunder American vessels.

Oliver Perry had shown such courage and ability in the Mediterranean that at the age of twenty-two he was made a lieutenant. He superintended the building of a fleet of gunboats at Newport, on Narragansett Bay, and when they were finished, was placed in command. He never wearied in his efforts to train his crew, and all his leisure was given to the study of guns and naval warfare. Soon he became known as one of the ablest officers in the navy.

The Revolution had shown England that she could not conquer Americans on land; but even the severe lesson that Paul Jones had taught her on the sea did not prevent her insulting our ships. England and France were still fighting each other, and England needed more men for her navy than the country could furnish. So she began to waylay American vessels, carry off the seamen, and force them to serve in her own navy, claiming that they were deserters from English ships. It was estimated at one time that seven thousand American sailors were being forced to serve in the British navy.

One day in 1806 the *Chesapeake*, an American vessel, was lying off the coast of Virginia, her commander not expecting attack and unprepared for it. Up sailed a British frigate which opened fire upon our ship, killing or wounding more than twenty men and carrying away a part of the crew. This cowardly outrage stirred the whole country.

Now France, fearing the United States might help England, had issued a decree forbidding American vessels to sail into English ports. England, equally fearful of our helping France,

insisted that we should not do business at a French port. This practically stopped all foreign trade, and was a great hardship to hundreds who depended for their living upon ocean commerce. John Fiske says: "The two great naval powers in the world were thus united in a wholesale robbery of American ships and American merchandise. But England did us most harm because she had more warships and more privateers than France."

Finally, America could endure such treatment no longer. A second war with Great Britain was declared, and this is called the War of 1812.

By offering a bounty for American scalps, the English in Canada won many Indians to their side, and with the aid of these allies they planned to capture our Northwest Territory. To do this they must get control of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, so they sent a fleet of battleships up the St. Lawrence River to these lakes. When Lieutenant Perry first heard that war was declared, he wrote to the secretary of the navy, "I hope to be sent where I may meet the enemies of my country," and he was now ordered to go to Lake Erie, build a fleet of vessels, and drive the English from these waters.

Perry received his orders in February, 1813. Bidding his young wife good-by, and taking with him a brother thirteen years old, he set out on his long journey. Neither railroad, bridge, nor canal had then been built, and the travelers encountered many difficulties before Buffalo was reached. When they came to streams that were not frozen they had to cross the swollen water in canoes, and often they were obliged to tramp on foot for miles through tangled underbrush. Perry was more than one month in going from Newport, Rhode Island, to Erie, Pennsylvania.

The country along the border of Lake Erie was a wilderness, and Perry and his carpenters, who had been sent from New York and Philadelphia, had much to endure while forest trees were being cut and the squadron built. With great patience and industry nine vessels were finished. Only two, however, were large enough to be called men-of-war. These were the *Lawrence* and the *Niagara*. Perry chose the former for his flagship, naming it in honor of brave Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship." Perry chose these words for his motto. He had them printed in large white letters on a blue flag, which he flew from his masthead.

But, now that his vessels were ready, Perry could not get sailors enough to man them. One by one the ships of the British squadron began to sail into Lake Erie and anchor before his eyes. What was he to do? In desperation he sent a message to the secretary of the navy urging haste, and at last the sailors arrived.

On the morning of September 10, 1813, Perry's little squadron left Put-in-Bay, and immediately sought the enemy's fleet. Then followed two hours of battle, in which the *Lawrence* was almost totally destroyed. The English were confident of victory. Only eight men were left alive on the flagship.

It was a frightful moment, yet Perry did not despair. He helped to fire the last gun; then, catching up his flag and leading his brother by the hand, he stepped into a small boat and ordered his men to row to the *Niagara*. Instantly the British guns were turned upon the frail craft. A shot broke one of the oars and another pierced the side of the boat. Perry was obliged to strip off his coat and plug the hole to keep the boat from

sinking. He thought of his terrible responsibility, for this battle might decide whether England or America should possess the great West. Already our army had surrendered the whole of Michigan. The battle *must* be won!

Almost as if by miracle the little boat came safely alongside the *Niagara* and the young commander sprang aboard. He gave orders to keep up the fight, and a deadly fire swept the British decks. The tide of battle turned, and by the middle of the afternoon the British hauled down their flag. The man who had forced this humiliating surrender was only twenty-seven years of age. Using his cap for a desk, and writing on the back of an old letter, Perry sent a hasty dispatch to General Harrison, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." This famous message is now carved on his monument. Congress showed its appreciation by giving Perry a vote of thanks and a medal, and by making him a captain.

Perry's brilliant victory turned the tide of war, for he gained more on water than our army had lost on land. England had paid dearly for her lack of respect for the American flag. At the beginning of the struggle our navy consisted of a dozen ships; the British navy of one thousand, and over one hundred of these were along our coast. England had been at war with France for nearly twenty years, and in all that time had lost but five ships; yet in the six battles with the United States navy in the first year of the war, she was defeated every time.

Is it strange that America regarded her ships with pride? One of the most famous was the *Constitution*, which in 1812 met the British warship *Guerrière* near the coast of Nova Scotia. In less than half an hour the *Guerrière* was battered to pieces

and set on fire. The English had called the *Constitution* "a bundle of pine boards," but she came out of the struggle with almost no damage. Six months later the *Constitution* met the *Java* on the coast of Brazil, and crippled her so badly that she had to be destroyed. A year or two afterwards, near the island of Madeira, the *Constitution* won another brilliant victory over two English boats. Surely she deserved the name *Old Ironsides*, which the Americans fondly gave her.

Years afterward, when she was so old as to be unfit for service, it was proposed to break her to pieces, but the public, remembering her victories, raised a voice of protest. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a poem ending with the stanza:—

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

Finally Congress decided to preserve this good ship that all Americans still loved. She now lies in Charlestown navy yard, where she is yearly visited by thousands of people.

After the English gave up fighting us on water, they sent a large army to attack Baltimore. Captain Perry took an active part in the defense of that city, which was guarded by Fort McHenry. All day and night the

British guns pounded the Fort, while thousands of eyes were anxiously fastened on the flag that waved over it. Just before daybreak the firing stopped and the light of dawn showed that the Stars and Stripes still waved. Francis Scott Key had been one of the eager watchers through the night, and now on an old piece of paper he wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"On that shore dimly seen through the mists
Of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread
Silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now
discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the
stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave."

In 1819 Perry was sent by the government to Venezuela. At one of the ports in the Orinoco at which he touched there was a plague of yellow fever. Just after leaving it the captain was stricken with the disease, and died at the age of thirty-four on his ship *Nonesuch*, as she reached the Island of Trinidad. There were many Englishmen at Trinidad, some of whom had fought in the battle of Lake Erie and remembered Perry's kindness while they were his prisoners. They buried him with civic and military honors, but in 1826 Congress sent a ship to bring his body home, and he now lies buried at Newport.

THOMAS MACDONOUGH—Born 1783—Died 1825

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation.
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the power that made and preserved us a nation.
 —KEY's "The Star-Spangled Banner."

ANOTHER naval hero of the War of 1812 was Thomas Macdonough, born in Newcastle County, Delaware, of Scotch-Irish parents. At the age of seventeen he entered the navy as midshipman, and in 1803 sailed on the United States frigate *Philadelphia*, with the squadron sent against Tripoli. He was among those who accompanied Decatur on his perilous night errand of setting fire to this ship. Three years later, Macdonough was made lieutenant, and before he was thirty was master commander. In the War of 1812 he did as effective work on Lake Champlain as did Perry on Lake Erie.

In the Revolution the British planned to send troops down from Montreal to capture New York state, because that was the only way to cut off New England from the rest of the states. In this second war, the English laid another scheme for capturing New York, and also for getting possession of Detroit—at that time our strongest frontier town.

Accordingly the people of New York began to strengthen their northern and western forts. In the first summer of the war the British made an attack at Sackett's Harbor, but they were defeated and driven back into Canada. During the next year each side tried to inflict damage upon the other, but not much was accomplished.

Perry's triumph on Lake Erie so discouraged the British that they gave up trying to get possession of New York from the west. By this time the war between England and France had

ended, so the British had plenty of men to bring to America. "Now," thought they, "we shall soon beat the Americans, and as a first step we will attack New York from the north and east." A force of British soldiers was therefore dispatched to Plattsburg to fight our troops on land, while a squadron was sent down to Lake Champlain to destroy our fleet under Thomas Macdonough.

Macdonough had studied the winds and currents on Lake Champlain, and knew exactly what was best to do. He anchored his fourteen vessels, in Plattsburg Bay, and waited for the British to attack. Theodore Roosevelt, in his book, "The Naval War of 1812," says of the beginning of the battle: "As the English squadron stood bravely in, young Macdonough, who feared his foes not at all, but his God a great deal, knelt for a moment with his officers on the quarter-deck; and then ensued a few minutes of perfect quiet, the men waiting with grim expectancy for the opening of the fight."

The British squadron consisted of sixteen vessels, with a force of guns and men much superior to Macdonough's. The first shot fired by the British struck a hencoop on Macdonough's flagship, the *Saratoga*. A rooster confined in the coop, instead of being frightened, flapped his wings, and crowed loudly, whereupon the men laughed and cheered, pronouncing this a good omen. At once Commander Macdonough opened fire, and thus began a struggle that lasted more than two hours. Macdonough worked as

hard as any of his sailors. Once, while he was loading a gun, part of the rigging of the ship was cut in two by the enemy's shots, and a piece fell on his head. For two or three minutes he lay senseless; then he leaped to his feet and went on with his work. Twice the *Saratoga* was on fire, but the genius of Macdonough saved the day.

As Macdonough had gone into battle with a prayer on his lips, he did not now forget to give thanks for his triumph to a power higher than his own. His dispatch to the secretary of the navy read, "The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain."

Again an entire British squadron had surrendered to an American naval officer under thirty years of age. After the battle, an Englishman said of his ship, "Our masts and yards were so shattered that they looked like bundles of matches, and our sails looked like bundles of rags."

Commander Macdonough showed great kindness to his prisoners. He allowed the officers to keep their swords, and had the wounded sailors

cared for in the hospital on Crab Island. Besides a gold medal from Congress, he received in grateful remembrance of his services, a beautiful estate on Lake Champlain,

On land the armies at Plattsburg had waited for the sound of the ship's cannon as a signal to begin battle. While the struggle was at its height, a rider spurred his tired horse up to the lines and announced the defeat of the British on the lake. A mighty cheer went up from the American side. They redoubled their efforts, and in a short time the British troops were retreating to Canada.

The close of the war found Macdonough in enfeebled health. Congress gave him command of the Mediterranean squadron, but he grew steadily weaker. When news of his serious condition reached Washington, a ship was sent to bring him home; but he died ten days out from Gibraltar. It has been said of him: "He was as generous and humane as he was skilful and brave; one of the greatest of our sea captains, he has left a stainless name behind him."

ANDREW JACKSON—Born 1767—Died 1845

They'll rally to the fight,
In the stormy day and night,
In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever;
While the storm-winds waft on high,
Their ringing battle cry:
"Our country,—our country forever."

—STANTON'S "Answering the Roll Call."

A SANDY-HAIRED boy with a freckled face stood outside a log schoolhouse in a frontier town. His piercing blue eyes flamed with anger, for some of the older boys had played a trick on him; they had overloaded a gun, and then given it to the lad to fire. The result was as expected—the musket "kicked," and the boy

was knocked to the ground. They had played the joke for the fun of arousing his quick temper, but they had not counted on what the temper might do. Andrew Jackson, for that was the lad's name, quickly sprang to his feet, and with blazing eyes shouted, "I will kill any boy that laughs!" The joke was over; not one of the boys dared to smile.

The time came when this uncouth "Andy" Jackson grew into an erect, graceful man, something over six feet tall, with the same bright eyes, abundant reddish hair, and fiery temper. He was willing to fight a duel with any one who quarreled with him. He was also a fearless Indian fighter, and noted for his honesty and patriotism.

Only two years before his birth his parents had come from Ireland, and in a tiny cabin near the border of South Carolina, Andrew first saw the light. The early death of his father compelled Mrs. Jackson to take her children to her brother's home, where she spun flax to earn money for their support. "Mischievous Andy" went barefoot to school, where it must be confessed he did not make the best use of his time.

He was thirteen years old when the Revolution was at its height, and the Carolinas were overrun by the British army. Young Andrew, with a party of Americans, was made prisoner by the English. He was nearly starved and brutally treated. One day he was ordered by a British officer to clean his mud-covered boots, but, smarting under the treatment he had received, young Jackson replied, "Sir, I am your prisoner, but not your slave." The infuriated officer struck the boy with his sword, and Jackson carried the marks of the wounds to the end of his life. In the wretched prison at Camden he fell a victim to smallpox. His mother heard of his condition and secured his release; then she carried him home and nursed him back to health. She was active in caring also for wounded soldiers. In the end she and two of her sons died from the hardships endured at that period.

We next see Andrew Jackson at the age of twenty, "a roaming, rollicking horse-loving young fellow," and a struggling lawyer; then, a year or two later, as a frontiersman crossing the

mountains with a party of emigrants into the wilderness of Tennessee.

Jackson settled at Nashville and found plenty to do in the practice of law. It was not long before he was made a judge, and became famous for his success in maintaining law and order in that wild region. The governor would say, when lawlessness was reported, "Just inform Mr. Jackson. He will be sure to do his duty, and the offenders will be punished." This rough frontier life was full of danger. Judge Jackson often rode alone to the courthouse at Jonesboro, nearly two hundred miles away. He camped over night in the forest, defending himself from Indians and wild beasts. After one narrow escape he said: "A miss is as good as a mile. You see how near I can graze danger."

He helped draft the constitution of Tennessee when it was changed from a territory to a state, and he became one of its most influential citizens. Meantime he had made a fortune. The log cabin where he took his wife when they were first married was soon exchanged for the Hermitage, a mansion about ten miles from Nashville on a plantation of a thousand acres. Friends and strangers alike were welcome at the Hermitage. As Mr. and Mrs. Jackson had no children of their own, they adopted a nephew, and also a little Indian boy, who grew to be the delight of Jackson's heart.

When the War of 1812 broke out, there was in the West a powerful Indian chief, Tecumseh, who constantly urged his tribes to band together and drive the whites from the western territory. The Indian would say sorrowfully, "My people are being forced farther and farther into the forest, and all our land is slowly being taken by the palefaces."

So Tecumseh went from place to place in the West and South, stirring

the red men to action. When the people of Tennessee heard of this they said, "The fearless Judge Jackson is the man to lead the attack against the Indians." And Andrew Jackson, who had made such a good record as judge, now set out as soldier, with his arm in a sling as the result of a duel.

The Creek Indians had captured Fort Mimms in Alabama, about fifty miles from Mobile, and against them Jackson marched an army of over two thousand men, poorly clad and ill fed. Food was so scarce that one day a haggard soldier came to the commander and asked for something to eat. "I will never turn away a hungry man," said Jackson, "without dividing with him whatever I have," and he drew from his pocket a handful of acorns.

At last the time came when the soldiers declared, "We can stand this suffering no longer, and we intend to go home." Instantly up rose Jackson his thin face pale from suffering, his eyes blazing. "I will shoot the first man that takes a step forward," he said—and not one of them took the step.

No amount of hardship could turn him from his course. "These Indians," said he, "shall be taught that their massacre of five hundred white men, women, and children is not to be repeated." So he rallied his half-starved men, cheered them forward, and at the battle of Horseshoe Bend subdued the redskins so completely that trouble with them in the South was ended forever. "You can throw Andy Jackson, but he won't *stay* thrown," his schoolmates had said of him. And his soldiers found that, no matter what the obstacles were, this man wouldn't "stay thrown," and they respected and admired him accordingly.

We now come to the greatest land battle of the War of 1812, the battle

of New Orleans, and Judge Jackson, now General Jackson, is the hero. When the war between France and England ended with the defeat of the great Napoleon, the conquering redcoats sailed for America to put an end to the war here. But that ending was very different from what they had expected.

In March, 1814, a British force entered the city of Washington and burned several public buildings; then they attacked Baltimore, and we have already learned that this attack ended in failure. Their next movement was against New Orleans. The veteran English soldiers were full of confidence, when their warships anchored amid the broad lagoons of the Mississippi, their experienced generals fresh from splendid victories at home.

With what shouts of scorn would the redcoated English soldiers have greeted the sight of General Jackson's rough militia, could they have seen these troops march into New Orleans. Here were the stalwart fighters, who had driven the Indians from Fort Mimms, clad in buckskin hunting shirts and coonskin caps. Under their beloved "Old Hickory," as they affectionately called General Jackson, they had stormed the town of Pensacola, Florida, and driven the Spaniards and the British soldiers from its borders.

"Is not our force as large again as that of these raw Americans?" asked the British. But General Jackson was intrenched in a strong position. On January 8, 1815, with six thousand men against their twelve thousand, he met the British under General Pakenham. "Stand to your guns, boys, and see that every shot tells," shouted Jackson. For a frightful half hour there was rain of shot and shell.

Then brave General Pakenham was struck by a bullet and had to be car-

ried from the field, while the redcoats ran from the fierce charge of the Americans. "Old Hickory" was completely victorious. Twenty-six hundred British lay dead or wounded upon the battlefield, and only eight Americans were killed. It was the worst defeat ever inflicted upon an English army.

Before the battle of New Orleans was fought, a treaty of peace between America and England had been signed at Ghent, Belgium; but the news did not reach America until after the victory. The result of this war was to make the Americans feel more strongly than ever the tie that bound them together as a nation; while it made Europe see the folly of thinking that the United States was too weak to resent an outrage.

During the war and afterward, the Spanish government failed to maintain order in Florida. This tract of land had come into the possession of the English after the French and Indian War, but had been given back to Spain by Great Britain in 1783. It was overrun by pirates and desperate characters, who joined with the Indians in attacking the settlers on the frontier of Georgia. Accordingly, in 1818, General Jackson was sent with a body of troops into the Spanish country, and practically took possession of the territory. A year later the United States purchased Florida from Spain for five million dollars.

Jackson's popularity continued to increase, and in 1829 he became the seventh President of the nation, the first to be chosen from the West.

There are few careers in American history more picturesque or more interesting than that of this boy and his rise from poverty to wealth and power. He was not a man to do things by halves, and he gave to the office of chief of the nation the same unwearying effort that he had given to fighting

poverty, the Indians, and the English. At the end of his term he was reelected; and when he left Washington, he was perhaps more popular than ever, though he had made bitter enemies. What he thought, he said; and when he believed a thing ought to be done, he did it, with absolute fearlessness of the consequence to himself.

In Jackson's administration Congress put a high tariff on foreign goods to protect northern manufacturers. South Carolina was opposed to this tax, for she had no factories to protect, and she wished to get as many European goods as possible in exchange for her cotton, rice, and tobacco. So the people of South Carolina declared, "We will not allow this tax to be put in operation in our state."

Now President Jackson, Daniel Webster, and thousands of other patriots saw the danger to the Union in this attitude of South Carolina. Webster was the greatest orator this country has produced, and his speeches had a wonderful influence. Among the best that he ever made was one on this South Carolina affair. It closed with words that found a ready echo in the hearts of his countrymen: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Before this, President Jackson had been present at a public dinner in honor of Jefferson's birthday. Many men from South Carolina were at the banquet, and when the President rose to give a toast, all ears were strained to hear his words. They rang strong and clear: "Our Federal Union, it *must* be preserved." The enemies of the tariff were much disappointed, but the others heartily cheered the President's toast.

South Carolina, however, would not heed the warning, and insisted that she would pay no attention to the law, though all the other states were willing

to obey. When Jackson heard of this insubordination, his quick temper flamed. Did any state *dare* refuse to obey the laws of Congress? "The Union, it must, it *shall* be preserved!" he shouted. "Send for General Scott." He warned the people of South Carolina that any attempt to resist the law would be put down by arms, and he backed this statement by sending Lieutenant David Farragut with a naval force to Charleston harbor. In 1833, a tariff bill was passed fixing

lower duties, and this compromise measure together with the threat of arms induced the people of South Carolina to yield.

Jackson spent the last years of his life at the Hermitage, surrounded by devoted relatives and friends. He died at the age of seventy-eight, and lies buried beside his wife in the fine old mausoleum in his garden. His faults were forgotten, because they had been overshadowed by his nobler qualities—patriotism, fearlessness, and integrity.

DE WITT CLINTON — Born 1769 — Died 1828

Into thy dutiful life of uses

Pour the music and weave the flowers;
With the song of birds and bloom of meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,

The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,
The breath of the woodlands bear with thee.

—WHITTIER'S "Revisited."

"**P**ROGRESS" has always been the motto of America. "Let us open the great West, cut the timber, erect buildings, cultivate the ground," said the early settlers. "Fields of waving grain will reward our labor, and cities will spring up from the heart of the forests." A great statesman, Henry Clay, had urged the building of a national road west of the Alleghany Mountains, and we now come to work of even greater importance in the development of the country, the digging of the Erie Canal.

Robert Fulton had looked forward to the day when a chain of canals would bind our cities together, and sixteen years after the *Clermont* made its first trip up the Hudson the Erie Canal, connecting the Hudson River with the Great Lakes, was opened.

The man who had worked hardest for the canal was De Witt Clinton.

Clinton was born at Little Britain, New York, of an excellent family. Young De Witt was graduated from Columbia College in 1786. Two years later he was admitted to the New York bar. He became interested in politics, and was elected a member of the state legislature. He worked hard for the passage of laws that would benefit the people of his state—laws that would help the farmers and manufacturers, improve sanitary conditions, and abolish slavery. But perhaps his chief interest was in navigation. "Our country is growing so fast," said he, "that it is essential to open better means of communication with the West."

In 1802 Clinton was elected to the United States Senate, but he resigned

to become mayor of New York City. As mayor he brought about many needed improvements; he helped to establish more schools and better ones; he tried to correct vice and relieve suffering; and he founded institutions of literature, art and science.

Clinton had been one of the first commissioners appointed in 1804 to survey a route for a canal across New York state. From that time he did not cease to urge the legislature to begin the building of the Erie Canal; but the War of 1812 stopped all public improvements. At last, in 1817, money was appropriated, and on the Fourth of July, at Rome, the first spadeful of earth was upturned.

This was a happy day for De Witt Clinton, now governor of the states, and he looked forward to the fulfillment of his cherished dream of bringing the West and the East more closely together. It took eight long years to complete the canal. Like every new venture that has benefited mankind, it met with much doubt and scoffing. The unbelievers called it the "Big Ditch" or "Clinton's Ditch," and said the state was wasting thousands of dollars with the upturning of these piles of clay, sand, and gravel.

It was a difficult undertaking. Most of the work was done by farmers living along the route. First a path sixty feet wide had to be cleared. Then the tree stumps and roots were pulled out by machines brought from Europe. Next a ditch was dug forty feet wide and four feet deep. The canal was three hundred and sixty-three miles long, and cost eight millions of dollars.

On a pleasant morning in October, 1825, a vast crowd gathered at Buffalo and wended its way to the lake shore. A rush of water into the "ditch" was the signal for the boom of cannon, and all along the Mohawk and Hudson valleys cannon answered cannon, until,

in this way, the news was carried to New York City that Lake Erie and the Hudson River were mingling in a great water course from Buffalo to the sea! There was no telegraph or telephone to convey the tidings, but the cannons delivered the message in an hour and twenty minutes.

From Buffalo to New York the excitement spread. If Governor Clinton had been proud to see the earth broken for the beginning of the canal, what must he have felt now that the great task was finished!

On the barge *Seneca Chief*, drawn by four large white horses on the "towpath," Clinton and a party of distinguished friends made their first canal trip. The *Seneca Chief* was followed by several other gaily decorated canal boats. One of these, *Noah's Ark*, had on board two eagles, two deer, a bear, birds, and two Indian boys, to show the people of New York City "the products of the West."

All along the shores from Buffalo to Albany, crowds cheered the travelers. At the capital, horses were exchanged for a steam tow, and the gay flotilla passed down the Hudson amid shouts from watchers along the bank. At the end of eight days the triumphal procession reached New York. Flags were flying over the city, bells were rung, and the residents hastened to do the visitors honor.

More boats joined the little fleet, which now put out to sea. Just beyond Sandy Hook, Governor Clinton poured into the Atlantic Ocean two kegs of Lake Erie water brought from Buffalo. "Hurrah! the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean are united!" shouted the crowd. Then they came back to the city, and ended the celebration with parades, banquets, and fireworks.

The building of the Erie Canal was the greatest public work that had

been undertaken in America. Passengers could now be carried, and farm produce sent to market, much more easily and cheaply by water than by land. Travelers could go from New York to Albany by steamboat, then board a canal boat, and arrive in Buffalo in less than a week. The fare on these packet boats from New York to Buffalo was eighteen dollars. This was considered a very quick and cheap method of traveling. From Buffalo a steamboat on Lake Erie would carry passengers still farther west.

The new canal brought all the wheat, corn, and other farm products from the West to the eastern markets. Freight that had cost one hundred

dollars a ton to transport in wagons could now be carried for ten dollars a ton. A farmer whose wheat had yielded him only thirty cents a bushel, on account of the great expense of getting it to market, now received a dollar a bushel. Where were the men who had laughed at Clinton's Ditch?

Towns sprang up along the route of the canal, for people in central New York no longer had to rely on stagecoaches to get from place to place. Rochester, Syracuse, and Utica grew rapidly.

The Erie Canal increased emigration from New England to the Northwest, and so hastened the growth of New York, that it soon became the Empire State.

GEORGE STEPHENSON—Born 1781—Died 1848

Shake hands! kiss hands in haste to the sea,
Where the sun comes in, and mount with me
The matchless steed of the strong New World,
As he champs and chafes with a strength untold,—
And away to the west, where the waves are curled,
As they kiss white palms to the capes of gold.

A girth of brass and a breast of steel,
A breath of flame and a flaming mane,
An iron hoof and a steel-clad heel,
A Mexican bit and a massive chain
Well tried and wrought in an iron rein.

MILLER'S "From Sea to Sea."

WHEN Eli Whitney and Robert Fulton were boys sixteen years old, there was born in Northumberland, England, a child named George Stephenson. His father was a poor laborer in the coal mines.

Young Stevenson had little schooling, for when he was a mere boy, he began to earn his living. He worked at anything he could find to do at the mines, and sometimes helped to clean the hoisting engine used in the collieries. After a time he became a

fireman, and at last, on one of the happiest days of his life, he was given full charge of an engine. He now began to study the machinery. He unscrewed the various parts, and carefully examined them, and finally he was able to take an entire engine to pieces and put it together again.

We have learned that it was not until the year 1807 that Americans traveled by steamboat. On land, clumsy stagecoaches jolted from town to town, over miles of rough or muddy

highways, almost impassable in winter. It required several days to go from Boston to Philadelphia.

While Fulton was busy in America trying to perfect his steamboat, George Stephenson was working in England on a steam engine designed to pull a train of cars. People laughed at his efforts, and a member of Parliament asked in ridicule: "What would happen, Mr. Stephenson, if a cow were to get in front of your engine moving at full speed?" The inventor replied quickly, with his broad Northumberland accent, "It wad be vera bad for the coo." A few years after the *Clermont* was finished, Stephenson's first locomotive made a successful trial trip in England.

Thus encouraged, the collier's son gave all his time and attention to the study of railways and locomotives, and in 1822 he built the first railroad in England. It was eight miles long. Soon a company was formed to build a road connecting the large cities. But the English public was as much afraid of Stephenson's steam engine as the Americans had been of Fulton's steamboat. One of the newspapers said: "We trust that Parliament will limit the speed to *eight or nine miles an hour*, which is as great as can be ventured on with safety."

Stephenson was placed in charge of this railway work. He opened a large shop for the manufacture of locomotives, and, when he had made an engine that would run fourteen miles an hour, people thought it wonderful. When he afterward ran his locomotive for a short distance at thirty miles an hour, it was said to "fly." Today engines travel sixty and even seventy miles an hour.

The first railway built in the United States was operated by horse power, and was called a tramway. It was found that horses could draw very

much heavier loads over these tracks than it was possible for them to haul on an ordinary road. This first American railway was four miles long, and the rails were of wood. It was built at Quincy, Massachusetts, to carry granite from the quarry to the water, whence it was taken by boat to Boston, to be used in building the Bunker Hill Monument. Other tramways were built in the Pennsylvania coal regions to carry coal from the mines.

It was not until 1830, twenty-three years after the beginning of steamboat navigation in the United States, that the first railroad for steam cars was built in this country. It ran from Baltimore to a place called Ellicott's Mills, a distance of twelve miles, and is now a part of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Two years before, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company had sent a man to England to study steam locomotives. He ordered three engines sent to America, and these were tried on railways built in the coal fields. The English engines were found so satisfactory that the United States began to make her own. The first were built in New York state.

Just as people had made fun of the steamboat, they now laughed at the locomotive. "It will never stay on the tracks," said one. "It cannot be kept moving for any length of time," said another. "It would cost too much to build the tracks; and what is to be done with the hills?" It was thought that no engine could ever go up a steep grade.

After a time, when it became certain that railroads would be built, the farmers were greatly troubled. They feared there would be no use for horses, since stagecoaches would not be needed, and that they would have no sale for their hay and oats. The more

timid thought that the noise of the engines would drive everybody insane!

One of the earliest trains to carry passengers in America was run over the Mohawk and Hudson Railway, between Albany and Schenectady, in 1831. It was called the "De Witt Clinton train," in honor of Governor Clinton. This train would look very queer if placed beside one of our trains of today. The engineer had no cab to shelter him, but was completely exposed to the weather. Next to the engine was the tender, a kind of covered wagon, in which was placed the wood used for fuel; and behind this were the passenger coaches.

These were not like the cars we now ride in on railway trains, but were similar to stagecoaches. Passengers thought it a very fine thing to sit inside or on top of these coaches, and be drawn along by the steam engine; but to judge from the pictures one would think they must have had plenty of smoke and cinders. Even with these drawbacks, travelers considered the railway trains a great improvement over the jolting old stagecoaches, that required three or four days to go from Albany to New York. Furthermore, the expense of a journey on the railroad was only about one-fifth as much as by stage.

Ten years after the first little strip of railroad was built in Maryland, nearly all of the large cities east of the Alleghany Mountains were con-

nected by rail. More and more emigrants poured into the West, and inland cities sprang up; for now it was not necessary to have a town built on the water. The great steam engines would carry travelers and farm produce through sections of the country far removed from rivers and lakes. By 1869, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans were united by bands of steel, and engines were plowing through forests of the great West, over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific.

Today there are more than two hundred thousand miles of railroads in the United States, with billions of dollars invested in them. Some one has said: "The inventor of the railroad ought to be ranked among the chief builders of the American Union."

George Stephenson lived to be sixty-seven years old. The English government desired to express its gratitude to the inventor by conferring knighthood upon him, but he declined the honor. He kept his simple name, and continued to lead the modest life to which he was born. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England, an enormous bronze statue has been set up in his honor.

When your task seems too difficult remember George Stephenson's reply to those who scoffed at his plans for building a railroad, "I can't tell you *how* I'll do it, but I can tell you that *I will* do it."

HENRY CLAY — Born 1777 — Died 1852

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains;

Thy silver eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air—
O Land beyond compare,
Thee I love best!

—VAN DYKE'S "Additional Stanzas for America."

DID you ever hear of the Mill Boy of the Slashes? It is a queer-sounding name, but easy to understand when one knows about the childhood of Henry Clay. The swampy, lowland district in Hanover County, Virginia, where he was born, was known as the Slashes. His father was a clergyman, who died when his little son was three years old. Henry received his early education in a log schoolhouse, and after school hours helped at farm work. One of his duties was to ride a horse to mill, and carry bags of farm produce to be ground. Thus the barefoot boy came to be known as the Mill Boy of the Slashes.

He was an exceedingly bright lad, and at the age of ten became clerk in a store in Richmond. Four years later his stepfather procured a position for him in the office of the clerk of the Court of Chancery. Chancellor Whyte took a deep interest in the boy and encouraged him to study law.

In a few years Henry had grown to be a tall young man, with agreeable manners, and was regarded by the well-known men in his community as a youth of unusual promise. At the

age of twenty he was licensed to practice law. When he was an old man he said, "I remember with what delight I received my first fifteen-shilling fee."

He crossed the mountains and settled at Lexington, Kentucky, in order that he might be near his mother. From the first his success was remarkable; his wonderful eloquence attracted attention, and he had made hosts of friends.

Clay had been in Lexington only two years, when he married a daughter of a prominent, wealthy gentleman. He joined a debating society and quickly won the reputation of being "one of the most fluent and eloquent speakers." He was ever ready to help those in trouble, and gladly gave his assistance, without charge, to clients who needed aid but were too poor to pay fees. Before many years passed he had saved enough to buy several hundred acres of land near Lexington and to build a fine house. He called the place Ashland, because of the magnificent ash trees that shaded his lawns.

The Mill Boy of the Slashes became the most popular man in Kentucky.

Early in his career he had become interested in politics, and was elected a member of the state legislature. This youth, who had captivated his companions in the debating club, now held all older hearers spellbound by his eloquence, and his fame as an orator spread far and wide. From the state legislature it was a short path to the United States Senate, and here his eloquence and good sense made him a power. He was the youngest man who had ever been sent to the Senate.

When, prior to the War of 1812, America became aroused by the seizure of her sailors by the British, Clay was among the most ardent of those who urged Congress to resist by force. "Let us arm men to defend our beloved land," he cried, "and let us build such a navy as shall punish England for daring to attack our vessels." The time was not then ripe for public sentiment to voice, as it does today, such words as those of Admiral Evans: "It was borne in upon me that the worst use you could put a navy to was fighting, and the best, keeping the peace."

After the war Clay was one of the committee sent to the Netherlands to meet British representatives for the purpose of drafting a treaty of peace. When this was signed he went to London to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Great Britain. In both missions he was highly successful.

In Wheeling, West Virginia, there is a monument erected to Clay's memory, on which the inscription calls him "The Father of the National Road." He earned this name by persuading Congress to build a public highway from Cumberland, Maryland, through Wheeling, Columbus, and Indianapolis to Vandalia, Illinois. Progress through the West was being retarded because there was no good road over which emigrants could travel. The National

Road was the first well-built highway west of the Alleghany Mountains.

Clay was forty-two years old when there arose the gravest excitement over the slavery question that the United States had known. The territory of Missouri applied for admission as a state. The members of Congress from the North said, "If Missouri is admitted, it must be as a *free* state." The South declared, "It shall have the right to hold negroes as slaves."

We have already learned how the first slaves were brought to Virginia to work on the tobacco plantations. Gradually slavery spread throughout the colonies, but just before Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, it had about died out. As a result of this invention, however, slavery was revived in the South; for, as more and more cotton was raised, more workers were needed, and not enough white men could be found.

But the wisest men in both North and South knew that slavery could have no place in a free country. Years before, southerners like Washington, Jefferson, and Henry had spoken strongly against it, and had earnestly hoped that it would soon die out. Clay too, hated slavery, and in one of his speeches declared: "I come from a slave state, but no earthly power could induce me to vote for slavery, the deepest stain upon the character of our country."

When the question of admitting Missouri as a slave state came up in 1820, the whole country was deeply stirred. The North had no need of slaves, but the South felt that her industrial progress depended upon her being able to keep negroes in slavery. It happened that at this same time the territory of Maine also was applying for admittance into the Union. As the feeling between North and South grew more bitter, Clay gave his un-

wearied efforts to having a resolution known as the Missouri Compromise agreed upon by Congress. By this compromise, Maine was admitted as a free state, and Missouri as a slave state; but with the understanding that all the rest of the territory west of the Mississippi River, north and west of Missouri, should be free.

This did not satisfy Clay any better than it did thousands of others, but he felt that it was the only way of settling the dispute, and for the time both North and South were pacified. After that Clay was called the Great Peacemaker.

In 1832 Clay was nominated as a candidate for the presidency, but although for more than twenty years he was talked of as a possible President, he never received the election. It is doubtful, however, if any man in the United States ever had greater influence in the affairs of the country.

When Andrew Jackson was elected President, Clay left Washington and retired to his Ashland estate to enjoy the peace and quiet of country life. But the vexed question of slavery would not be put down. The Missouri Compromise had merely delayed its settlement. By 1850 California was petitioning for admission to the Union, and once more bitter debates over the negro question disturbed the country. It seemed as if the Union must be dissolved. In the words of Thomas Jefferson, the threatening discussion of this whole sad story rang "like a fire bell in the night."

Clay loved the Union, and he strove to bring about another compromise. Though now seventy-three years old, he never thought of himself. He did not pause to rest, but continued to speak publicly, even when so feeble that he had to be helped to the platform. He knew that he could make others feel the enthusiasm he felt himself. "All now is uproar, confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and safety of the people," said he. "Let us quiet this storm and save the Union. Let us have peace by compromise; let each side yield something to the other."

The famous California Compromise was adopted by Congress in 1850. Again Clay had helped to preserve the Union, as he had done thirty years before. Under the Compromise of 1850, certain concessions were made to the North, and others to the South. The most important were the admission of California as a free state to satisfy the North; to satisfy the South, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, by which southerners could more easily catch runaway slaves. People hoped that the differences between North and South were now settled.

When Henry Clay died in Washington, two years later, America lost one of her ablest statesmen and greatest orators, a man devoted to what he believed to be for the best interests of his country. "I had rather be right than be President," he once said, and every one knew that he meant it.

DANIEL WEBSTER — Born 1782 — Died 1852

In toil he lived; in peace he died;
 When life's full cycle was complete,
 Put off his robes of power and pride,
 And laid them at his Master's feet.

—HOLMES'S "Birthday of Daniel Webster."

ONE winter day many years ago, a father and son were traveling along a New England road. The man was a strong, able farmer, who had seen hard service in the Revolution, and had been one of Washington's trusted sentinels when it was found that Arnold was a traitor. The boy, a lad of fourteen, was tall, slim, and delicate. Had you met him on that February day, you would have been attracted by his remarkable eyes, dark, piercing, fascinating. His hair was black and straight, his cheek bones high, his complexion swarthy. The pair were on their way from Phillips Academy Exeter, New Hampshire, to their home in a town near by.

The youth never forgot that journey, for before it was over the father announced that, in spite of poverty, the boy should have a college education. "The very idea thrilled my whole frame," said Webster, when he had grown to be one of America's greatest statesmen. "I remember that I was quite overcome. The thing appeared to me so high, the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father so great, I could only press his hand and shed tears."

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury—now Franklin—New Hampshire, in 1782, the ninth of ten children. "I do not remember," he once said, "when or by whom I was taught to read; because I cannot and never could recollect a time when I could not read the Bible. I suppose that I was taught by my mother or by my elder sister. We had so few books

that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought they were all to be got by heart." Although they were poor, Mr. and Mrs. Webster were determined that their children should be educated. The little group daily trudged to school, walking in winter from two to three miles through the snow to reach the village schoolhouse.

Daniel was not a strong boy, but he had a musical voice of remarkable richness. Farmers would stop him on the road to hear him recite passages from the Bible, or from books of poetry. He was always deeply interested in his father's stories of George Washington and the war, and he early came to love and know about his country. When only eight years old, he saw for sale at a shop a cotton handkerchief with the Constitution of the United States printed upon it. Daniel saved his pennies until he had twenty-five; then he bought the handkerchief and studied the Constitution until he could repeat it from beginning to end.

It was a happy day when the little country school was exchanged for Phillips Academy. "I believe I made tolerable progress," said he afterward; "but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation. Many a piece did I commit to memory, but when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. When the occasion was over I wept bitter tears of mortification." A sad beginning for one of the world's greatest orators.

Webster was nineteen years old when he was graduated from Dart-

mouth College. He was not content to be the only member of his family to enjoy a college education; he wished his brother Ezekiel to have one also. Mr. Webster, however, had mortgaged his farm to keep Daniel at Dartmouth. How could he pay another son's tuition? But Daniel persevered, and by teaching and by seizing every other opportunity to make a dollar, he sent Ezekiel to Dartmouth.

He took up the study of law, but his father was an old man and money was needed for the support of the large family. So, accepting an offer to take charge of a school at Fryeburg, Maine, Daniel set out on horseback for that place in the winter of 1801. He boarded in the family of the registrar of deeds, and was paid twenty-five cents apiece for copying records. This enabled him to send more money home.

But a man of Webster's remarkable powers could not long be satisfied with such a narrow field. He found his way to Boston, finished his law course, and returned to his native state to practice. At the Portsmouth bar he quickly gained distinction, and it was not long before he moved to Boston. His fame increased until every one requiring a lawyer tried to engage his service. The youth who had been glad to go to Fryeburg for three hundred and fifty dollars a year, now found himself with an annual income of twenty thousand dollars.

At the age of thirty-one he was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and took his seat in Congress with Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and others from among the ablest men in the country. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and in 1827 was elected to the Senate.

"Wherever he went men turned to gaze at him, and he could not enter a room without having every eye fastened upon him. His face was striking, both in form and color. The eyebrow, the eye, and the dark, deep socket in which it glowed were full of power. His smile was beaming, warming, fascinating, lighting up his whole face like a sudden sunrise. His voice was rich, deep, and strong filling the largest space without effort and when under excitement rising and swelling into a violence of sound like the roar of a tempest." At the unveiling of the Bunker Hill Monument Webster delivered a great address. It is said that fifteen thousand persons heard every word that he uttered.

After he became senator, he steadily gained in influence. Twice he was made secretary of state. His love for the Union was as deep as that of Jackson or Clay, and that it *must* be preserved, was his motto, as it was theirs. We know that South Carolina insisted that she had the right to refuse to pay the tax on foreign goods. That was putting the right of the state first and that of the Union second. Finally Senator Hayne of South Carolina made such a strong speech in the Senate in favor of State Rights that people doubted if even Webster could reply to his arguments.

Webster's "Reply to Hayne" is one of the greatest speeches in the English language. Excitement was at fever heat, for the controversy over State Rights had been long and bitter. When the people of Washington knew that Webster was to make his reply, the Senate chamber was crowded to the doors. Even the members of the House left their seats and came to the Senate. "By the blessing of Heaven," said Webster to a friend before he began, "the people of this country

shall learn this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand the Constitution to be." From the days of the cotton handkerchief its words had been burned into his heart.

Since the time of Patrick Henry no address had so stirred the hearts of Americans. For four hours Webster held his hearers spellbound. Nothing like the speech or the spectacle had before been heard or seen in the Senate of the United States. The impressive figure of the orator towered to its full height. His wonderful eyes burned with splendid luster, while his rich voice and matchless eloquence swayed the immense audience. Every newspaper in the land published the speech; it was printed in circular form; it was read throughout the length and breadth of America, and it swept the country like wild-fire. Its effect was deep and lasting, and rekindled patriotism throughout the North.

Every schoolboy knows, or should know, parts of this celebrated "Reply to Hayne," and he should have stamped in his memory its closing words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." He should be able to recite it, as did the boys in Webster's day, the lads who not many years afterward marched in their blue uniforms to defend the Republic, with the ringing words of Daniel Webster on their lips.

When the great orator visited England with his wife and daughter, he found the doors of the highest in the land opened to him, for his great fame had gone before him. His striking personal appearance made him a figure of mark. "There goes a king," said some one who met him in the street. "Good Heavens! he is a small cathedral in himself," said another. The truth is that he was only five feet ten inches in height, and never weighed two hundred pounds, yet he was so

forceful and commanding that he was spoken of as a giant."

From the excitement of the Senate and court room Webster loved to retire to his estate at Marshfield, Massachusetts. He called himself the "farmer of Marshfield," and in the quiet joy of orchard and trout stream, or listening to the murmur of the ocean across the marshes, he could forget the pressing cares of office.

There was no period in which this great statesman did nobler service for his country than in the last three years of his life. The question of admitting California as a free state in 1850 threatened, as we know, to sever the Union; for while the North favored it, the South opposed it. Webster believed, with Clay, that the only way to preserve peace was by compromise, but his friends in the North hated slavery so intensely that they could not bear to give in on any point, and they were especially opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law.

When Webster joined his influence with Clay's northerners said bitterly: "Webster has forgotten his principles, and is trying to get southern votes to elect him President." No man in the United States was better fitted for the presidency than Daniel Webster and he had a right to expect that the people would elect him; but the Fugitive Slave Law had cost him so many friends that he never became President. Though a storm of abuse was hurled at his head, he stood firm in his conviction that, at that time, nothing but a compromise could save the Republic.

Throughout his life, and with all his extraordinary power, he had labored to preserve the Union. Yet he could not prevent the terrible war between the North and the South which came a few years after his death. But the unfailing love of country that breathed

from every word of his great speeches taught a lesson that was not forgotten in the moment of peril. How America mourned his death, how the heart of the nation yearned for his voice and help in the sad days of the Civil War Whittier has told:—

“Wise men and strong we did not lack,
But still with memory turning back,
In the dark hours we thought of thee,
And thy lone grave beside the sea.”

Webster's love for the flag lasted as long as life itself. In the last weeks he was unable to sleep except for an hour or two at a time. From the

window he could see a boat riding at anchor, and he loved to watch the Stars and Stripes that floated over it. Even at night by having a lantern placed on the boat he could see the waving of the flag, and it was one of the last things on which his eyes rested.

He died in September, 1852, and at his own request public ceremonies at his funeral were omitted. He sleeps in the old Colonial Burying Ground at Marshfield, near the sea that he loved.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE AND HIS SUCCESSORS

MORSE: BORN 1791—DIED 1872
What saith the herald of the Lord?
“The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

“And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her people be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.”

—WHITTIER'S “The *Cable Hymn*.”

WE have grown so used to the telegraph and telephone that we no longer think them remarkable. We forget that there was a time when we did not know how to “harness electricity,” and make it serve us.

We are apt to forget too, that these great inventions were made only after years of patient toil and experiment, and that we owe a debt of gratitude to the men who sacrificed time, strength, and money to perfect them. Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, labored, slept, cooked, and ate in one small room. He often suffered for lack of food while he was working out his great scheme, which has been of such untold benefit to mankind.

Morse was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts. His father was poor, but he managed to give his sons a college education. At the age of four Samuel was sent to “Old Ma'am Rand's school.” This elderly lady, lame and unable to leave her chair, kept order with the aid of a long rattan stick, with which she could reach to every part of the room. When he was seven the boy was sent to school at Andover, where he remained until he entered Yale. He was graduated from college before he was twenty.

Morse spent a great deal of time in drawing, and became so skilful that he helped to pay his college expenses by painting portraits. He had become greatly interested in electrical

experiments at Yale, but painting seemed to offer a surer means of earning his living, so with his artist friend Washington Allston, he went to London and became a pupil of Benjamin West.

After Morse returned to America, he supported himself for several years by his art. He wrote to his friend Allston, "I am painting from morning till night, and have many new patrons."

While returning from a second visit to Europe, the artist thought out the idea of the telegraph. One day on the steamer there was a discussion regarding electricity, and some one stated that the length of the wire made no difference in the passage of the electric current. "Then," thought Morse, "if electricity can go ten miles without stopping, I can make it go around the globe."

He had accepted the position of Professor of Fine Arts at New York University, but soon resigned to give all his time to making an alphabet of marks and dots, and to working out his system of telegraphy.

The inventor, now more than forty years old, found that he still retained his youthful enthusiasm for electrical experiments. He took a little room at the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, and in this "studio, workshop, bedroom, and kitchen" labored day and night. He spared time from his experiments for only enough painting lessons to keep the wolf from the door. He had little food besides bread and tea. One day a pupil said, "I am sorry, Professor Morse, but I cannot pay you until next week." "I shall die of starvation before that time," grimly answered the inventor, whereupon the student found the needed money. On one occasion Mr. Morse was without food for twenty-four hours. At

another time he wrote to a friend, "I am without a farthing in my pocket, and have to borrow even for my meals."

For twelve years the patient inventor worked at his task. When his invention was perfected, after many delays and discouragements, a patent was procured in 1840. Alfred Vail, a wealthy young man, became deeply interested in Mr. Morse's ideas, and gave him much help. At last the House of Representatives passed a bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars for a trial of the telegraph from Washington to Baltimore. This bill could not become a law until it had been passed by the Senate.

Mr. Morse waited in the Senate chamber on the last night of the session until nearly midnight; then he left disheartened. Imagine his surprise when, the next morning, a young woman said to him, "I congratulate you, Professor." "And for what, my dear young friend?" asked the inventor. "On the passage of your bill," she replied. The good news was indeed true; the Senate had passed the bill just after Mr. Morse left the chamber.

The lady who made this happy announcement was Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of the commissioner of patents, a friend of Mr. Morse. Tears filled the inventor's eyes. "You shall dictate the first message to be sent over the wire," said he.

Accordingly, on May 24, 1844, Miss Ellsworth wrote the first words flashed over the telegraph in America. She chose the biblical quotation, "What hath God wrought?"

The doubters who called Morse "crazy brained," and insisted that he was fit only for a lunatic asylum, had to admit that God had indeed wrought a marvelous thing through this patient man.

By the aid of the telegraph people found that they could send messages in a very short time to friends hundreds of miles away. No longer must news be sent from Buffalo to New York by the boom of cannon. Instead of one hour and twenty minutes, the message would travel across the state with lightning rapidity.

Up to this time there had been various methods of signalling over long distances. One was by lighting beacon fires on the hills, another by the waving of flags, and a third by using the semaphore. This last was a French invention, consisting of an upright post with a movable horizontal bar, which could be placed at any angle. On each end of the bar was a smaller arm, and by changing the angles of the bars, signals representing words, numbers, and sentences, could be given. The semaphores were placed on high towers, four or five miles apart. In a thick fog or a blinding snow they were, of course, quite useless.

Another method of communication and one still used by Indians, is to reflect the rays of the sun by a mirror. By the use of mirrors placed on high elevations, messages have been exchanged between stations ninety miles apart. Now the telegraph was to take the place of all these methods.

The first piece of general news to be sent over the telegraph wire was that Silas Wright had refused to become a candidate for Vice-President. The convention in Baltimore that had nominated Wright would not believe that Mr. Morse had sent news of the nomination to Mr. Wright at Washington, and received a reply. The convention, therefore, sent a committee all the way to Washington to investigate. These gentlemen found that the report was true; the telegraph had done in a few minutes all

that they had done by traveling seventy miles.

Everybody now began to believe in the telegraph, and from this time business was revolutionized. Merchants no longer had to wait days or weeks for letters; all important matters could be settled by telegraph.

Mr. Morse had honors and wealth heaped upon him even by the countries across the sea, for not only America, but also Europe, adopted the telegraph. He was able to have a beautiful country home on the banks of the Hudson, where distinguished persons were often entertained, and he also had a city residence in New York. When he died, at the age of eighty-one, the world mourned his loss. He was the greatest inventor of his age, a generous, noble, true-hearted man, and a faithful friend.

Before Mr. Morse died, he had the satisfaction of sending a message by telegraph across the ocean.

To Cyrus W. Field belongs the honor of pushing forward the great work of laying the Atlantic cable from America to Europe—an undertaking so difficult that years passed before its accomplishment.

Mr. Field was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. Early in life he made his way to New York and became a clerk in a dry-goods store. He soon went into business for himself, and at thirty years of age was one of the wealthiest merchants in the city.

The question of laying a telegraph wire under the ocean to connect the two continents had long been discussed. Mr. Field became deeply interested, and in 1857 wire was laid from Newfoundland to Ireland. One morning in August Mr. Field announced that signals had passed under the Atlantic.

The country went wild with rejoicing. Bells were rung, cannons boomed flags waved, and there were parades and fireworks throughout the land. It was not until the next year, however, that the cable could be made to work satisfactorily. Then, on August 17, 1858, there flashed the message: "Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good will toward men."

Mr. Field was now praised as the world's benefactor. But in less than a month communications ceased; the cable would not work. Yet Mr. Field, who had sunk his fortune in this venture, did not despair. He waited for seven years, until the Civil War was ended. Then, in 1865, a new company was formed, a new cable twenty-three hundred miles long was made ready, and the *Great Eastern*, then the largest vessel in the world, set sail with four thousand tons of cable wire. Yet another disappointment was at hand. More than a thousand miles from the starting point the cable parted, and, although days were spent in an effort to grapple it, all attempts failed.

The next year, however, saw the successful completion of the submarine cable. From that day to this nations have exchanged messages across the sea with far more ease, and in much less time, than was required for the New England colonies to communicate with each other in early days.

As soon as the telegraph became common, scientists began to plan a still further use of electricity. Would the time ever come when men could

talk over an electric wire? Many believed that it would, and several inventors operated a telephone with almost complete success. Professor Amos E. Dolbear and Elisha Gray, of Massachusetts, were among these, but Alexander Graham Bell was the first to procure a patent.

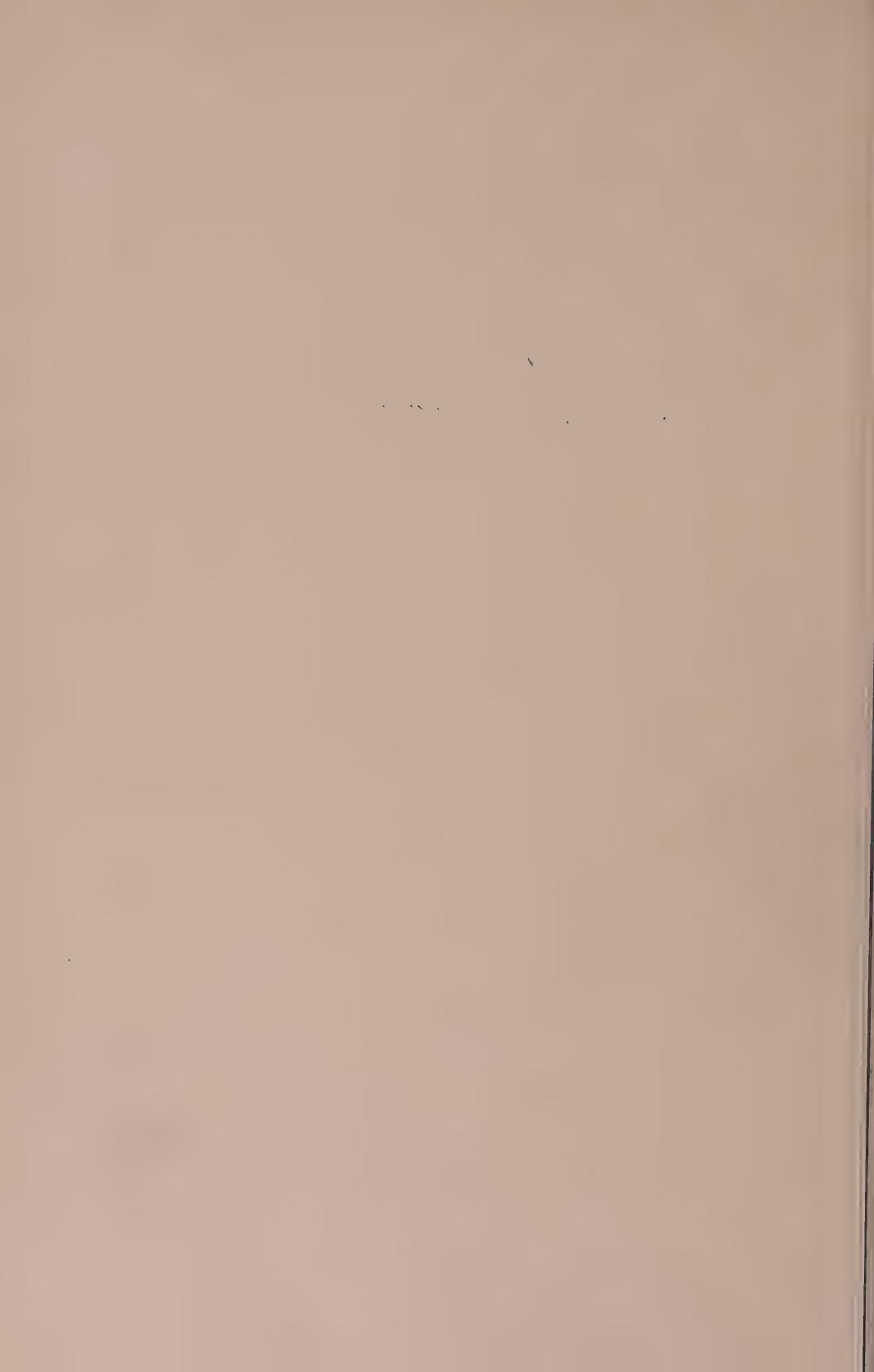
Mr. Bell was born and educated in Edinburg, Scotland, and did not come to this country until he was a young man. His father had been well known as an inventor, and through his efforts deaf mutes had been made to speak. His invention was called "Bell's Visible Speech."

After working many years on his telephone, Mr. Bell first exhibited it publicly at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876. How great had been the progress of America since the signing of the Declaration of Independence in that city one hundred years before! Then messages could be sent over the country only by men on horseback. Now, with Mr. Bell's invention, one can talk with a friend a thousand miles away and even recognize clearly the tone of his voice. There are in use in the United States today more than a million miles of telephone wire.

What will electricity do next? This was the query after the telephone had been perfected. One answer has already been given in the great Marconi wireless telegraph system, which, after many years of experimenting, in 1907 united America and Europe. It is indeed wonderful to send messages by means of a wire. But to send them thousands of miles without the aid of wire is even more wonderful.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Born 1809—Died 1865

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

* * * * *

Thy task is done; the bonds are free:
 We bear thee to an honored grave,
 Whose proudest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

—BRYANT'S "The Death of Lincoln."

IN front of a rude log cabin on a lonely clearing in Kentucky, a barefoot boy, with long legs, abundant black hair, and grayish brown eyes, laboriously learned his letters at his mother's knee. This boy was Abraham Lincoln, who grew up to be one of the noblest men in history.

When Lincoln was seven years old his parents moved to Indiana and

means of heating it in winter. The dining table was the flat side of half a log, with holes bored in each end, and stakes driven in for legs. In place of chairs there were three-legged stools, and the boy's bed was of boughs or dried leaves. "Little Abe" soon learned to hunt deer and other wild game; there was little else to eat besides potatoes and corn bread.

Mrs. Lincoln was a delicate, overworked woman, and she died not long after the family moved to Indiana. She was buried on the clearing, and the lonely boy spent hours weeping at her grave. Her last words to him had been: "I know that you will always be good and kind. Try to live as I have taught you, and love your heavenly Father." When Lincoln had grown to manhood, he said: "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my mother."

It was not long before his father married again, and fortunately the stepmother was a thrifty, kind-hearted woman. She insisted that the cabin be rebuilt; that it have a door, window, floor, and a chimney, so that the fire might be inside.

Abraham Lincoln spent only one year of his life at school, and he walked four miles to reach the rude log schoolhouse, where little besides



Cabin where Lincoln was born

settled on a poor hillside farm not far from the Ohio River. Their home was little more than a shed or open camp such as may be seen today in the mountains, where hunters occasionally pass a night. It was built of rough logs. There were no doors or windows, for one whole side was open to sun, wind, and storm. Food was cooked over a fire in front of the hut, and this outdoor fire was the only

"reading, writing, and ciphering" was taught. His mother had early taught him to read, and he had learned by heart long passages from the few books he could borrow. After dark the boy would lie in front of the blazing logs and read by their light. Candles were a luxury which the Lincolns could not often afford. The books which the boy read again and again were the Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and a *History of the United States*.

"Abe read everything he could lay his hands on," said his mother; "and when he came upon a passage that struck him, he would write it upon a board, if he had no paper, and commit it to memory." Paper was scarce in the little cabin, so young Lincoln, now grown to be a tall, muscular lad, would spend his evenings working out examples in arithmetic on a wooden shovel with a piece of burned stick. When he had filled the shovel, he would whittle it afresh and begin again.

One day the lad borrowed a "Life of Washington" from a neighbor, and carried it with him to bed in his loft, to be read by candle light. When he was ready for sleep, he slipped the book between the logs of which the cabin was built. In the morning he found, to his dismay, that a storm had beaten in and ruined the book. The owner told him, however, that if he would work three days for the book he might keep it, and Lincoln always said that this story of Washington's life helped to shape his own.

He helped his father on the farm, and did all kinds of work for near-by settlers. Sometimes he earned thirty cents a day, sometimes less. When he was little more than twenty, the family packed their furniture into an ox cart and set out for Illinois. It was in the spring of the year, the

streams were swollen from the winter snows, and the roads were wretched. Lincoln never forgot this lonely, tiresome journey, on which he was ox driver, hunter, sometimes cook, and always general helper.

A new log cabin was built on the banks of a stream flowing into the Ohio River, and Abraham was soon busy clearing the land for planting, and splitting rails with which to build a fence. One of the young man's first business ventures was a bargain with a neighbor for three and one-half yards of brown jeans for a pair of trousers. Before that time his trousers had been made of deerskin. Lincoln agreed to split four hundred fence rails for each yard of cloth.

He soon found an opportunity to go down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers on one of the flat-bottom freight boats that carried farm produce to the larger markets. At New Orleans he saw a slave auction. The sight of the helpless negroes, driven under the lash through the streets and sold at public auction like beasts, made a deep impression on Lincoln. The young man could not then foresee that he would one day strike such a blow against slavery that the shackles that bound millions of human beings would be broken.

We next find Abraham Lincoln an awkward young man, six feet four inches tall, as clerk in a village store at New Salem, Illinois, and champion wrestler of the neighborhood. He was known to be so fair in all dealings that his companions called him "Honest Abe."

One day, finding that he had been overpaid six cents by a woman customer, Lincoln walked three miles into the country after the store closed to give back the money.

He was a capital story-teller and could always attract a crowd of

listeners. He was good-natured, warm-hearted, and helpful. Once, while riding along the road with some companions, he stopped to replace two young birds that had fallen from the nest; at another time he covered a new suit of clothes with mud in an effort to help a pig out of a deep hole. His stepmother once said of him, "Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything that I asked him."

For a time Lincoln tried store-keeping at New Salem, and then he became postmaster; but there was so very little business that it was hard to earn a living. He spent his leisure in studying grammar, surveying, and law. When Black Hawk, an Indian friend of the great warrior, Tecumseh, tried to drive the white settlers from Illinois, Lincoln went to the Black Hawk War as captain of a company. "It was not much of a war," he said afterward, "and the only battles I fought were with mosquitoes."

After trying surveying he took up law. He would often lie all day under the shade of a tree with his book in his hand. He studied so faithfully that it was not long before he was admitted to the bar. His practical common sense and unquestioned honesty gained him a large practice. The population of Illinois was scattered, and Lincoln rode, as Jackson had done in Tennessee, from one courthouse to another throughout the country. This was called "riding the circuit."

In 1842 he married Miss Mary Todd, of Kentucky, and lived for a time at the old Globe Tavern in Springfield. Later they moved to a house in Springfield, which, save for the period spent in Washington, was ever afterward their home.

For many years Lincoln had been interested in public matters. He read the newspapers thoroughly, and the

stirring speeches of Henry Clay. He began to think long and earnestly of the growing feeling of bitterness between the North and the South.

There is no sadder story in the history of America than that of slavery. We have seen how the North had little use for slaves, and soon came to desire the freedom of the negro. The South needed more and more help in the rice, cotton, and tobacco fields, and insisted that slavery should continue. Another point of difference between the two sections of the country was the way they felt about the Union. The North now looked upon the state as only a small part of the great Republic, and thought it wrong for a state not to submit to the laws of the Nation. The South still held that a state had a right to refuse to obey the national laws, and to leave the Union if it pleased.

Abraham Lincoln viewed these disagreements with alarm. At the age of twenty-three he had been elected to the state legislature, and had walked one hundred miles, carrying his belongings, to take his seat as one of the state's lawmakers. From that time his fame in Illinois steadily grew, and at the age of forty-seven he was nominated by the Republican party for the United States Senate. The Democratic candidate was Stephen A. Douglas, called the "Little Giant," because of his small stature and great oratorical power. In 1858 Lincoln and Douglas began a series of debates that attracted the attention of the country. They discussed particularly the spread of slavery into the new states. "Who is this Abraham Lincoln?" asked the people of the East; for his wisdom, sound sense, and convincing argument were everywhere talked of.

Lincoln was wise enough to see that, if the Union was to be preserved,

the slavery question must be settled once for all. "A house divided against itself," said he, "cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided."

Several years after the California Compromise the country was aroused by the "Dred Scott case." Scott was a slave, whose master had taken him from Missouri to Illinois for two years, then brought him back to Missouri and sold him. Scott claimed that, as he had lived in a free state for two years, he was a free man and could not be sold. The case was decided against the negro by all the courts, even by the Supreme Court of the United States. This decision by the highest court in the land alarmed the North, while it created the wildest enthusiasm in the South.

In Kansas the fight between "Free State" men and those who wished to have Kansas admitted as a slave state was very bitter. Among the Kansas settlers was John Brown, who had come from the East. He was a religious fanatic who hated slavery and used to say that he would "go out, gun in hand, to kill it." In 1859, with a few companions, he captured the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. Slavery had begun in Virginia, he argued, so the first attack upon it should be made in that state. Brown was captured, convicted of treason, and hanged. His last words were, "The negro question will never be settled except by the shedding of blood." This incident created great excitement, and, sadly enough, time was to prove that Brown's words were true. Not many years afterward, northern soldiers, marching to defend the Union, passed the place where his

gallows had been erected. As they tramped they sang:—

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in
the grave,
His soul is marching on."

"The Declaration of Independence," said Abraham Lincoln, in one of his great speeches, "says that all men are created free and equal, and that they are entitled to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' In some respects the negro is not my equal, but in his natural right to eat the bread he earns with his own hands, without asking leave of any one, he is my equal and the equal of all others."

Douglas defeated Lincoln for the senatorship, but the people did not forget the sane argument of the tall Illinois lawyer, with the odd voice, deep earnestness, and fund of droll stories. They thought over these debates for two years; then, at a convention held at Chicago in 1860, "Honest Abe, the Rail Splitter," was chosen candidate for President. And by his election it came about that the little barefoot boy, brought up on the western frontier, found himself, at the age of fifty-one, in the highest office in the land, the head of a nation of thirty millions of people.

Before Lincoln was inaugurated in 1861, seven of the southern states had seceded, or withdrawn, from the Union,—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas. They called themselves the Confederate States of America, and they set up a government of their own, with Jefferson Davis of Mississippi as President. This came as a great shock to the people of the North; for, in spite of threats and warnings, they had never really believed that the South would secede.

When Lincoln left his home for Washington, he said in a farewell speech to his friends, "I go to assume

a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I must fail." An historian has said: "No public man, no great popular leader, ever faced a more terrible situation. The Union was breaking, the southern states were seceding, and the government was bankrupt."

Even after the southern states began to secede, the North still believed that there would be no war. Then news came on April 12, 1861, that Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, had been fired upon and captured by the Confederates. Not since the shot fired at Lexington had the nation been so stirred. The North sprang to arms, and within forty-eight hours after the firing on Fort Sumter, thousands of volunteers had offered their services to Congress to defend the Stars and Stripes.

Soon the "boys in blue" were marching toward Washington to the song, "We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." The President ordered government vessels to blockade the southern ports, and prevent the South from obtaining help from Europe. At Bull Run, only thirty miles from Washington, a bloody battle was fought on July 21, and the North was defeated.

Deep gloom overspread the country, increasing as month after month the weary struggle continued. In a terrible engagement near Richmond, which lasted for several days, neither side was victorious. At Antietam, in western Maryland, in 1862, one of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought.

Throughout the first two years of the war President Lincoln maintained that he had no right to free slaves. At the end of that time the struggle had lasted so much longer than either

side had expected, that his clear, far-seeing wisdom led him to take a heroic step. The thousands of slaves in the South had taken no part in the battles, but they were doing the work on the plantations and building forts, which enabled the white men to fight. As a military measure, therefore, the President felt justified in freeing the slaves, and in that way crippling the resources of the Confederate States.

Accordingly, in September, 1862, President Lincoln issued his famous Proclamation of Emancipation, announcing that, if the Confederates did not cease fighting by New Year's Day, all slaves in the states which had separated from the Union should be freed. "I do not argue," said the President, in his proclamation to the people of the South; "I beseech you to make the argument for yourselves. So much good has not been done by one effort in all past times, as in the providence of God it is now your high duty to do." On New Year's Day, 1863, the Emancipation Act became a law, and Abraham Lincoln broke the chain that bound four millions of human beings.

Still the South would not yield, and at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., in May, 1863, the Confederate generals Lee and Jackson won a great victory over the Union men. It was the northerners' worst defeat since the beginning of the war. Then General Lee, commander of the Confederate forces, determined to conquer the Union forces on their own territory. On marched the solid ranks of the "boys in gray," past Washington, past Baltimore, striking terror to the people of the North. At Gettysburg in July, 1863, Lee met the Union army under General Meade, whom Grant called "the right man in the right place." In a terrible battle lasting

three days, the Confederate forces were broken and driven from the field.

A noble monument marks the site of the Gettysburg battle. Not long after it occurred, a portion of the battlefield was set aside as a national cemetery. On this solemn occasion President Lincoln delivered an address which is considered, not only in America, but throughout the world, one of the most impressive public speeches ever made. “* * * In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced; * * * that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

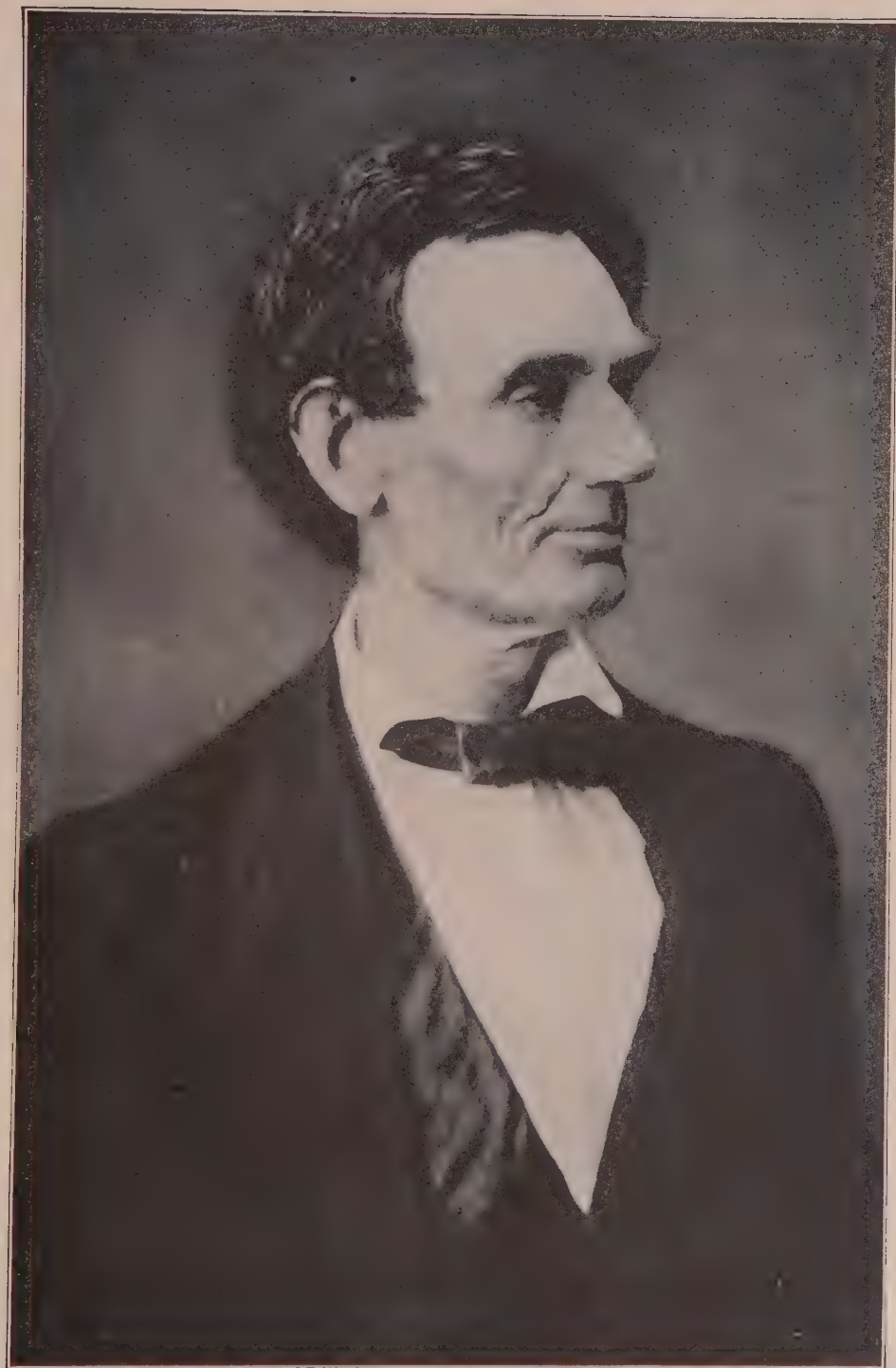
We shall soon learn about General Grant and the part that he took in the war. The eyes of President Lincoln had been on him from the beginning, and in March, 1864, he was made lieutenant general and given command of the entire northern army. His famous capture of Vicksburg, after a siege of seven weeks, was the beginning of the end, which came with Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, on April 9, 1865.

Through four long weary years had President Lincoln's wisdom, patience, and courage guided the fate of the

nation. He never spared himself in any way; he never ceased to work, to hope, and to cheer. While it seemed as if his heart would break under its load of responsibility and grief, he went bravely forward, patiently doing his duty. Even when the outlook was darkest, he would cheer those who came to consult him about grave matters by telling humorous stories; while all the time he was at heart sad and depressed because of the “nation's wounds.” Although he had been deeply censured and even abused, the majority of the people knew that Lincoln had saved the Union, and they reelected him President in 1864.

But he was not to serve his country much longer. On April 14, 1865, the very day on which the Union flag was restored to Fort Sumter, as President Lincoln sat in a box at Ford's Theater, in Washington, with his wife and friends, he was shot by a half-crazed actor. For hours he hovered between life and death; then his great soul took its flight. In unspotted purity, honesty, and patriotism had his life been passed. “Now he belongs to the ages,” said Secretary Stanton, when Lincoln breathed his last.

After the body had lain in state at the Capitol, the funeral train started for Springfield, Illinois, stopping at the larger cities along the route, where it was met with every demonstration of grief. He lies buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery, near Springfield. There are statues to his memory throughout the land, but his noblest monuments are his Emancipation Proclamation, his Gettysburg Address, and the Second Inaugural Address, from which the following words are taken: “With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, LAWYER
Showing Lincoln in his early manhood



W. A. Grant

bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan,—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

Each year that has passed since his tragic death has deepened the admiration of the world for Abraham Lincoln. People living in America today owe to him such gratitude as

only love and reverence can pay. His wisdom, steadfastness, and foresight brought the nation safely through one of the greatest crises in her history, and the world furnishes no loftier example of manhood, than that of—

“The kindly-earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame,

New birth of our new soil, the first
American.”

ULYSSES S. GRANT—Born 1822—Died 1885

He came grim—silent, saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do.
—LOWELL'S "On a Bust of General Grant."

IN ONE of the most terrible years of the Civil War, President Lincoln wrote General Grant: “The particulars of your campaign I neither know nor seek to know. I wish not to intrude any restraints or constraints upon you.”

Who was this General Grant in whom the great Lincoln placed such confidence?

Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, about twenty-five miles from Cincinnati, Ohio. He was christened Hiram Ulysses, but when he entered West Point, through an error his name was sent in as Ulysses Simpson Grant, Simpson being his mother's maiden name. Grant was never afterward able to correct this mistake, and the initials U. S. caused him afterward to be nicknamed “Uncle Sam” and “Unconditional Surrender.”

His father was a farmer and tanner. Ulysses grew up a sturdy boy, with bluish gray eyes, brown hair, and quiet manners. He attended the country school, was fond of the

woods, of swimming and fishing in summer and skating in winter, and of managing horses.

“When I was seven or eight years of age,” said General Grant, “I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. When about eleven years old I was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses.”

At seventeen Grant was attending school at Ripley. When he came home for the Christmas holidays his father said, “Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment to West Point; I have applied for it.” “But I won't go,” answered the boy. Long afterward Grant wrote of this incident, “My father said he thought I would, and I thought so too, if he did.”

The West Point appointment was secured, but military life had no charm for the young westerner, and he had no intention of remaining in the army. He gave little time to his studies, but spent hours in the library,

reading such books as he liked. He was the best horseman in his class, as he was afterward one of the best in the army.

"Mathematics was very easy to me," said Grant, "so that I passed the examination, taking a good standing in that branch. In French my standing was very low." He was graduated at the age of twenty-one, ranking twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. He was made a second lieutenant and was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

It was not long before the young man saw military service of a severer type than the drill ground of West Point afforded. Texas, which had at one time been a part of Mexico, was admitted into the Union as a state in 1845. She claimed that her western boundary was the Rio Grande River, but the Republic of Mexico claimed a strip of land on the east side of that river.

In the summer of 1845 President Polk ordered General Taylor to erect a fort on the disputed territory. The Mexicans considered this an act of war. They made an attack upon the Americans, and several men were killed. President Polk at once sent a message to Congress. "Mexico," said he, "has passed the boundary of the United States, and shed American blood upon American soil. War exists by the act of Mexico herself." Volunteers were called for, and in 1846 General Taylor attacked the Mexicans at Monterey and captured the town. For the next year and a half there was war between the United States and Mexico.

Young Grant fought bravely during this war, though he always called it "unholy." He thought, with very many others, that it might have been avoided. The Americans were victorious in every battle, and the Mexi-

cans were forced to give up all claim to the disputed land. Grant came out of the Mexican War with the rank of captain, for he had shown good judgment, courage, and ability. At Chapultepec, he managed to have a gun carried to the belfry of a church, and from this elevation did such effective work as to win warm praise and promotion.

Not long after peace was declared, Grant married Miss Julia Dent, a sister of one of his classmates. He resigned from the army and tried to make his living by farming. With his own hands he built a cabin which he named "Hardscrabble," and, when his old soldier friends came to see him, they sometimes found him, with overalls tucked into his boots, doing the rough work. He was a kind and generous neighbor, and all the animals on his place were pets.

When Captain Grant failed at farming, he tried the real estate business, but again was unsuccessful. At last his father offered him a position in the leather store at Galena, Illinois, and here he was working as clerk when the Civil War broke out in 1861. He was thirty-nine years old and almost unknown. Four years later his fame had spread over the world.

The news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon aroused all the sleeping energy in Grant. The United States government had educated him at its own cost at West Point, and had taught him to be a soldier. Could he sit idly by and see his country's flag torn down by the states that had seceded? Not he; and Grant's Civil War record was as splendid as any in military history.

He immediately rejoined the army and was appointed colonel of an Illinois regiment. When he appeared before his soldiers, he had no uniform,

and was in no way distinguished in appearance, but his first words, "Men, go to your quarters," in some manner made the men feel his force. Without wasting words, and without show or ceremony, Grant went forward with his work.

His first achievement was the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, in February, 1862. These forts were strong defenses of the Confederates in Tennessee. While the battle of Fort Donelson was in progress, the Confederate commander sent to Grant to ask what terms he would give. "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender," was the reply. Nearly fifteen thousand southerners laid down their arms at Fort Donelson. It was a splendid victory, for it forced the Confederates to give up two strongholds, Nashville and Columbus, and it opened the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers.

Grant's next effort was to drive the Confederate army from Corinth, Mississippi. He was attacked by the southerners under General Johnston, and, after a frightful battle lasting nearly all day, the Union army was driven back with awful loss. When darkness fell there was still no rest for Grant. With no idea of giving up, he made his plans to renew the battle on the next day. Toward morning he sat down in the rain, and, leaning against a tree, snatched a few hours' sleep. With daylight came reinforcements, and before many hours Grant had won the victory.

Some thought he was to blame for his first defeat; he had mismanaged the battle, they declared, and President Lincoln was urged to remove him from command. Lincoln turned the matter over in his mind and then replied: "I can't spare this man; he fights. I have noticed that wherever Grant is, *things move*."

The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, was another Confederate defeat. By the close of the second year of the war, the northern troops were in possession of every military post along the Mississippi River, except Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The Mississippi was now open as far as Vicksburg.

Early in 1863 Grant resolved to capture this stronghold, but for seven weeks the city withstood attack. It was situated on a bluff two hundred feet above the river, with a series of forts along the water front. On the north were swamps and creeks. How could Grant capture a town so well protected? He chose a night so dark that he was able to run his gunboats past the batteries. Then he ferried his army across the river and opened fire. The rain of shot and shell that his regiments and Porter's gunboats poured into the town night and day was so terrific that the citizens retreated to cellars and caves for safety. Grant's perseverance is shown by a remark he made during this campaign: "I mean to stay here until I take this town if it takes thirty years."

The month of July, 1863, opened poorly for the southerners. Lee's terrible defeat at Gettysburg occurred on the third of July, and on the fourth Pemberton surrendered his army of thirty-two thousand men at Vicksburg to General Grant. These two great victories practically crushed the rebellion, though there was much more hard fighting before the South would yield. Within a short time Port Hudson surrendered. The North then controlled every fort on the Mississippi. "Its waters," said President Lincoln, "now flow unvexed to the sea."

Grant's brilliant victory at Vicksburg was soon rewarded. President

Lincoln made him lieutenant general, and placed him in command of all the Union forces, about seven hundred thousand men. "As the country here-in trusts you," said Lincoln, "so, under God, it will sustain you."

The field of active fighting was now changed from the West to the South, and Grant planned the movements that ended the war. With his own army he was to advance against Richmond. Sherman was sent to capture Atlanta, and after that came his famous "march to the sea," which, like Sheridan's ride," was one of the most exciting happenings of the war.

Grant had sent Sheridan to lay waste the Shenandoah valley, and thus cut off supplies from the Confederate army. Sheridan did this so thoroughly that some one said, "If a crow flies down the valley, he must take his provisions with him." In October, he had just returned to Winchester, when the sound of cannon in the direction of Cedar Creek attracted his attention. Twenty miles of country stretched between him and the scene of battle, but without waiting a moment he mounted his horse and set off at a gallop. Swifter and swifter he flew over the country without pause or rest, and arrived just in time to see the "boys in blue" driven gradually back. When the Union forces saw their commander, however, they burst into cheers. Swinging his cap and galloping along the lines, Sheridan rallied the broken forces. "We'll whip them yet, boys," he shouted, and once more the northerners returned to the attack, and this time drove the Confederates from the field.

Grant's plan for General Sherman proved successful also. Sherman had captured Atlanta, and now resolved to march across the state of Georgia, laying the country waste as he went.

This seemed to be necessary in order to bring the long war to a close. In November, 1864, Sherman set fire to Atlanta, and leaving the city a smoking ruin, started with sixty thousand men on his famous march to the sea. The army, as it swept along, was in four columns, extending sixty miles in width across the country. Mile after mile they tramped, tearing up railways and destroying roads and bridges so that the Confederates might not follow them. In three weeks and a half Sherman reached Savannah, after covering a distance of more than three hundred miles. He captured the city, and Christmas Eve sent this message to President Lincoln, "I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah."

And what had General Grant been doing in the meantime? In May, 1864, he crossed the Rapidan, and entered a region known as "The Wilderness." Here, in a thick forest, a hard battle was fought with the Confederates, in which neither side was victorious. Grant and his troops suffered terribly, but he was in no way dismayed. He telegraphed Lincoln, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

All of Grant's "bull-dog grip" was needed to capture Richmond. Five other Union generals had attempted it and failed. Could he succeed? He crossed over to the south side of the James River, and from there stormed the city. It was a hard task, but at last he was successful. In April, 1865, Lee surrendered his whole army of twenty-six thousand men at Appomattox Courthouse.

Grant and Lee had exchanged letters to arrange for the surrender, for both knew that the war must end. "What General Lee's feelings were, I do not know," said Grant, afterward. "But my own, which had been quite jubilant,



W. T. Sherman



P. H. Skindam

were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly and had suffered so much." It was impossible for him to gloat over a victory that had been won at so terrible a sacrifice.

Grant proved himself a generous conqueror. He allowed General Lee and his officers to keep their swords, and treated them with every courtesy. The men were told to take their horses home with them. "They will need them," said Grant, "to do the spring plowing on their farms." Naturally enough the Union soldiers rejoiced at Lee's surrender, but when they began to fire salutes Grant stopped them. He did not wish to "humiliate a brave enemy." "The war is over," he said; "these soldiers are our countrymen again." The Confederate regiments had been living on corn pounded between stones, but the "boys in blue" began to treat the southerners as brothers, and gladly divided their rations. The terrible war had cost the United States nearly a million lives, and more than two billions of dollars, while the lovely southern country was in ruins.

The nation's progress, however, could not be checked, and an important event should be remembered in connection with this period of our history. In 1867 the United States purchased from Russia, for seven million dollars, the immense territory of Alaska. The country was rich in forests and furs, and a few years after its purchase by our government, rich deposits of gold were found along the Yukon and Klondike rivers.

Grant was so popular that he was twice elected President, first in 1869, the year that saw the completion of the first railway to the Pacific Ocean. Gold had been discovered in California, and thousands of people were eager to

rush to the rich mines; and the completion of the Union Pacific Railway was a great event. Before his term of office expired Grant also had the satisfaction of seeing, for the first time since the war, representatives in Congress from all the southern states that had seceded.

A very important event occurred during Grant's administration which set an example to the world for setting serious disputes without fighting. During the war Great Britain had allowed Confederate ships to be fitted out in England and to sail from her ports; among them was the famous *Alabama*, which did so much damage to northern vessels. The United States held that Great Britain, being a neutral country, had no right to furnish such help to the Confederates. Our government accordingly claimed damages, which came to be known as the "Alabama Claims." The whole question was submitted to a board of arbitrators, appointed by Great Britain, the United States, Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil. These men met at Geneva, Switzerland, to discuss the matter, and after hearing both sides the board awarded the United States damages to the amount of fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars.

On retiring from the presidency, Grant and his wife made a trip around the world. In every country that he visited he was received with the greatest honor. He was always loved for his honesty as well as for his bravery, and because he was honest himself he trusted every one else. In the closing years of his life he placed his confidence in men entirely unworthy of it, and in a business venture was cheated out of every dollar he owned.

The great soldier, now past sixty years of age, found himself penniless, and suffering from an incurable disease;

but with all his old heroism he set to work to write a book, his "Memoirs," to save his family from want when he had passed away. Month after month, in spite of physical pain, he worked with unfailing patience at his task. The book was completed before he breathed his last at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, New York, in July, 1885. "To pay his debts he had so utterly stripped himself of all his trophies and possessions that there was not left a uniform to clothe his body or a sword to lay upon his coffin."

Deep and sincere was the mourning throughout the nation. His public funeral in New York City was attended by thousands of people from the North and the South. Some who had fought on the Confederate side were among the pallbearers. He rests in the splendid mausoleum on Riverside Drive, and thousands yearly visit the tomb of this great soldier:—

"Doer of hopeless tasks which
praters shirk,

One of those still plain men that do
the world's rough work."

ROBERT EDWARD LEE—Born 1807—Died 1870

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day!
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
—FINCH'S "The Blue and the Gray."

WHEN the questions of slavery and secession filled the minds of the people of the United States, and little else was talked of, a northern poet wrote:

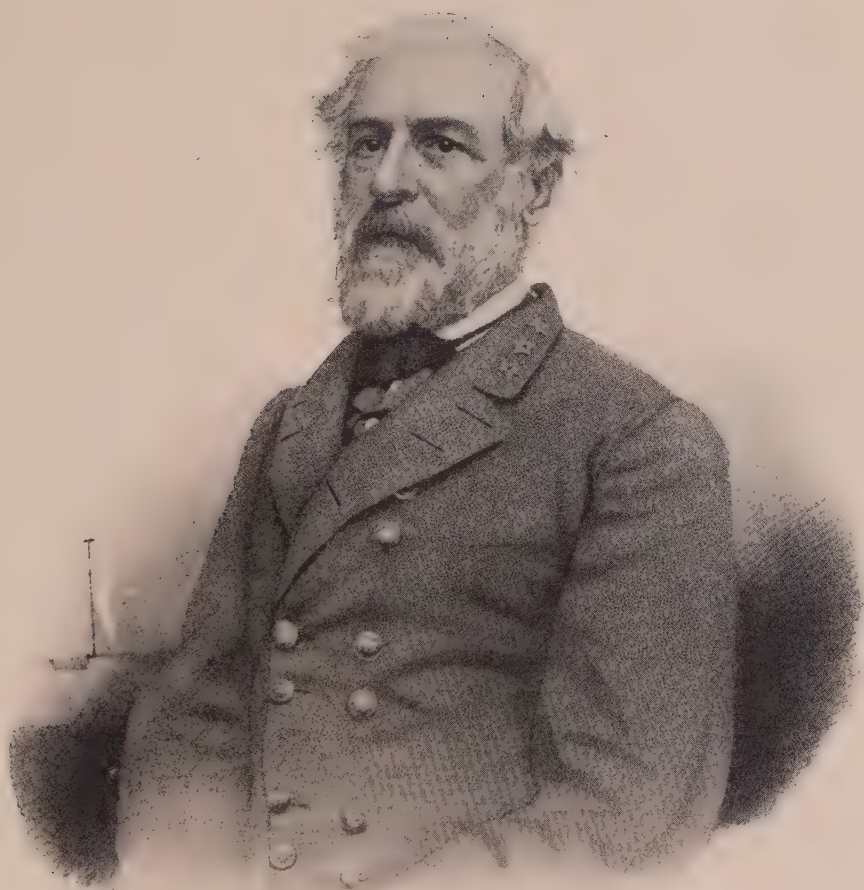
"Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for
the good or evil side."

At the outbreak of the Civil War it seemed to the people of the North that there was only one decision either true or good. "Abolish slavery and preserve the Union," was their cry. "Slavery and secession are evil." But the South maintained: "There are two sides to every question. You see one, and we the other. Just as many sincere men will fight upon the Confederate side as with the Union army."

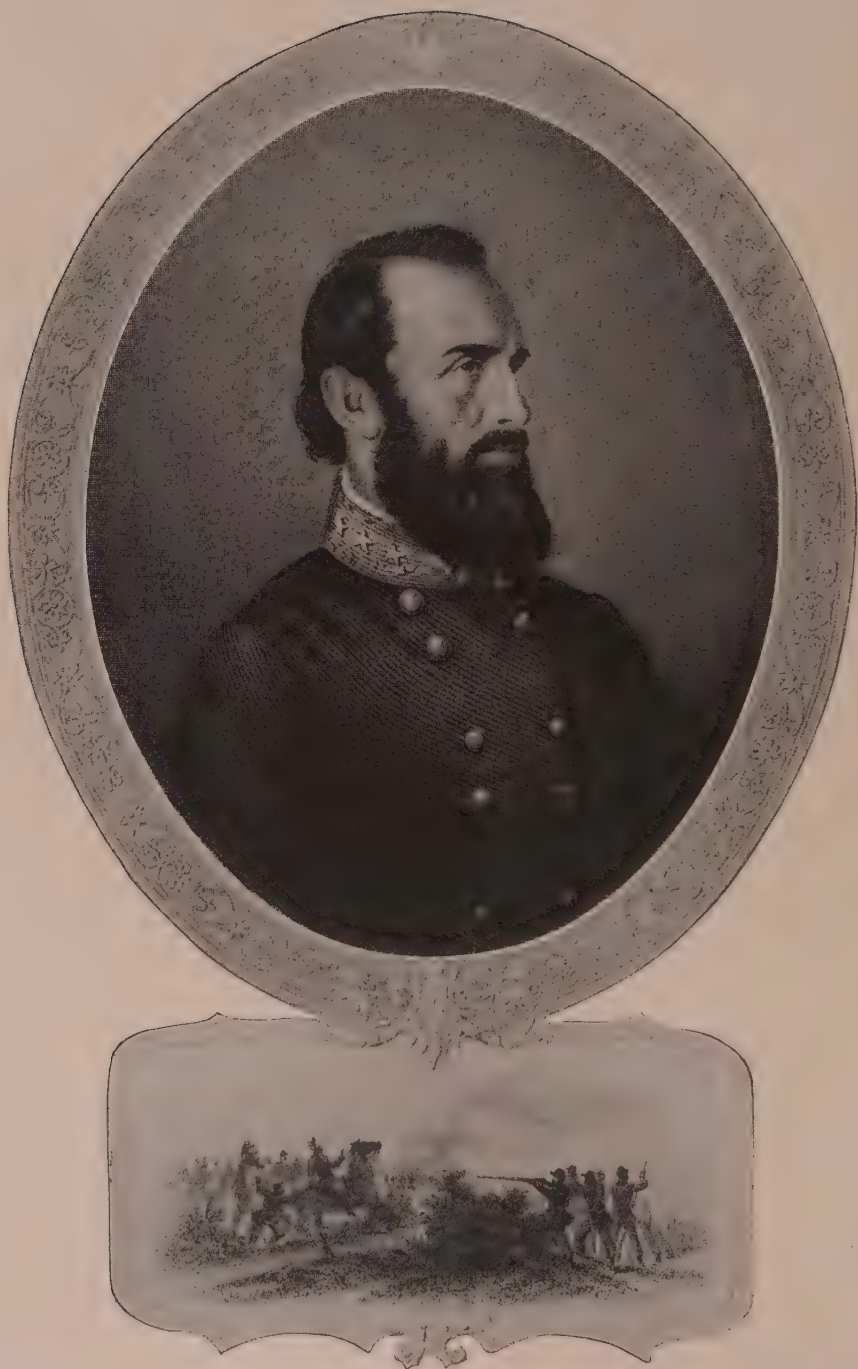
A leader among the noble men who took up arms for the South was Robert

E. Lee, a man of spotless purity and upright character. His father, Henry Lee, was the brave and daring officer in the Revolutionary War known as "Light-horse Harry." Robert was born at Stratford, Virginia. He received his early education at Alexandria, and was graduated from the Military Academy at West Point at the age of twenty-two, ten years before Ulysses S. Grant entered that famous school. Lee was a faithful student, and ranked second in his class.

During the Mexican War his skill as an engineer and his splendid conduct as a soldier won high praise from General Scott. When Vera Cruz fell, Scott said, "It is due to Lee's skill"; and at the storming of Chapultepec, Lee's services were so important that he was given the highest praise, and raised to the rank of colonel.



R. E. Lu



GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON

When he was forty-five years old, he went back to West Point as superintendent of the Academy, where he remained for three years. He extended the course of study and improved the institution in so many ways that for the first time it took rank with the best military schools in Europe.

Colonel Lee again saw active service on the Texan frontier, and later he was in command of the force sent against John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Meantime he had married Miss Mary Custis, daughter of George Washington's adopted son, and had settled at Arlington, a beautiful estate on the bank of the Potomac.

At the beginning of the Civil War the question, "Which side shall I take?" burned in many hearts, causing anxious days and sleepless nights. No man found this question harder to answer than Robert E. Lee. On the one side was the Union, under whose flag he had gallantly fought. On the other were his state, relatives, and friends. He wrote to his sister: "With all of my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and devotion of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

President Lincoln offered Lee the command of the Union forces, but he refused and resigned from the army. He hoped that the struggle would be a short one, and that his services would not be needed. But alas! the strife was long and bitter, and such ability as Lee possessed was so sorely needed by the South, that he could not resist her call.

In the summer of 1862 he was placed in charge of the Virginia troops, and was soon made commander of all the armies of the Confederacy. In the de-

fense of Richmond, he showed great skill and bravery. With such able officers as Johnston, Jackson, Stuart, Hill, and Longstreet, he drove the Union forces, under McClellan, from their position. McClellan, with a splendid army, had marched down from Washington to take Richmond; but, though the Union forces laid siege to the city for seven long days, they could get near enough to see only the church steeples.

The northerners, however, had no idea of allowing the Confederates to hold Richmond if they could help it. It was believed then that the war would probably be fought out in the state of Virginia, and Richmond was its capital. Soon another Union army, under General Pope, threatened it. General Lee now sent Stonewall Jackson to meet this army, and Pope was defeated at the battle of Cedar Mountain. Then Lee moved his whole army, and in a bold attack upon the Union forces, defeated them in the battle of Manassas. (See the map on page 237.)

On December 13, 1862, General Burnside, who now commanded the "boys in blue" in place of McClellan, was defeated with great loss in the battle of Fredericksburg, while the loss to Lee's army was small. Burnside had set out for Richmond, and when he reached the Rappahannock saw Lee encamped on the heights of Fredericksburg in a strong position. Nevertheless, Burnside ordered an attack. His troops were ferried across the river and charged up the steep banks, while a withering fire of shot and shell "mowed them down like corn before the sickle."

General Hooker, who succeeded Burnside in 1863, determined to gain for the North all that had been lost. He crossed the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg, and at Chancellors-

ville the two armies met in May. Again Lee was victorious, and the northern men were driven back with the heaviest loss inflicted on any Union army during the war.

In this battle Stonewall Jackson was killed. His real name was Thomas, but once in the crisis of a battle some one shouted, "See, there is Jackson standing like a stonewall!" From that time his firmness and courage were celebrated in the nickname. Another of Lee's most trusted officers was J. E. B. Stuart, a gallant young cavalry lieutenant, who had helped Lee in the attack on Harper's Ferry.

After the Union defeat at Chancellorsville the victorious Lee decided to move northward. With his army of eighty thousand men he swept past Washington and pressed on toward Gettysburg. We have already seen how he was defeated in this important battle by General Meade. Nevertheless, Lee conducted the campaign with great ability, and his retreat across the Potomac was managed with great skill.

For months Lee rested his troops on the banks of the Rapidan River, but the Confederate forces in the West had been terribly punished by General Grant. We know how, in the spring of 1864, Grant, with his immense army, crossed the Rapidan and was attacked by Lee in the Wilderness. Though the southerners numbered only fifty-five thousand, Lee inflicted a heavy loss upon the Union army, and he pushed on to Petersburg, where he again did great damage to the northern troops.

And now began the three hundred days' campaign that ended the frightful war. Lee's "boys in gray" were

reduced to forty thousand, and with this small number he tried to protect forty miles of territory. The patient Grant, determined to end the war, kept "hammering" at Lee's ragged army until, in April, Lee knew that he must surrender. In a quiet house near the roadside he waited for his conqueror. When Grant entered the room, Lee rose, tall, gray-bearded, splendid in a spotless gray uniform, with his beautiful sword at his side. Grant, short in stature and round-shouldered, was in plain soldier's dress, with nothing but his shoulder straps to indicate that he was the commander of the whole Union army.

After the formalities of surrender, Lee rode back to his hungry army, and the men who had so nobly supported him gathered round their old commander and cheered. "Men," said the general, with tears in his eyes, "we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you." And again cheers rent the air for the loved leader, and for peace, sweet peace. Lee then advised his men to make the best of their defeat, to go home, and become good citizens.

"Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs."

Throughout the remainder of his life, General Lee used his great influence to help restore friendly feeling between the North and the South. He was made president of Washington College at Lexington, now Washington and Lee University, and there he died at the age of sixty-three. The North joined with the South in expressions of sorrow at the death of this modest, high-minded man, and brave general.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT — Born 1801 — Died 1870

Lashed to the mast that sways
 Over red decks,
 Over the flame that plays
 Round the torn wrecks,
 Over the dying lips
 Framed for a cheer,
 Farragut leads his ships,
 Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
 While the spars quiver;
 Onward still flames the cloud
 Where the hulks shiver.
 See, yon fort's star is set,
 Storm and fire past.
 Cheer him, lads,—Farragut,
 Lashed to the mast!

—MEREDITH'S "Farragut."

IT has been said of David Farragut: "He was an officer in the naval service of his government when most boys are still at their mother's apron strings or scribbling on their slates at school." Many of the lad's ancestors had been soldiers or sailors, and his father was an officer in the navy.

At Campbell Station, not far from Knoxville, Tennessee, David was born. He was eight years old when his father was transferred to New Orleans, and there Mrs. Farragut died of yellow fever, leaving five young children.

While David was still under nine years of age, his father's station was visited by the naval commander, David Porter. Mr. and Mrs. Porter took a great fancy to the boy and wished to adopt him. Mr. Farragut allowed him to decide the question for himself, and David, with a child's desire to see the world, sailed away from New Orleans with his new friends. He was placed at school, and a midshipman's commission was promised him when he should become ten years old.

The *Essex*, Captain Porter's ship, with young David Farragut as midshipman, found plenty of exciting work in the War of 1812; for Porter went on a cruise around Cape Horn looking for English vessels. David proved himself willing to work and to learn, and his elders found that they could trust him. You may judge how remarkable he was by the fact that Captain Porter gave the twelve-year-old boy command of a captured English vessel, with orders to take her to Valparaiso.

By his daring, ability, and trustworthiness, he had earned the right to be made a lieutenant; but it is not strange that the secretary of the navy found "Midshipman Farragut too young for promotion." So David was again placed at school. Not long afterward, however, he sailed with the American fleet that taught the pirates of Algiers to respect the rights of American vessels.

He was a little over eighteen when he was made lieutenant, and at twenty-four he was given charge of the frigate

Brandywine, which took Lafayette home from his visit to America. For four years he had charge of Mare Island navy yard in San Francisco Bay, and in 1858 was given command of the sloop-of-war *Brooklyn*. He became more and more able as a naval officer; he studied until he became master of several languages, and after forty-one years of service was made captain. He had sailed in almost all of the waters of the world, and was one of the finest officers in the naval service.

When war was declared between the North and the South, Captain Farragut was a man nearly sixty years old, and to him, as to so many others, came the query, "To which side shall I give my support?" He had been born in the South, had spent his early years there, and many of his southern friends had joined the Confederacy. What should he do? In Farragut's mind there was only one answer. He had entered his country's service at the age of ten. Under her flag he and his forefathers had fought, and under that flag would he continue to serve.

At Norfolk, where he was stationed at the outbreak of the war, he made no secret of his sympathy with the North. "You cannot live in Norfolk with such sentiments," said an acquaintance. "Very well," replied Farragut, "I can live somewhere else."

In 1862 he was given command of a squadron with instructions to blockade the Gulf of Mexico and capture New Orleans. The Union forces, under Commodore Foote, were guarding the upper part of the Mississippi. It was Farragut's difficult task to seize and hold the mouth of the river.

Never had so powerful a naval squadron sailed under the United States flag as that which, in the spring of 1862, left Hampton Roads to capture New Orleans. The fleet consisted

of six steam frigates, sixteen gunboats, and twenty-six smaller craft.

For months the Confederates had been building batteries and forts to protect the harbor. But Farragut knew no fear. From his flagship *Hartford* he guided his fleet steadily forward, though the lines of Confederate batteries on both sides of the river kept up a steady stream of fire. Farther and farther up the stream he pressed, answering shot with shot. The Confederates set burning rafts afloat, and a blazing fire ship bore down on the *Hartford*. In order to avoid it, the flagship changed her course, and in doing so went aground. There was great excitement. Could anything save the ship? Naval men are trained to act quickly, and Farragut was born to command. While part of the crew fought the flames, the gunners kept up their steady volley on the forts. At last the fire was out, the ship floated, and once more the *Hartford* headed the column up the river.

This perilous journey was made under cover of the night. When morning dawned, bright and sunny, Farragut was safely above the forts, with only three vessels missing.

The victorious Farragut now demanded the surrender of the city. At the same time he issued a general order: "Eleven o'clock this morning is the hour appointed for the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for His great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood." He ordered the United States flag to be hoisted on the mint in New Orleans. The people stood by, sullen and threatening, but Farragut warned them that at the first show of resistance his guns would open fire on the city. Once more he found himself in the country of his boyhood, the "con-

queror of his own people." "It is a strange thought," said he, "that I am here among my relatives, and yet no one has dared to say, 'I am glad to see you.'"

The next important work was the forcing of an entrance into Mobile Bay, to open it for the Union army. Strong forts protected the entrance, and torpedoes had been placed in the winding channels. Inside the harbor the ironclad ram *Tennessee* was waiting to attack any Union vessel that might escape the mines and get by the forts.

On the morning of August 5, 1864, Farragut was ready for the attack. Full well he knew the terrible dangers that lay before him, but the previous night he had written to his wife: "I am going into Mobile in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope He is." When some one asked him if he did not dread the torpedoes and the ironclad, he replied: "I mean to be whipped or to whip my enemy, and not to be scared to death."

By seven o'clock the fighting had begun. In order that he might watch the battle better, Farragut climbed close to the maintop of the main rigging. As the shots flew thick and fast around him, the captain had Farragut lashed to the shrouds to prevent his falling, if wounded. Suddenly a torpedo exploded under the *Tecumseh*, not more than five hundred yards from the *Hartford*. The boat rolled heavily, then went down with its brave captain and all his crew.

This frightful disaster for a moment unnerved the commander of the *Brooklyn*. He brought his ship to a standstill, and warned the *Hartford* of a dangerous-looking object in the channel. But Farragut knew that the crisis had come. It would be victory now or never. "Go ahead, full speed!" he shouted, and his boat shot forward,

while all the others followed. The torpedo cases knocked against the bottom of the ships, but did not explode and the fleet passed through in safety. Before ten o'clock the *Tennessee*, the only Confederate boat that had given chase, hauled down her flag in surrender. Farragut had destroyed the only remaining means of communication between the southerners and the outside world. There was now no important port along the entire coast in control of the Confederates.

When news of this victory reached the North, there was great rejoicing, and for days nothing was talked of but Farragut's capture of Mobile. As a reward for his distinguished services, Congress created the grade of admiral, and thus it happened that ten-year-old midshipman Farragut became, in the course of time, the first admiral in the United States navy. Honors were showered upon him in America, and when the war was over he went to Europe with his wife, where kings and nobles gave him royal welcome.

There were many other glorious victories won by our navy during the war. Among them were those of Captain Winslow, who, with his ship *Kearsarge*, sent the dreaded *Alabama* to the bottom of the ocean; and of Lieutenant Worden, who commanded the *Monitor* when it disabled the ironclad ram *Merrimac*. The *Monitor* was the first turret ship ever built, and the Confederates called it "a cheese box on a raft," because it was such a small, flat craft. But when they found that her shells could split and tear the *Merrimac's* plates, they considered it an awful messenger of death.

Then came the news that Lieutenant Cushing, only twenty-one years old had gone in a launch with a few men one dark night, and by placing a torpedo under the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle*, had completely destroyed

her. The crowning achievement was Farragut's victory at Mobile Bay.

In the autumn of 1868 Farragut fell ill. The navy department placed a vessel at his disposal to take him and his family to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. As the steamer entered the harbor, a salute was fired in the admiral's honor. "It would be well,"

said he, "if I died now in harness." Two years later he breathed his last. His body was brought to New York and laid at rest in Woodlawn Cemetery. Many monuments have been erected to his memory, but there is no other so beautiful as the one by St. Gaudens that stands in Madison Square, New York.

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK—Born 1809—Died 1884

*Hush, ah, hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass.
Hush, ah, hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!*

—LANG'S "Scythe Song."

THE name of Cyrus H. McCormick may be coupled with that of Eli Whitney: these men were the first inventors of important labor-saving machinery in the United States. Whitney's cotton gin brought wealth and prosperity to the South. First the National Road and the Erie Canal, then the railroad and the McCormick reaper, were responsible for the rapid march of progress in the West. It has been well said that, "Owing to Mr. McCormick's invention, the line of civilization moves westward thirty miles each year."

Cyrus H. McCormick was born on a farm in Walnut Grove, Virginia, in the year that Robert Fulton's steamboat made its first trip on the Hudson. His parents were Scotch-Irish, and his father, in addition to the farm, owned a gristmill and a blacksmith shop.

The little "field school" of the district offered the only educational advantages that he ever enjoyed. But he was fond of tools and inherited inventive genius from his father; for

the elder McCormick had constructed a machine for reaping grain, though it proved unsuccessful in operation.

When Cyrus McCormick was a young man, there was no other way of cutting the golden grain or waving fields of grass except by hand. McCormick thoroughly understood what an immense saving of labor it would be to have this work done by machinery. When he was twenty-two years old, he built with his own hands the first practical reaping machine ever made.

This would cut a certain amount of grain under favorable conditions, but McCormick was far from satisfied with it. So he worked for three years more, improving first one part, then another, until by 1834, he had a machine which would cut even tangled grain, and work as easily when heavy rains had wet the fields as it would in dry weather.

McCormick foresaw that although his grain reapers would be used extensively on the farms of the East,

they would be of yet greater service on the larger, level fields of the West. "Why manufacture machines in Virginia, and pay freight on them all the way to the West?" thought the practical young inventor. With a small sum of money in his pocket, he set out on horseback for Cincinnati, and there made arrangements for building his reapers.

Soon the wonderful labor saver was in such great demand that some one said: "The McCormick reaper has already contributed an annual income to the country of fifty-five millions of dollars at least, which must increase through all time."

In the year 1851 thousands of people from all over Europe flocked to London to see the great World's Fair. Hundreds of farmers came from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, to witness the first trial of reapers in England. McCormick's machine was exhibited with others.

One day, about fifty miles from London, a test was made, and lines of farmers stood in a drenching rain to watch the actual trial. "It is all very well to see these gaily painted machines standing in the Crystal Palace," said they; "but it is quite a different matter to see them working in the fields."

The first reaper tried was made by an inventor named Hussey. It soon clogged and refused to work. Of course the by-standers laughed; it was such a fine chance to say, "We told you so." But along came the McCormick reaper, and in spite of all obstacles did its work perfectly. The onlookers forgot the rain in their enthusiasm, and gave three hearty cheers for the American invention. When the Englishmen

found that with the McCormick reaper they could cut twenty acres of grain a day, the newspapers ceased to ridicule, and confessed that they had made a mistake.

In time McCormick moved his factory to Chicago, and it is claimed that the McCormick works today cover more than sixty acres of floor space. The machines are sent to all parts of the world, even to India and Siberia. It is impossible to estimate the value to America of the reaper, and of Mr. McCormick's later invention, the reaper and binder. They are said to save in labor more than one hundred million dollars every year.

There have been other great inventions for the saving of farm labor. The scythe no longer sings through the grass; the mowing machine has taken its place. Farmers do not thresh grain by spreading it on the barn floor and pounding it with a heavy wooden flail; threshing machines now do that work. A threshing machine will produce between six and seven hundred quarts of wheat in the same length of time that one man with a flail would thresh ten quarts. Only a few men, therefore, are required to cultivate hundreds of acres of land and to harvest the crops.

Mr. McCormick died at Chicago in 1884, and his great business is now carried on by his sons. He was an upright, generous man, who gave liberally to educational, charitable, and religious institutions. Prizes and medals were heaped upon him and when he was nearly seventy years old, the French Academy of Science made him a member, "because," the Academy said, "he has done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man."

GEORGE DEWEY — Born 1837

But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home,
 And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,
 And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
 Thank God for peace! thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in!

—CARRYL'S "When the Great Gray Ships Come In."

IN a quiet, shady street of Montpelier, Vermont, a doctor's gig stopped to pick up a bright, barefoot boy, and carry him home. The physician was Dr. Dewey, a well-known and highly respected citizen of a beautiful New England town. The boy was his little son George, who liked to go barefoot, and whom, now grown to manhood, we call Admiral Dewey, the "Hero of Manila."

The boy's early education was obtained in the grammar school of Montpelier and at Norwich University. Then, against his father's wishes, young George entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. At this time he was a strong athletic boy of seventeen. At graduation from Annapolis, Dewey stood fifth in his class.

When Farragut made his famous run past the forts that guarded New Orleans, the *Mississippi* was the third ship in line, and the first lieutenant of the *Mississippi* was George Dewey. Through all the fearful fire of that deadly night, he stood on the bridge, exposed to shot and shell. Farragut had ordered that there should be no lights on deck, so the forms of the brave men at their posts could not be seen except by the light of the gun fire. "Every time the dark came back," said one of the *Mississippi's* officers, afterward, "I felt sure that we should never see Dewey again. His hat was blown off, his eyes were aflame, but he gave his orders with the air of a man in thorough command of himself."

After the capture of New Orleans, Farragut proceeded up the river to aid

the army in securing Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and within easy range of one of the Confederate forts the *Mississippi* went aground. It was impossible to float her; to leave her was to betray her into the hands of the enemy; there was therefore nothing left but to set her on fire. Lieutenant Dewey was the last to leave the burning vessel. At the risk of his life he went below after the *Mississippi* had been fired, to make sure that the preparations were such that she would burn to the water's edge.

When war between Spain and Cuba broke out in 1895 George Dewey was in the harbor of Hong Kong in command of our Asiatic squadron. He had risen step by step until now he was commodore. From the beginning, Spain had shown cruelty in the treatment of her western colonies. Her reign in Cuba had been one long story of injustice and oppression. Again and again the Cubans had rebelled, but each time Spain had put down the rebellion and increased her tyranny. In the year 1898 the United States became aroused over the unjust way in which Spain was treating the islanders. The Cubans were in rebellion at that time, and there were many who thought that, in the interests of humanity, the United States should help the Cubans and put a stop to the war then raging with Spain.

On the night of February 15, 1898 one of our battle ships, the *Maine*, rode at anchor in the harbor of Havana. Suddenly a terrific explosion was heard. The *Maine* had been blown up

by a torpedo placed beneath her by unknown hands. The noble ship shivered and settled in her watery grave, and two hundred and sixty-six brave sailors perished.

This tragedy aroused afresh the growing feeling against Spain, for many Americans believed that the deed had been done by Spaniards. The United States now renewed her efforts to compel Spain to cease her cruel treatment of the Cubans, but she steadily refused. In April, 1898, Congress decided to take up arms in defense of Cuba.

A declaration of war followed, and it was not long before the cable carried this message to Commodore Dewey at Hong Kong: "Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations, particularly against Spanish fleet. Capture or destroy the vessels."

Seven thousand miles stretched between Dewey and the nearest home port, San Francisco; but Congress knew that this man, who was "like Farragut," could be trusted to do his full duty and to shirk no responsibility. Forty-eight hours after he received the dispatch Dewey's fleet of six war vessels was steaming toward Manila Bay in quest of the Spanish squadron. It was feared that this squadron would at once set out to attack American cities on the Pacific coast.

George Dewey was now in his sixty-second year. His sound judgment, coolness, and bravery had increased with the passing of time. When darkness settled over the water on the last night of April, his fleet was at the entrance to Manila Bay. Did a death trap lie before him? Most certainly the harbor was filled with torpedoes. The memory of the awful fate of the *Maine* came clearly to the minds of the brave sailors. Silently, with Dewey's flagship, the *Olympia*, in the lead, the

American squadron entered the waters of the bay. Two torpedoes exploded just in front of the *Olympia*, but she held boldly on her course. Not far ahead lay the Spanish fleet of ten war vessels and two torpedo boats, while on each shore the batteries stood grim and threatening.

Slowly, steadily, the *Olympia* kept on her way, until at last Dewey turned to his captain and said quietly, "If you are ready, Gridley, you may fire." For two hours the air was thick with shot and shell. By the end of that time Dewey found himself so nearly the victor, that he decided to withdraw and allow his tired sailors to rest and have breakfast.

A few hours afterward he renewed the fight. The Spanish gunners were brave, but they were no match in marksmanship for the Americans, and before one o'clock the last Spanish flag had been hauled down. The entire fleet was destroyed, and more than one thousand Spaniards were killed or wounded. Not one of the American vessels was seriously injured, and not one man had been killed.

President McKinley immediately appointed Dewey rear admiral, and Congress presented him with a sword. All of his men received medals. But while the people in the United States were rejoicing over his triumph, the days that followed were for him full of grave anxiety. He was in the enemy's country, thousands of miles from home, and with communication cut off. His ammunition was nearly exhausted, and he was hourly expecting the arrival of a fresh Spanish fleet. At any moment Admiral Cervera's squadron might come in sight, or the strong fleet under the command of Camara might bear down upon him.

Duty, however, forced Dewey to remain where he was, until reinforcements could come from San Francisco.

One day a little Japanese cruiser sailed into Manila Bay and signalled, "Cervera's fleet destroyed off Santiago; Camara's fleet recalled from Suez!" "Now my men are safe," thought Dewey, with immense relief.

In 1899 a treaty of peace was signed at Paris. The United States had made Spain give the Cubans their freedom. By the terms of the treaty Spain surrendered Porto Rico to the United States; also the Philippine Islands for a sum of twenty million dollars. This war proved that the feeling of bitter-

ness between the North and South was at an end. Once more the East, West, North, and South had joined hands in a common cause.

"Peace! as the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,

Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long blockade.

And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,

From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is 'Peace! Thank God for peace!'"

Admiral Dewey still lives, honored, respected, and trusted by the whole country. May he long be spared to the nation he has so nobly served.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON — B o r n 1847

A prayer more than the prayer of saint,

A faith no fate can foil,

Lives in the heart that shall not faint

In time-long task of toil.

—HATHAWAY'S "Song of the Toiler."

WHALE fishing was one of the chief industries of the first American settlers. Sometimes a large whale would produce five hundred gallons of oil, and this oil was used largely for lighting. In early days it was placed in a shallow dish on which there floated a cotton wick; later, whale-oil lamps were made, but they smoked, and smelled so badly that many preferred candles.

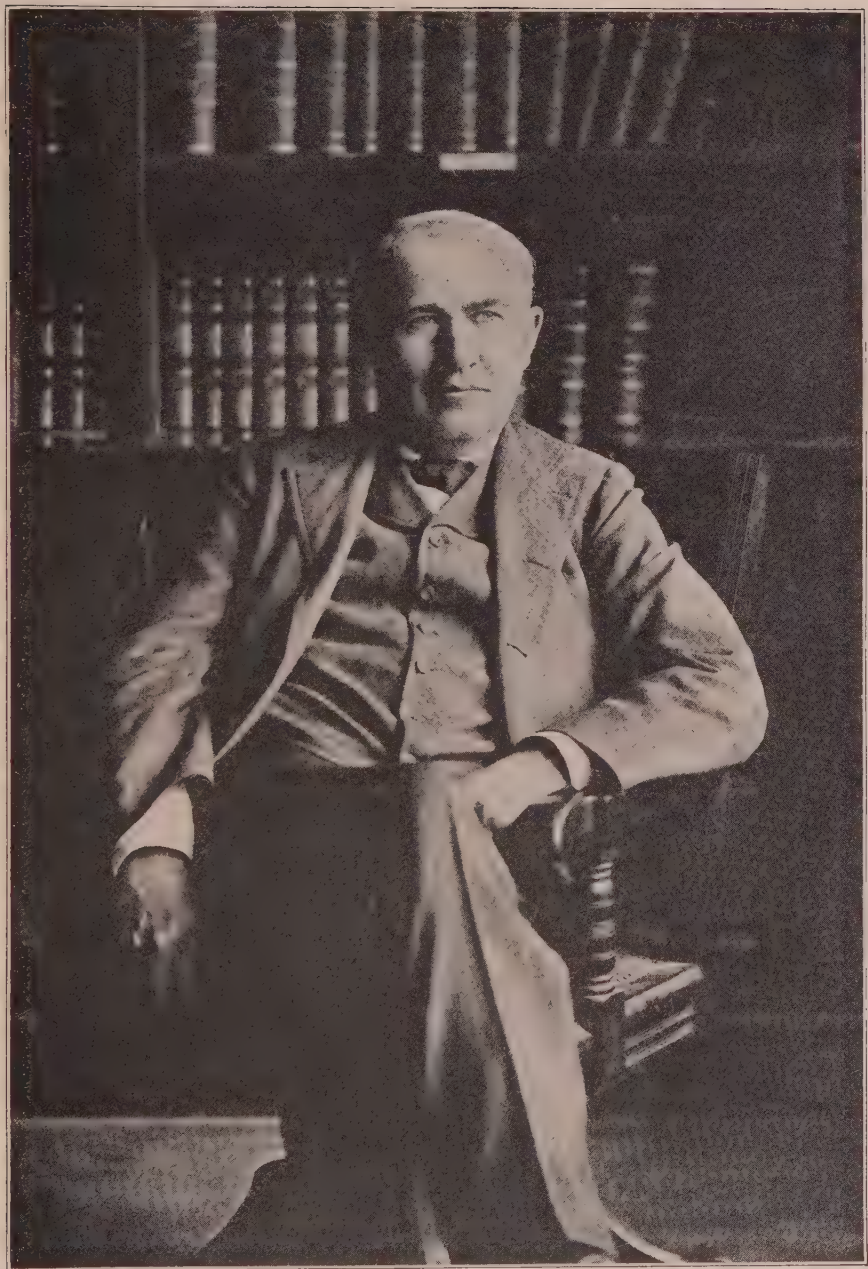
When kerosene lamps came into use, people thought this new form of lighting quite perfect. Everybody in Pennsylvania was eager to discover an oil well, for there, in 1859, an artesian well had been driven nearly seventy feet deep and petroleum procured, from which the kerosene was made. Instead of burning whale oil at fifty cents a gallon, people began to use odorless kerosene at a cost of twenty cents a gallon.

Next came illuminating gas. English inventors showed how gas could be made from coal and carried in pipes

to houses and factories. This was a very great improvement over tallow candles or even kerosene.

But the most important discovery was the use of electricity. Franklin, with his kite, had brought this great force down from the clouds, and Morse and others had made it serve as a means of communication between persons separated by thousands of miles. It remained for Thomas A. Edison to make it do our lighting and propel our street cars. Many experiments had been made along these lines, but it was not until Mr. Edison's inventions came into use that electricity became the great power for civilization it now is. In 1879 he invented the incandescent light, and five years later, at Menlo Park, New Jersey, set in operation an electric railway two miles long, the first in America.

Thomas A. Edison was born at Milan, Ohio. He was taught to read by his mother, a Scotch woman, but he had little opportunity to go to



THOMAS A. EDISON

school, for when he was twelve years old he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. He was ambitious, eager to learn and to succeed, and every moment of leisure he devoted to study. He was particularly interested in chemistry and used to experiment on the train. One day his experiments led to an accident, and the company forbade the further use of chemicals in the cars.

As young Edison had no idea of spending his life selling books and magazines, he learned printing, obtained a press, and set it up in the baggage car. He edited, printed, and sold a paper of his own, *The Grand Trunk Weekly Herald*.

One day he saved the life of a child of one of the station masters. The little girl was playing on the track, unmindful of a train bearing swiftly down upon her. Edison saw the danger, sprang forward, and snatched her from the path of the engine just in time. The grateful father was only too glad to teach the youth telegraphy, and Edison soon afterward entered the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

But his inventive genius could not long be content with sending and receiving telegraph messages. He studied electricity and began a series of inventions that have made him known throughout the world. He worked in various cities, everywhere studying and experimenting.

When twenty-four years old, Edison settled in New York, and five years later opened his workshop at Menlo Park. At the great Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876, the telegraph and the telephone were the most wonderful discoveries for the use of electricity. But by 1893, when the Columbian Exposition was held at Chicago to celebrate the discovery of America, electric lights and electric

street cars had come into common use. What would Columbus and his sailors have thought, could they have seen the famous "White City" on the shore of Lake Michigan, with its marvelous display of electric light?

Mr. Edison is happily still living, and still experimenting in his splendid laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey. Millions of his wonderful incandescent lights are in use. In a glass bulb, now so familiar to every one, the electricity passes through a film, which is thus heated to a white heat and furnishes a brilliant light. How simple it all seems when, by merely pressing a button, the room is instantly a blaze of light! We forget the years of patient toil that were necessary to bring this invention to perfection. Mr. Edison sent men all over the world to find a certain vegetable fiber that he needed for his film. Thousands of specimens were brought to him, but from among them all he found only three or four that would serve his purpose.

A system of duplex telegraphy was invented by Mr. Edison, whereby he made one wire do the work of two. Gradually he has perfected this until one wire now does the work of six. He has also improved the telephone, invented the phonograph and the kinetoscope, and today he ranks among the greatest inventors of all time. Not long ago some one asked Mr. Edison to name his more important inventions. "Well," he replied, "first and foremost was the electric lighting station; then the mimeograph, electric pen, carbon telephone, incandescent lamp, quadruple telegraph, automatic telegraph, phonograph, and the kinetoscope, and—I don't know—a whole lot of other things." He still believes in the boundless possibilities of this great force. "In electricity," says Mr. Edison, "impossible is an impossible word."

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF TODAY

All are needed by each one—

Nothing is fair or good alone.

—EMERSON'S "Each and All."

NO book which describes the discovery and development of America, as shown in the lives of her great men, would be complete without the mention of many more names than the pages of this volume will allow. The history of our country is the story of men and women who have made great sacrifices, done noble deeds, and been far-sighted enough to seize the splendid opportunities which a new country afforded. Never again can there be another such development, for the American continent was the last large body of land to be discovered and settled. Men no longer speak of a "Sea of Darkness," and of the "mysteries" of China and India. The whole world has been explored, and we are today almost as familiar with the life of the Far East as with that of Europe.

The history of a country is not alone a record of wars and battles; it is rather the story of what has been done for human progress. America has generously responded to human needs in all times of plague, famine, and disaster from earthquake, flood, or fire. Her great natural wealth in mines, oil fields, and forests has furnished abundant resources.

We have seen what the invention of the steam locomotive meant in the development of the country. Men like Cornelius Vanderbilt and his son, William Henry, were among the first to push forward the building of railroads, which have been of untold value to progress.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was born at Stapleton, Staten Island, in 1794, of Dutch parentage. His early life was

spent on his father's farm, from which he carried produce to the New York markets by boat. This led to his becoming interested in transportation, and he established lines of boats from New York, first to near-by places, and later to foreign parts. In this way he gained a fortune.

When over sixty years old, Commodore Vanderbilt began a new career in railroads. Obtaining control of roads running from New York to Chicago, he so improved them that their usefulness was vastly increased. Afterward the Vanderbilt system of railroads was extended across the continent, contributing much to the prosperity and advancement of the United States.

Other men equally far-seeing have turned their energies to huge business enterprises, and among these Andrew Carnegie is widely known. He was born in Dumferline, Scotland, in 1835, and at the age of ten came to America, and settled at Pittsburgh. His father was a hand weaver, but looms run by machinery had ruined his trade. So, like thousands of Europeans, he brought his boys to this "land of promise."

Young Carnegie was soon earning a dollar and twenty cents a week as bobbin boy in a cotton mill; then he became telegraph messenger, and at the age of sixteen an operator. Later he was secretary to the superintendent of the telegraph lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburgh. He became interested in the introduction of sleeping cars, and in the working of oil wells, but finally devoted himself to the establishment of a rolling mill.

The boy who had been proud to earn one dollar and twenty cents a week found himself ere long in control of the most complete system of iron and steel industry in the world.

Mr. Carnegie's fortune has grown to such enormous proportions that he now occupies his time largely in devising the wisest means for distributing his income, amounting to several millions a year. He once said, "He who dies rich, dies disgraced." He has given large sums of money for the establishment of libraries and other educational institutions in America and Scotland.

Mr. Carnegie is but one of many wealthy men who have given millions to aid their fellows. It is impossible to tell the value to America of such philanthropy as that of men like Peter Cooper, George Peabody, and Leland Stanford. Thousands are leading lives of usefulness and profit because they attended the great free institutions which such men have founded.

Among the many noble women to whom America owes much are Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and Dorothea Dix, who worked with hundreds of other women to relieve the suffering of wounded soldiers in the Civil War. Warm clothing was made, bandages rolled, and food delicacies prepared and sent in boxes and barrels to be distributed to hospital nurses and to the soldiers. In 1862 Mrs. Livermore was sent to inspect the hospitals and military posts on the Mississippi River. That sufficient money was raised to procure the needed sanitary supplies to carry on the work was largely due to her enthusiasm and untiring zeal.

Miss Dix was superintendent of hospital nurses during the war, and afterward devoted years of her life to the improvement of prisons and asylums throughout the Union.

Among the first to offer her services as a Civil War nurse was Clara Barton. She was born at Oxford, Massachusetts, was educated in New York state, and began teaching at a very early age. She founded, at Borden-town, the first free school in New Jersey. It opened with six pupils, but it was not long before the number had grown to six hundred.

When Miss Barton was twenty-four years old, she was appointed clerk in the Department of Patents at Washington. Six years later the Civil War broke out, and she resigned her position to give all her time to nursing the wounded. She served day and night not only in the hospitals but on the battle-fields, and many a soldier with his dying breath blessed her tender ministrations. After peace was declared she set out in search of missing soldiers, and for a time carried on this work at her own expense.

In the hope of regaining her health and strength, Miss Barton went to Switzerland. But almost immediately war broke out between France and Germany, and she was asked to help establish hospitals. For her services she was decorated with the Iron Cross by the German emperor.

While in Europe Miss Barton became deeply interested in the Red Cross Society, an organization to relieve suffering caused by war, pestilence, famine, and other calamities. It was largely due to her efforts that a Red Cross Society was formed in America, and that it became an international organization.

This humane society has found plenty of work. By the breaking of a dam in Pennsylvania in 1889, the city of Johnstown was nearly destroyed by flood. Buildings were swept away, hundreds were killed, and thousands left homeless and starving. Here, indeed, was a field for the noble workers

of the Red Cross, who hastened to the desolated town, and for months helped to relieve the distress and to build up the fallen city. Even before the United States had taken part in the Spanish and Cuban War in 1898, the Red Cross Society had erected tents on the island, and was caring for the suffering Cubans. Wherever there is need of sympathetic and skilful relief, this society may be found.

The progress of the world is an absorbing study, and though we may be proud of the country in which we live, we must remember that every nation owes much to other countries. Everything depends upon something else. George Stephenson's steam locomotive would not have been of such enormous value, if there had not been great improvements in the manufacture of steel and important inventions such as the air brake. Eli Whitney's cotton gin could not have had such great success, had not steamships taken the place of sailing vessels to carry the cotton to the markets of Europe. The wonderful grain crops of our western states, which McCormick's reapers made it possible to harvest, could

have found no markets without the railroads to transport them.

The population of the United States, which at the close of the Revolution was less than four millions, is now ninety millions. The character of the people is a composite of that of the many nations which have sent their sons and daughters to this new country. It has often been said that our forefathers builded better than they knew, when they founded this Republic. It is certain that they gave to millions of human beings a grand opportunity for lives of usefulness and happiness.

Everyone should realize that the institutions that have made America the nation that it is today are institutions to be honored. The names of men who laid down their lives that we might enjoy the blessings of freedom, of those who sacrificed personal gain to devote their best energies to the advancement of their country—these are names to be held in reverence through all time.

"Stand by the Flag, all doubt and treason
scorning,

Believe with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time."

WASHINGTON, THE BEAUTIFUL

To us as Americans this phrase has in it something of patriotism, something of promise. We cannot look upon Washington as we do on other cities. We see it first and foremost as our nation's Capital, and we celebrate the beauty that is truly there while condoning much else. The foreigner to whom this beauty is pointed out sees the beauty, too.

Washington is many things to visitors. Ask your friends who have visited Washington what has impressed them most. It will be interesting to note the varied answers you receive. The distinguished public citizen of your town may say, "The Capitol"; your literary friend, especially if artistic in taste, will no doubt say, "The Congressional Library"; the imaginative miss of eighteen may exclaim, "The Washington Monument first of all—cool, gray white in the morning, blue in the midst of mist, and rosy-tinted at sundown. The buildings are fine, but the Monument is a friend." The daughter of the American Revolution will naturally select first "Memorial Continental Hall," the palatial home that her patriotic society has founded. Others may mention the "White House"

first, or some one of the great Department buildings; while many in whom the patriotic pulse beats strongly will answer without hesitation, "First of all, Mount Vernon."

THE MAJESTIC CAPITOL

The Capitol building is the very head and forefront of Washington, and its towering dome, capped by Crawford's statue of Liberty, crowns and commands the whole city. The Capitol is a growth from a comparatively simple building, and it has taken seventy years to reach its present dimensions. The structure itself has passed through two fires, and it was finally completed in 1867, when it was pronounced a "Monument of Beauty," expressive in the best sense of the state of the arts at that time in this country.

In the minds of the thoughtful the spirit of things unseen haunts the Capitol. The old "Hall of Representatives," now "Statuary Hall," is a Chamber of Whispers. In the dome is a mysterious whispering gallery. But, to the student of American history, the whole of this wonderful building is filled with significant whisper. Every square inch of its floor

has its historical interest. Could its walls give back all that they have heard, we could hear the story of the making of our nation in the words of its makers.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOME

The site of the White House was chosen by Washington. The British burned the building in 1814, and, when restored, it was painted white to cover the marks of fire. There are certain rooms in the White House that are known to the public. There is the great East Room with its profusion of gilding and mirrors and rich chandeliers. Here, gorgeously arrayed assemblies have gathered on state occasions. There is the Green Room at the southern end, containing notable portraits of Presidents, and the Blue Room which bows out in the center of the colonnade of the south front. Besides these, the public is familiar with the state Dining Room and the Cabinet Room. In these apartments the social functions of our Government have taken place for nearly a century, varying in character according to the temperament and tastes of the Chief Executive that occupied them.

CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY THIRD LARGEST IN THE WORLD

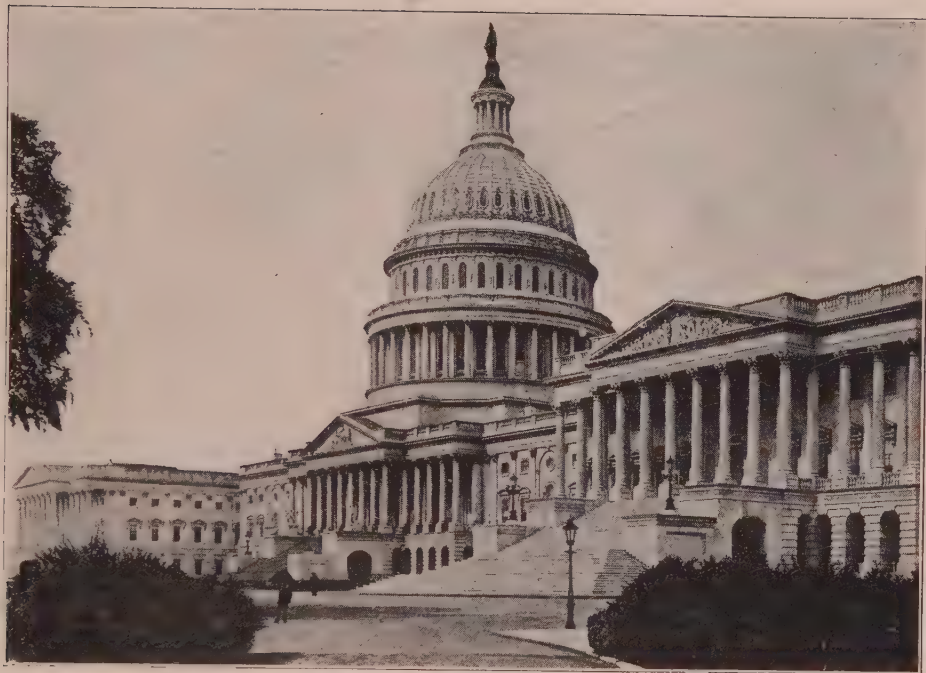
The Library of Congress was originally in the Capitol, and it consisted in 1802 of only 3,000 books. These were destroyed by fire in 1814 and a new Library was started with the pur-

chase of Thomas Jefferson's books. It is now the third largest library in the world.

It is not so much the collection, however, as the building itself that attracts visitors to Washington today. It is doubtful if there is any structure in the world that combines so many varied features of beauty. It is expressive, therefore, of all that is best in modern architectural and decorative art. The decorations are entirely the work of American architects, painters and sculptors, numbering in all more than fifty, so that the building is a magnificent exhibit and memorial of our native art and ability.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

The growth of Washington is illustrated in Pennsylvania Avenue. In the long stretch from the Capitol to the White House, or close by it, may be seen various landmarks of the past century. Within the last few years these reminiscent buildings have grown less in number. According to the Burnham plan of Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue will skirt the long line of magnificent public buildings that will stretch from the Capitol to the Monument. When this great plan is finally realized, Pennsylvania Avenue and the beautiful parkway paralleling it will be the very spine and marrow of Washington. All the important activities of the Capital find their source somewhere along its length. All the public functions select



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

In this beautiful structure are Senate Chamber, Hall of the House of Representatives, and Chamber of the Supreme Court of the United States.



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON

Here the President of the United States has his home, his offices and his reception rooms.



Looking down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol in the distance.



THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON

This magnificent building contains upward of a million and half volumes—the largest collection of books in the United States.

it for an avenue of expression. Every four years it is the scene of the great inaugural procession between the White House and the Capitol. It was there that the victorious Union forces, 230,000 in number, with many trophies of their campaigns, were reviewed at the close of the Civil War.

Writers in poetry and prose have celebrated the avenue in different terms. It has been called by some "the Artery of the Nation," and the name is not inapt, for through it pulses the vital energies of our Government.

MOUNT VERNON THE AMERICAN MECCA

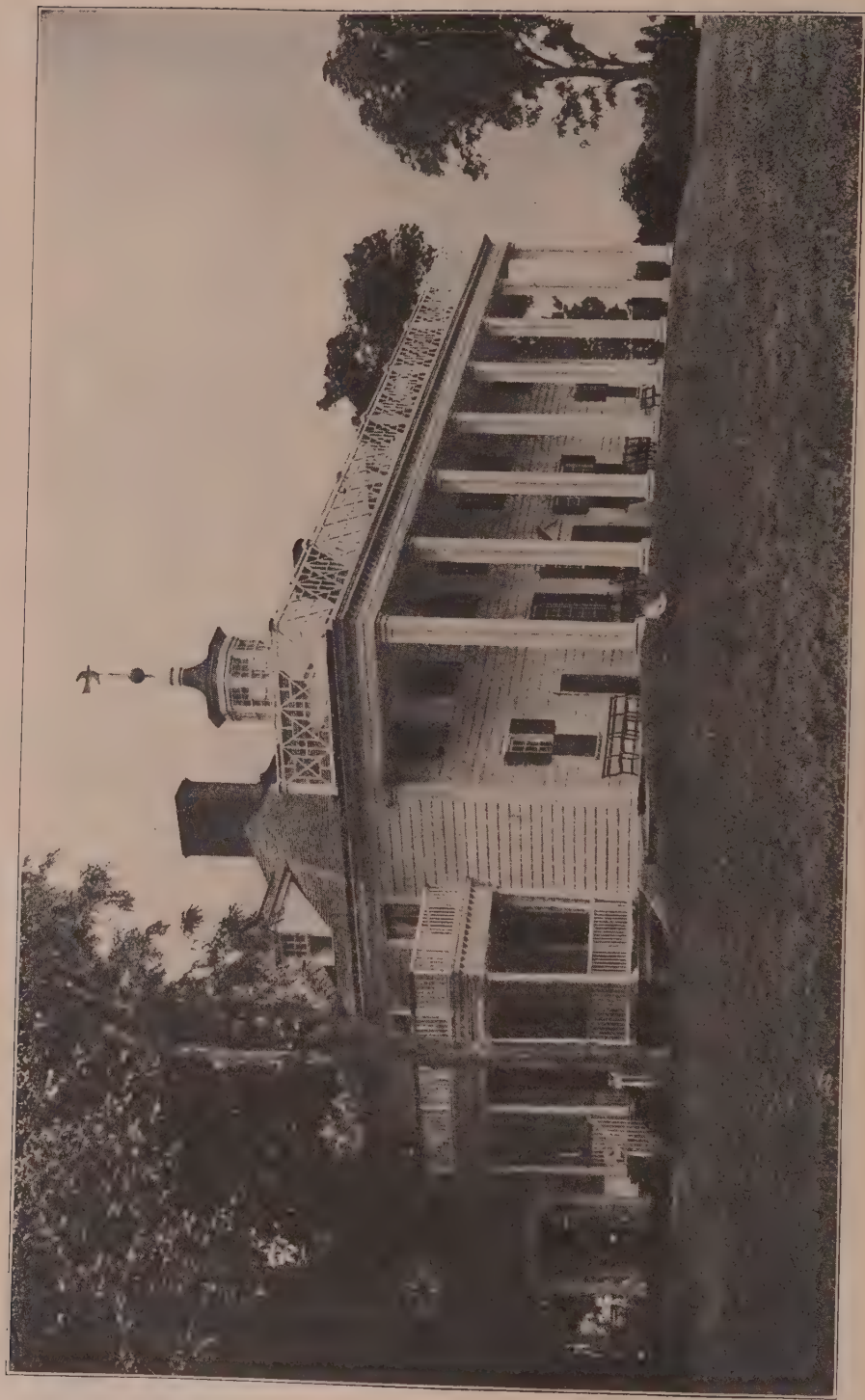
A visit today to Mount Vernon is like a Sabbath in the American heart—a day set apart for sacred things. We feel the effect when we first enter the grounds. At the left of the lane is the old formal garden with its box maze, just as it was in Washington's time. At the right lies the wide expanse of tree-enclosed bowling green and the lawn with its old sun dial.

Everything at Mount Vernon is eloquent of Washington. All that is there was either his or bears some historic relation to him. While filled with relics of rare historic interest, it has the atmosphere not of a museum, but of home. In the house, the attached buildings and grounds, the spirit of Washington abides, and visitors undisturbed by jarring influences, can enter into the home-life of

our first Commander-in-Chief and come to appreciate him as a man.

As far as possible Mount Vernon has had its original contents restored; the other articles to be found there are of the time and illustrate the domestic life of the day. But for the splendid public spirit of one patriotic woman, Mount Vernon might not have been preserved for the American people. It was Miss Anne Pamela Cunningham who brought about the movement to preserve the place as a national memorial.

When Washington died in 1799 and Martha Washington in 1802, Mount Vernon descended to Bushrod Washington, a Justice of the Supreme Court. At his death in 1829 it passed through the hands of John Augustine Washington, then to his widow, and in 1855 to her son. It was his purpose to sell the place, when Miss Cunningham secured an option. The task of securing the property was not easy. She was not able to interest Congress. She finally succeeded in arousing the women of the country, and "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union" was formed. This Association bought the property in 1858, and, in the years since, has added to its possessions and has managed and cared for it, until it stands now the true "Mecca" for all who cherish the memory of "The Father of Our Country."



MOUNT VERNON



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

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